

B X111 19

CSP LH. 308R4

UNIVERSITYOFOTTAWA REVIEW



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

"Campbell's" Ready Tailored
Suits and Overcoats

Campbell's Clothing \$10 to \$25

Campbell's Clothing Sparks St.

P. S.-ro per cent. discount to Students.

The People's Bookseller and Stationer

James OGILVY

OUR SPECIALTIES

School and College Text Books. Books on General Literature, Science, Travel, Biography. Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books, High Class Stationery, School and Office Supplies. Bookbinding and Printing. Special attention to Mail Orders. Subscriptions taken to all Magazines, Periodicals and Newspapers.

OGILVY'S, 63 SPARKS ST.

. Next door to Henry Birks & Sons.

OILS Lubricating and Burning
And all Products of Petroleum

-Buy from Headquarters-

The Queen City Oil Co., Limited

Phone 514. Ottawa Office, 561 SUSSEX ST.

The Ottawa Stationery and Office Supply Co., Limited.

101 RIDEAU ST., OTTAWA

Articles de Bureau, Fourniture de Classes, Livres de Prières, Articles Religieux, etc. School and Office Supplies, Religious Articles, Prayer Books, Etc.

Phone 2357.

J. A. FAULKNER.



....Importer of

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Millinery, Furs, etc., etc. Gents' Furnishings. Boys' Clothing a specialty.

Special Discount to Colleges and Convents.

Please Call and Inspect Prices

PHONE 2124.

299=301 Dalhousie St.

OTTAWA.

J. P. & F. W. ESMONDE

COLLEGE ... Supplies

38 RIDEAU ST.,

OTTAWA

J. B. DUFORD

THE DECORATOR

Carries a full line of Paint, Glass and Wallpaper....

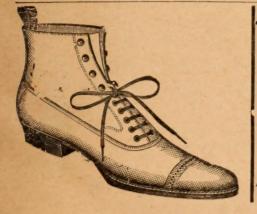
70 RIDEAU ST., - OTTAWA

FOURNITURES POUR LES CLASSES

Plumes Blanzy-Poure & Cie.

Nous avons l'assortiment le plus complet d'articles de classes: Cahfers de Devoirs et Exercises, nouveaux modèles, Crayons de Mines, (Marque Bell), Registres, Carnets, Papiers, qualité supérieure. Pour bien écrire, il faut les meilleurs plumes; demandez des échantillons de Plumes Blanzy-Poure & Cie. Echantillons envoyés par la poste avec notre catalogue

J. B. ROLLAND & FILS, 6 a 14 Rue St. Vincent, Montreal.



R. MASSON'S

High Grade Shoes At Popular Prices.

72 SPARKS ST., - OTTAWA

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Finis Coronat Opus	I
LITERARY DEPARTMENT:	
Lakes of the North	5
"Christianity as a Natural Religion"	6
Florence Nightingale	8
The Informer	10
Development of Free Institutions in England	12
Book Review	14
Exchanges	18
A Hymn to the Queen of Heaven	21
Science Notes:	
The Electro Mechanical Institute at the University of	
Louvain	22
Editorials:—	
Engineers—A Slip—The Sabbath—The Tall Timbers,	25
OBITUARY	27
OUR ALUMNI :-	
Quisque Suos Patinur Manes	28
Priorum Temporum Flores	29
Athletics	31
OF LOCAL INTEREST	34
His Excellency's Visit	36
Visit of Archbishop Duhamel	36
Farewell to Father Emery	37
An Ingenuous Undergrad	38



No. I

OTTAWA, ONT., October, 1905.

Vol. VIII

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

THE celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, has been brought home to us in a special manner by the honor done our Rector at that august assembly of friends of Catholic education. As the event showed, the conferring of this degree came as a fitting close to Dr. Emery's work in our midst.

AN APOTHEOSIS OF MERIT.

Of the celebration in itself a word is due. It must be said that down in the Lower Provinces they have set a standard which we may do well to attempt at some future time to imitate. The maritime people are nothing if not practical and thorough, and their day of jubilee, from Rectorial address to farewell luncheon, was a distinct and encouraging success.

The Rev. President, Dr. Thomson, was particularly felicitous in his address, which evoked the spirits of Bishops Burke and Mc-Kinnon, the mighty dead, to share in the glory of the present ordinary, Most Rev. John Cameron, in the hour of success achieved. Speaking of the good such a reunion of classes and creeds was bound to do. the speaker pointed out a lesson of intercollegiate fraternity.

Seventeen students came forward for the B. A. degree and then the title of Doctor of Laws was conferred on a number of representative educationists and public men. Among these were John Francis Waters, of Ottawa, the distinguished lecturer, and Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M I., the President of the University of Ottawa.

At 8 p.m. Dr. Morrison, of Charlottetown, preached the baccalaureate sermon, a magnificent apology for Christian education. Benediction was given by His Lordship and the *Te Deum* sang for the blessings of fifty years.

Ad multos et magnos annos Sister! The University of Ottawa rejoices.

THE AFTERMATH.

Like a bolt from the blue heaven came the word that our revered President, scarcely returned from the Lower Provinces was called to a new field of labor. Although the fibres of his heart had grown round the stones that have risen on the ashes of what has been, he, the strong one in command, knew best how to obey. Our duty it is here to award him a meed of praise "Let us" in the words of Ecclesiasticus "praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation—such as have borne rule in their dominions and by the strength of wisdom instructing the people in the most holy words."—During the time allotted to him the passing Rector has done literally wonders. A contemporary puts it very well when it says.

"It was in the presence of great difficulties that he devoted himself to the cause of education, but he knew how to use human means and how to obtain divine aid in the accomplishment of his worthy designs.

"He was a man above national bigotry with the interests of the University as he saw them at heart. A French-Canadian by birth, Scotch by education and American of twenty years' standing, he combined in himself the qualities of a man of the world and a priest of God. He looked to the interests of Catholic education in no restricted or limited sense, but was a man of large views and progressive methods. Under his regime the new Arts building—which will truly be his monument—has risen from the ashes of the fire of Dec. 2nd, 1903, the vast personnel has been kept together and the substantial sympathy elicited both of the Ontario Government and of Lord Strathcona. He leaves the University with a larger number and a better class of students than when he took hold of it. He was in-

strumental in establishing a course of Applied Science in connection with the Institution, in having the Business course in a separate building and in securing participation in the Rhodes' Scholarships. The minor details of University administration have also benefitted—as an example may be mentioned the entrance of the students into intercollegiate debating and intercollegiate football.

"Rev. Dr. Emery was among those appointed to prepare for the Canadian Plenary Council, and was recently given the degree of L.L.D. by St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish. He had made distinct strides in the solution of racial difficulties, and will take his departure with the regret of all, irrespective of creed or nationality."

How those nearest and dearest to him, the students of old Varsity, felt on hearing of his approaching departure, is well voiced in the address which they prevailed upon him to hear on the steps of the new building.

"The students of the University are grieved indeed to hear that in a few short hours their beloved Rector and father will no longer be with them. In the strenuous times, those never to be forgotten days succeeding the great fire of 1903, we have grown to admire and love you. We admire you for the qualities that have made you successful, your clear and conprehensive view of our needs, your untiring energy in furthering your plans for our welfare. We love you for the good you have done us in your private and public capacity, the generous treatment that has in our mutual relations been our constant experience, the lessons of moral conduct that you daily inculcated, the boon of your fervent prayers, the graces flown from your hand lifted in benediction.

"Ah yes, we remember your dauntless personality fronting so bravely the trials of those troublous times, and we thank God that at the critical moment we ourselves did not desert you. We rallied round you even as to-day. And God was pleased at the sight of filial love responsive to your paternal care: he leaned towards you and blessed you with that grace of hope and confidence which has made you invincible. Well may you repeat with the Roman:

Exegi monumentum ære perennius. Quod nec imber edax nec aquilo impotens. Possit cruere. "So long as those majestic columns stand fronting the New Arts Building, they shall herald forth the story of the victory of sacrifice and zeal that sealed the destinies of the University of Ottawa.

"One word more—there is, dear Father Rector, a more lasting monument yet, that which you have built in the grateful hearts of your children. When we shall have reached matures years and perhaps grown grey in the special avocations assigned to us by the will of God, we shall be slow to forget the debt we owe you. To us you will always represent in the concrete all that is best in the ideal of the Catholic educationist and priest of God.

"We have taken advantage of this present occasion to present you with a slight, tangible token of our gratitude and love which we beg you to accept and treasure in memory of the students of 1905.

"Go forth, then, Soldier of the Cross, worthy successor of the saintly Tabaret! Go forth where God calls you, strong in the knowledge that your work here has been appreciated by all, strong in their good wishes, strong in their prayers!"

The students then presented a statue of the Blessed Virgin and the Rector feelingly responded.

On Monday evening the western-bound flier bore him away, still to do the Father's will, and in all probability on lines not alien to University interests.

Literary Department.

Lakes of the North!

(Written for the Review.)



AKES of the North, flash out in sheen Of silver and engirdling green! White birch and fragrant tamarack, Your lavish beauties vainly screen!

Lakes of the North, how quaintly ring Those native sounds: — Temiskaming, Temagami of jeweled sands, And deeply-mirrored Couchiching!

Blue spaces of the happy sky Reflected in your waters lie; When in the hush of cloudless day. The fretful loon makes eldritch cry.

The brush of Nature, free as air, Shall touch your shore lines here and there, Till deep with gold and rubies set, The pure wave gleams a crystal rare!

Lakes of the North, tho' winter close Your death-cold lips in mute repose, Not all his icy blasts can chill That glow your lover's bosom knows.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.



"Christianity as a Natural Religion."

R. W. H. Mallock is always interesting, no matter whereof he writes, but most of all when his subject is Christianity. As to his orthodoxy or otherwise, theologians
must decide, not hastily, it is to be hoped, nor yet on
narrow or unyielding lines. Such decision is, of course,
wholly beyond my province, as it is wholly, or practically, beside
our present purpose, which is, simply, to call attention to his article,
under the above title, in the September number of the "Nineteenth
Century."

Briefly, his contention is that Christianity, though originally made known to us by means of a Divine revelation, becomes, so soon as man assimilates it, a "natural" religion. He gives, by way of simile, the case of some savage tribe endowed with all the powers necessary for nutrition, but ignorant of the "art" of feeding. A white man, arriving among them, shows them how to prepare and how to eat, the food, for want of which they are in danger of dying. Such knowledge, as first given, is of the nature of a "natural" process. The illustration is striking if neither adequate nor convincing. Yet, to the layman, it would seem that, since our spiritual "appetites" are capable of feeding on "the sincere milk of the word", and even on the "meat" spoken of by S. Paul, the process of assimilation, "digestion," and "that ye may grow thereby" must be, in a very real sense, a "natural" one.

Mr. Mallock further draws attention to the parallelisms between Christianity and the "ethical paganism"— Roman, Mithric, Buddhist,—Which bears so startling a resemblance to the One Truth. This, again, is the domain of the theologian, but, even here the path is so plain that "the wayfaring man, though a "fool, shall not err therein." S. Paul, for one, will be found to have dealt with this point: "God left not Himself without witness" he declares, and further, that "in every nation, he that feareth God, and worketh "righteousness, is accepted of Him." He also speaks of men "seeking after God, if haply they might find Him;" indeed, his whole sermon, preached on Mars' Hill, at Athens, bears witness to the truths that underlay "-ethical paganism." But, after all, S.

John's words explain this best of all: "That was the True Light "which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."

Our little systems have their day, They have their day, and cease to be; They are but broken lights of Thee, And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

And even if Christianity should prove to be, as Mr. Mallock seems to assert, but one religion among many, it yet remains true, as he himself admits that its claim to be the religion rests on the fact that it is, of all others, the most "natural"; the one which, alone, satisfies, utterly and completely, every craving and desire of man's spiritual nature. That is to say, it is the food which God, Himself, has prepared for him. So that, should all be admitted that Mr. Mallock brings forward, Christianity stands not lower, but higher, seeing that it sums up and makes perfect, all that is good in human devotion to Him, who is:

Father of all, in ev'ry age, By every clime adored; By saint, by savage, or by sage, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

We owe Mr. Mallock, therefore, yet one more debt — of prayer that he may follow, himself, the path which he has so clearly pointed out to others.

In conclusion; — Read his article.

BEATUS, O.S.B.



Florence Nightingale.

It is seldom one enjoys one's own epitaph. The very interesting story of the heroine of the Crimean war, written by Miss Tooley, is not an epitaph, nor is it in any sense mere fulsome eulogy, but it is generally deemed best to make all biography post mortem acknowledgments. This life of this valiant woman is written in such a spirit as to make it pleasant reading for the modest and gracious personality herself; not the easiest thing in the world to do, this telling people the truth about themselves without hurting their pride or overshadowing their dignified reserve.

It is easy, however, to understand that Florence Nightingale should be given a place of great honor among the heroines of history; and it is easy too, to see how suited are the names of Florence to this English girl, born in the flowery city of Tuscany, and why should not the name of the sweetest singer be hers? The real family name was Shore; her father was William Shore, of Derbyshire, he assumed the name of Nightingale by the sign manual of the Prince Regent, when he succeeded, in 1815, to his estates, that were his by right of his maternal relatives. This was five years before the birth of the daughter who was to make the name famous. Florence Nightingale's mother was Frances Smith of Parndon, in Essex.

The author of her fascinating biography is not a Catholic, but apart for a wee phrasenow and then, no Catholic can hesitate to pronounce her book delightful. She says, somewhere in the course of the story, that these brave and generous women, Florence and her band of thirty-eight volunteer nurses, with the French, English, and Irish Sisters of Charity who made up the Corps, "were more truly the successors of the Apostles than all the Cardinals," we are not going to quarrel over that, and it is good to see how all these noble and fearless women served at Scutari and Sebastapol, etc, during the horrible siege, and after suffering all the incommodities of war, the rigors of the climate and the lack of means to save all whom they might have saved had the commissariat been properly managed. The eyes of the reader are apt to grow misty and a full feeling may be in his throat as he reads some of the chapters that tell of the dismal helplessness of these devoted servants of their suffering fellow-creatures; not the least

interesting notes are those that show Miss Nightingale in training with the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul at Paris, before setting out for the seat of war; the most sisterly relations have always been kept up between this survivor of that fearful experience and all the Sisters. Some of the letters from the Sisters to their various convents and relatives show their "chief" to have been loved and venerated as a Mother Superior, though she says, in writing to the superior of the English contingent of Sisters of Charity, who had returned to the mother-house because of illness: "You know that I shall do everything I can for the sisters whom you have left me. I will care for them as if they were my own children. But it will not be like you. I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Reverend Mother, because it would look as though I thought you had done this work not unto God, but unto me. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintendency in worldly talent of administration, and far more in spiritual qualifications which God values in a superior; my being placed over you was a misfortune, not my fault. What you have done for the work no one can ever say. I do not presume to give any other tribute but my tears. But I should be glad that the Bishop of Southwark (afterwards Cardinal Manning) knew that you were valued here as you deserve, and that the gratitude of the army is yours." Like the Sisters, she was tireless in ministering to the soul-needs of the sick and wounded, and especially of the convalescent. They all tried to promote the mental and moral good of their charges by providing them with rational means of occupation and amusement. Miss Nightingale was personally instrumental in establishing a café at Inkerman to serve as a counter attraction to the canteens. The men were gently urged to avail themselves of every chance to write to their families; they were supplied by their kindly nurses with stamps and stationery, and who can tell how often it was the sad duty of these sympathetic women to break the news of the death of husband, son or brother to their anxious dear ones! In view of the desolation now prevailing in the Farther East, these object lessons are of singularly timely value. We have made much progress in the way of the ambulance service, but the old God-like charity has not changed, and always woman will be ready to go to the succor of the distressed, but why should men not strive to prevent these horrors of war, each one more horrible

than the other since the Holy Alliance at Vienna, in 1815, pledged themselves to save the world from these fearful devastations, could they do it? Must there needs be war? Is that included in the scandals that needs must be? Who knows?

Fast falls the eventide for this admirable woman. She is now in her eighty-fifth year, and lives in retirement in her pleasant home in Derbyshire. His Majesty the King paid a graceful compliment to the lady, who is easily the most illustrious heroine in the English world, by conferring on her the dignity of a "Lady of Grace of the order of Saint John of Jerusalem." And only the other day President Loubet decorated a Sister of Charity. Thus the story goes on; the world is always redeeming itself by the manifestation of the sweetest of all truths: "God is love, and men and women are made to the image of God."

S. N.

The Informer.

(A page from "Glenanaar.")

Canon Sheehan's place in literature will be as a portrayer of Irish life. In this respect his niche will be high in the temple of Fame, on a level with the very best artist of the kind of any nation. In "My New Curate" and "Luke Delmege," he opened up a distinctively new field and achieved a wonderful success,, and though the latest work from his pen may be classed as in a sense inferior to the works just mentioned, it is characterized by an exactness of delineation and a purity of style that place it far above like productions of Irish writers.

Glenanaar opens with a page or two borrowed from the history of Whiteboyism, the genealogy of which is thus succinctly but clearly stated:—

'Cromwell begat massacres and burning; and massacres and burning begat reprisals; and reprisals begat Penal Laws; and Penal Laws begat insurrection; and insurrection begat the Union; and the Union begat outlawry; and outlawry begat Whiteboyism; and Whiteboyism begat informers and judicial murders; and judicial murders begat revenge, e da capo.''

This brief bit of history and the introduction of the informer

are the basis of the story. It is imposible at the present time, especially for people living under such conditions as we do, to conceive the hatred, the rancor, the aversion, which the Irish people fifty years ago bad towards the informer. A hatred so virulent and implacable did not confine itself to the individual who offended, but was the foul heritage of his children and his children's children. It is all brought out in frightful, living, detail in the present work.

Terence Casey an ardent Irish patriot, has it cast up to him at a hurling match, in the excitement of the contest, that he is the son of an informer. His mother, a gracious soul, was "Cloumper Daly's Daughter" and the terrible secret had been kept from him up to that time. The revelation literally made him a madman. That night he could not return home, but wandered to and fro upon the hills. Of what happened then, let us give Terence Casey's own recital of it many years afterwards:—

'I came down the following morning from the hills and entered the forge, and, without a word, flung off my coat, and put on my apron. My father and myself worked steadily on, without exchanging a word, until just about dinner time, when Donal Connor came in. He said: "I heard ye were near having a big row at the match yesterday, Ted. Who won?"

"' 'We won', I said, laconically, and went on with my work.

"After a few minutes, my father said:-

"'What was the row about that Donal speaks of?"

"I said nothing, but went on working.

"After a few more seconds, he again asked:-

"It must be a mighty secret whin you can't answer a civil question of your father."

"I flung the sledge aside, and confronting him, I said, with very ill-concealed fury:—

"Lave me ask you another question. What the devil possessed you to marry the daughter of an informer?

I turned swiftly and saw—and, oh, my God! the vision will never leave my brain,—neither Donal Connors, although he was within a yard of me, nor anything else in God's universe, but the pale face and staring eyes of my mother........ She said nothing, only looked at me with speechless sorrow......... and yet standing there in all my self-loathing I could not forgive her for the shame she wrought on me; I could not forgive her for the blameless disgrace she had inherited."

This lurid picture may be overdrawn in the blindness of strong national sentiment, but it shows, as the dark clouds scurrying across a sullen sky, the storm—the storm of feelings, too bitter to be acridly enough written, that was the consequence and the curse of centuries of misrule with its concomitant evils. This is only one page of Glenanaar, and a verry dark and repulsive, though easily comprehended, page it is. In the rest of the work other characteristics of the Irish people, more natural and more pleasing, are drawn into relief from the hazy indefinite back ground of the everyday actions, that make a nation's life.

S. E. L.

Development of Free Institutions in England

The English people did not come upon the liberty, they now enjoy all at once, nor did they always have what might even be called a pretence at liberty; we cannot say in a true sense "Britons never have been slaves" whatever of the "shall be." The institutions as they exist to-day, which mean justice, peace and prosperity to the people that enjoy them, are the outcome and development of a conviction long upheld by the people in the most bloody wars against tyranny and oppression. Government by the people has been proven to be the success that it is, in our own century only. It is shown by the wealth and contentment of the nations of the globe that have representative governments and therefore liberty; as compared to the condition of the nations that live under the iron rule of an absolute sovereign. The gradual decline of autocracy is held to be the result of a more advanced civilization, in which the people recognize and rightfully demand their rights.

The evolution of English liberty may be traced from the foundation of the Monarchy in 827. At this epoch was formed what is known as the council of Wise men, "Witana-gemot". The councillors were selected from the people to advise the king, who had supreme power. In account of his admitted supremacy, the king was under no obligation to act upon the advice of these councillors, so that in this council nothing more is shown than a feeling of good will between the sovereign and his people; but this was a beginning.

These conditions existed until oppression grew so severe that the nobles were unable to support the tyranny of the king and accordingly a combination was formed against him. King John was forced to sign and seal at Runnymede, in 1215, the Magna Charta, which is regarded as the great bulwark of English liberty even at the present time. Some of the more important clauses were 'that the people should have a voice in the levying of taxes,' and 'that suspects should have the right of trial by a jury of peers.'

In spite of Magna Charta the people still suffered wrongs. Relief was obtained through the Petition of Rights in the time of Charles I. The Petition stopped forced loans, and specified cases of taxation, in fact reiterated in a clearer way the Great Charter. Again the Bill of Right under William III limited the power of William of Orange, and forbade the raising of an army without the consent of parliament, the suspension of laws and the arbitrary collection of money. It asserted the right of the people to depose the king and change the order of succession, thus putting aside all claim to divine right.

In the Jacobite movement which followed party government had its beginning. Through the indolence and ignorance of George I. a cabinet was formed and Walpole became the first Prime Minister of England. On account of his great financial abilities, he was made first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Henceforth it was the rule that the first Lord of the Treasury became the finder of the revenues expended by the other ministers. Any adviser who questioned his authority invited dismissal and thus he became Premier in his Cabinet. In 1837 the constituencies were redistributed, representatives coming from "rotten" buroughs were thrown out and their places given to members from the new constituencies. On this foundation rests the government of our day created for and by the people, grown with the industrial life of England, in which the sovereign is a useful figure head.

A. B. C.



Book Review.

"The Ruler of the Kingdom" is the title of a neat little volume by Grace Keon. It consists of a number of well written Catholic tales, each with a beautiful moral. In the attractive and aptly designed binding in which it is presented by Benziger Bros. it should make a very appropriate gift for the Christmas season.

W. F. C.

* * *

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS. By Katherine Tynan. \$1.25. London. Mutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row.

If every new novel were as sweet and fresh and strong as this latest from the exquisite poet and novelist, who is doing so much to justify the hopes of the new Irish school of authors, the outcry against the too rapid making of books would be stilled; here is a genuine Irish lady depicted by a twin soul, placed in English society but never in reality displaced from "Witch's Castle" at Ballincrusheen, between the sea and the mountains, where in the bright autumn days, we first walked with her, listening to the gulls cry in the gloaming and the peewits call across the bog, with never a habitation in sight except those which betrayed themselves by the glare of the windows throwing back the red sunset. The austere landscape, the well worn things in the castle, these were never relinquished by this daughter of kings, who could serve for money, yet be her true, queenly, loyable, bright and sweet self to the end. She that had been absolutely happy in the wild, Irish, forlorn and worn splendour; she had no desire to travel, to see fine sights and new faces and places. She distrusted change and travel as profoundly as did Thomas à Kempis. Even in Italy she had been homesick, but she can fill the position offered because "there were so many things Gran. needed which she was always going without." Well, she went and conquered. The end shows an "heir apparent with as fine a red head, as fine a pair of blue eyes as ever a baby was blessed with." He'll be talking Irish, says his Gran.

* * *

THE CRUCIBLE. A Catholic magazine of Higher Education for women.

This stout Quarterly is now in its second number. It is full of promise as to a long felt want at last filling. It is not so exclusively

feministic in its aims and means as to be of no value to men engaged in the great work of educating other men; one of the aims of the brave undertaking is to engage parents to enter more directly into the revival of interest in Higher Education. It looks-from the Editor's candid assertion in number two of this Quarterly—as if it would take some time to realize this particular aim; from this side of the water the situation does not seem so beset with difficulties and if there is a serious fault to be found with this English publication, it is the same fault that has always been found with English things—too insular. When will England grasp her imperial size and distinguish as to which sections do not relish being considered as colonial? The Crucible however has some pages of universal interest, but it will prove tiresome to the "colonials," especially the Canadians, to be called upon to listen every three months to suggestions as to means and ways of raising the standard of Catholic Education. In spite of the snobbishness not quite invisible here in Canada, we don't feel alarmed as to the chasm between the "leisured class" and the working people, and we don't worry about the middle class trend our young folks may follow. The paper on "Will Power and Obedience" by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. is not of insular timeliness only. Always and everywhere it must meet the hearty approval of those who dare to call their soul their own. The paper runs on these lines: "How much of man's destiny lies in his own hand is evident from the history of every man and woman who has left a mark upon the world's life. Whatever speculations philosophy may have about the nature of moral freedom, it is certain that the power to choose and determine for oneself is the secret of all real greatness. Personal initiative and self-determination are as necessary to the saint as to any other successful individual; and the stronger these qualities are in the saint, the greater he appears to be, indecision, want of character and an indolent will have no part in the making of sanctity"- when he launches forth against the cheap books of devotion that are so capable of muddling one's interpretation of obedience, he says: "Were one to form one's judgment by these, it would be impossible almost to understand such men and women as Saint Francis, Saint

This publication is procured at 89 Woodstock Road, Oxford, also at Burns & Oates, London. Price, \$1.20 a year. The Editor is Margaret Fuller, well known by some recent books that make good reading in the cloister and by the hearth.

S. N.

One of Mr. Parker's books "Pierre and his People" suggests a Review. A number of tales, through which we trace the adventures of a French Canadian half-breed in his wanderings through the great lone land of the Hudson's Bay Co., the Canadian North West—nothing more. We think the half-breed an unusual specimen of his kind; he is pretty and takes his beauty fgrom his Indian side. Now, he is cruel and treacherous, planning murder; at another time, he is chivalrously lending his aid and risking his life for his friends. The best characters are made younger sons of English families who here come to the colony for adventure and perhaps fortune. The adventures of the half-breed gambler are colored in some cases with Indian tradition. Some of the tales are slightly interesting but the whole would hardly invite second reading.

Sir Gilbert Parker Bart was quite recently the guest of the Canadian Club of Ottawa at luncheon in the Russell House. The Canadian Club, as we know, is non-political and numbers among its members our most distinguished men, including quite a galaxy of brilliant intellects. Its laudable purpose is the advancement of the best form of Canadian patriotism, the development of the higher and finer national ideals. In complimenting the club, the author of "Pierre and his People" advocated a national art gallery. He appreciated the progress of the country during the last twenty years and looked to the best results from its passion for education.

Though Sir Gilbert was born in Canada on the 23rd of November, 1862, he is of English descent and while professing some attachment for this country, he seems to have a predilection for the land of his fathers for he made England his home and became a member of the parliament of the United Kingdom. He was knighted by King Edward in 1902 and is a prominent social light in the imperial capital. He is an anti-annexationist. In fact he has but little sympathy with our southern neighbors, and as a follower of Mr. Chamberlain in the country of his adoption is an ardent imperialist. Speaking before the Canadian Club he advised British settlers for Canada, a preferential tariff, and expressed his hope of closer imperial relationship, though he did not propose any scheme for its accomplishment or prophesy much special benefit to Canada therefrom. He also enlogised the notable—ought we to say notorious—ex-colonial secretary to some extent.





VERY REV. J. E. EMERY, O.M.I., D.D., L.L.D., Ex-Rector of the University of Ottawa.

THE VOYAGEUR. By the author of the "Habitant." New York & London. J. P. Putman's Sons.

It is very easy to endorse all that the English and United States reviews are saying about our Dr. Henry Drummond. A new book from him is, indeed, "a literary event" and more, it is an unfeigned delight to thousands; for us here in Canada, who know just which shoulder to shrug, just how high to arch the brows and just how to use both hands as helps to speech, we are more than glad to enter with our clever, sympathetic, good humoured Doctor into these close relations with the genuine French Canadian out of the higher schools as the kindhearted poet has done. This volume named from the initial poem, takes us into the more intimate life of the people, the tragedies and comedies of the quaint little homes that must, alas, in due time give way to the so-called improvements! Meantime, these homely chronicles will live to show what has been lost and gained as the years go by. This particular volume has deep sociological value, and all of us, who are appalled at the blackest evil of our time, must read easily between the lines of these simple pictures of domestic life how great is the disaster awaiting the people, for whom the home has lost its sacred significance. How exquisite, for instance, is the picture of the joy in the humble cottage of the glad father, who knows why-"M'sieu Robin wissle low."

W'en we see de baby lyin dere upon de bed Lak little son of Mary on de ole tam long ago—

Wit de sunshine and de shadder makin ring aroun' hees head."—
Who that knows ought of the brave Canadian parents can be

slow to believe that this father should make a small comparison when he declares that if:—he "sole his ole blind trotter for fifty dollar cash, or win de beeg'es' prize on lotterie," or if some friend should bequeath him "fines house on St. Eustache" he could not be happier than at the advent of his "petit Dieudonné" who, he is sure, "will waken up some day an be as bad as little boy Bateese." Then see in "the family Laramie" why so many of our sturdy people take to the water.

"Look at ba-bee on de little blue chair, w'at youtink he's tryin' to do?

Wit' pole on de han' lak lumberman, a shovin' along canoe.

Dere's purty strong current behin' de stove, w'ere its passin' de chimley stone,

But he'll come roun' yet, if he don't upset. So long he was lef' alone."—

This child, like all who had preceded him in "dat little blue chair", began "no sooner he's twelve mont ole; to play canoe, to paddle and push de pole, to "hawl de log all about de place, for "de storm las night was carry away de boom". Ah yes the boy will take to "de reever" and his "moder"—"she'll sit by de shore w'en de evenin come, and spik to de reever too:

"O, reever, you know how dey love you so, since ever dey're seein you,

For sake of dat love bring de little boy home once more to de moder's knee.

And mebbe de prayer I be makin' dere will bring dem back to me.''

Exchanges.

It is with pleasurable anticipation of a year of all-round good fellowship with our brother-editors, that we take up the year's work among the exchanges. And that good fellowship, as being of students, cannot but be frank and hearty and sincere. In it, we know, we shall find encouragement. We want to make it our endeavour to add to encouragement.

We hope to be able to profit by the lessons we shall learn, and the inspiration we shall find, in the society of our confreres. We ourselves shall seek for the merit in all—and do our best to recognize it as it deserves. As for failings, mistakes or errors—well, these are things we must all fall into, even we editors. But, right here, we want earnestly to request of all, that they would point out

to us at least our chief mistakes. We do not wish to keep repeating mistakes (tho' we've done it thrice already); friendly criticism will show them to us and tell us how to avoid them. And that is what we wish to do. And, on our part, we shall aim at pointing out what we consider the mistakes of other college magazines. We shall always take, and give such criticism in sincerity and kindliness of spirit. Let honest good-fellowship be our motto, and with this motto we enter into the society of student-editors for '05-'06.

The Ottawa Campus, from Ottawa, Kansas, comes first to hand. From even the most casual perusal of its pages, one is indeed convinced that, with the Campus and its editors

"Life is real, life is earnest."

It stands for that earnestness so much missed in modern life, "It is certainly worth our while to cultivate within ourselves a character and high moral purpose, that shall be to all, the expression of some definite, living, enduring principle." This is the lesson the Campus wants its readers to take to heart. "Fit via vi;" it adds, "in class work, association work, society work and athletics;"-That's especially true of Rugby. Among the articles found in the Campus are such subjects as "Ottawa's Opportunity," (does it not seem a fit subject for ourselves just at this time, and, in fact, at all times?) "The strength and limitations of Ruskin," "Religion in the Student's Life,"—all evident interest and importance and all with earnestness for keynote. The article on Ruskin shows a fine appreciation of his great genius, and rightly judges that his work is "an influence, a stimulus rather than an authority." But, if it is true that Ruskin's soul "is as profoundly filled with a divine message as a St. Francis," why did not that inspiration buoy him up to the last? It is but too true that that noble heart and exalted mind was filled with the blackest, most wretched despair and scepticism in the last years of his life. And the explanation of it can only be found in the fact that Ruskin relied entirely on the promptings of the noble in himself and others, so that, when be saw men still go on in their wickedness, be lost all hope in human nature. For he lacked that lasting hope that is founded on Faith and is found with Faith alone,—the Faith of a St. Francis.

In the Notre Dame Scholastic we find a genuine atmosphere of college life. It is certainly an excellent magazine. Its poetry is of a high order. The articles embraced range from the lighter nar-

rative to the philosophical essay. Locke's "Idea of Substance" is an able reputation of the errors of Locke's teaching. "Adrian IV and Ireland" is a discussion of the much-disputed question of the famous bull "Landabiliter." The writer well declares that the question can never be settled whilst vituperation takes the place of argument.

The three points dealt with are, the Pope's right to grant Ireland to Henry, the justice and the authenticity of the Bull. The first point we may take for granted. On the question of justice we fancy the writer has made some mistakes. He states that, in 1155, Henry II could only be supposed to be swayed by generous impulses to restore peace to the church in Ireland. The Pope could not question his sincerity, at that time. What, then, is the meaning of that letter of Adrian IV, written in 1156,—and certainly not written without due consideration, for Rome always acts slowly,—the letter to Theobald, archbishop of Canterbury? In it the Pope upbraids Theobald for giving way before Henry's encroachments on the rights of the Church. It can only mean that Henry had already begun the policy which was to end finally in the martyrdom of Thomas a Becket. Had the Pope, then, no cause to suspect Henry? We fear he had, and this part of the argument does not count for much.

As for the authenticity of the "Bull," we do not think that the writer's statement that "it is contrary to the opinion of nearly all authorities on the subject," that some historians deny the authenticity of the "Bull" is quite in accord with facts. We imagine that some of the very greatest, and many of the great, authorities are numbered among those opposed to the idea of its authenticity. We think, too, these men have some substantial evidence that the "Bull" is an exercise of a medieval student. It lacks the technical terms which are invariably found in Papal documents, and over these same technicalities, the greatest caution has always been exercised in the Cancellaria. Its structure is clumsy and unfinished, and it bears unmistakable evidences of being an attempt to model a Bull granting Ireland to Henry after the copy of the letter sent to Henry by Adrian concerning Spain and the Mohammedans. It has on the face of it every feature but the feature of a papal document.

The "Brief" of Alexander III, quoted by the writer as confirmatory evidence of the genuineness of the "Bull," has, unhappily, poor authority. Giraldus, its sole authority, could not write about Ireland without heaping abuse on her. And even this man admits that this very letter of Alexander is anything but of certain authoricity. So much, then, for the "Bull" and the "Brief." We might

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance, Single copies, 10 cents, Advertising rates on application, Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT,

EDITORIAL STAFF.

W. F. CAVANAGH, '06, T. J. GORMLEY, '06, C. J. JONES, '07, G. W. O'TOOLE, '06, T. J. SLOAN, '06, A. T. POWER, '07, T. J. TOBIN, '06, M. T. O'NEILL, '07, P. J. MARSHALL, '07, G. P. BUSHEY, '06, J. Z. McNeil, '07, J. D. MARSHALL, '07.

Business Managers:—J. N. George, 'e6; W. P. Derham, 'o6.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. VIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., October, 1905.

No. I

ENGINEERS.

In connection with the accomplished establishment of Engineering Courses at the University, the reader will find the article on page 21, Science Notes, encouraging.

A SLIP.

One of the best informed monthly publications in the language is the "Dolphin" of Philadelphia. When however in its last issue the reviewer speaks of Professor Rutherford of McGill University, Toronto, we cannot but quote the populations of two of our villages and the distance between. Montreal counts 376,000 souls, Toronto 326,000 albeit some small ones, and 333 miles yawn between the two centres.

THE SABBATH.

If we search the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation we shall find concerning a Sabbath to be observed nothing more than the Mosaic prescription concerning Saturday. Our Divine Redeemer did not change the decalogue, nor did he attribute to his Resurrection-day a special observance. Who then lugged in this Sunday we hear so much of? Who but the teaching church, of her traditional authority! Refreshing to find that after all the Sunday was 'made in the Catholic Church'—Beware of imitations.

THE TALL TIMBERS.

We in Canada can no more with truthful accent sing 'This is the forest primeval,' for swinging axe and leaping flame have well nigh swept upland and swale of the 'murmuring pines and the hemlock'. Yet "Canada possesses one of the largest areas of virgin forest of any country in the world and is ranked by European experts, first or among the first of the important sources of the world's timber apply for the future." The words in inverted commas form the opening sentence of an appeal issued by the honored prime-minister with a view to the assembling of a convention to study the best methods for the preservation or renewal of our forest areas. The best minds of the country will give it thought, the Universities being specially invited. This move on the part of Sir Wilfrid is patriotism simon-pure. What better place for the meet too, than the "Lumber City."

ROUNDELAY.

In the old Talmud
An egg is tabooed
If laid by the hen on Sunday.

And Cotton Mather
And Co. would rather
Not have hot meals on Sunday.

And at the College
To best o' my knowledge
They're dropping kicks on Sunday.

OBITUARY.

It is our sad duty to record the death of Leo Poupore, who was the victim of a drowning fatality at Prescott, Ont., where he was spending the summer. His parents formerly lived in Ottawa and he attended the college for some time. For several years prior to his death, he had been following a brilliant course in law in Montreal. He died aged 21 years. The Review tenders its heartfelt condolence to the bereaved relatives. Requiescat in Pace!

We have also received news of the death of Louis Weldon who attended Ottawa College back in the 8 o's. During his course he was a favorite and is said to have composed the Varsity cry, V.A.R. At that time he lived in Pittsburg but some years ago moved to Denver for his health and died there during the month of August. To his sorrowing friends and relatives we offer our sincere sympathy. R. I. P.

REQUIEM MASSES.

A most commendable tradition is that of class requiem services. On the 13th of October an anniversary requiem mass was sung in the college chapel for the repose of the soul of Leo Gagnon, of Montreal, a member of the commercial graduating class of '92 represented in the city by Peter Connolly. The class of '92 remembers its friends.

AN AUTUMN LEAF.

Where is the victory or sting of death
When beauty smiling thus yields up its breath?
Or is it rather death's pale face all flushed
With lust of triumph o'er the life that's crushed?
Or faint reflection of the coming light
That steals like dawn from out the grave's black night?
I only know, poor leaf, thy burial shroud
Like yonder sunset tinted cloud
Is woven with a beauty strange and rare—
And if 'tis death, then Death is passing fair.

L. J.

Our Alumni.

Quisque Suos Patimur Manes.

In college life as elswhere, while outward successes such as degrees, medals and honors of all sorts, are not determined wholly by ourselves, yet, what permanent things we carry away from college, to what measure we have succeeded in educating ourselves, have been most emphatically the result of our own free choice. For education is primarily of the will. "Whatever we are able to will we are able to learn to do." And as our will is free, our failure or our success, in a word, our destiny, has been, and ever will be borne in our own hands.

Not only do we say fond farewell to kind sacrificing teachers, and whole-souled college chums, but chiefly to the life which they represent. Have we succeeded in our course, or is the udgment of the cynic right, which claims that students on leaving college quickly divide into two classes—those who have learned nothing, and those who have forgotten everything. It is indeed true we shall soon forget our higher mathematics, just as we have forgotten our Greek. But that is of little import. question is, have we been cultured, have we acquired character, have we formed that habit of mind which lasts through life, and whose attributes, according to Newman, are freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation and wisdom. As he says, the object of education, is to open the mind to correct it, to enable it to know and digest, master, rule, and use its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, recourse, address, and eloquent expression.

It does not require much consideration to see that this work of education and of culture cannot end with the college course. B. A. diplomas proclaim us youths of good promise—nothing more. If at college we have learned how to learn, acquired the habit of study, we have deserved our degrees. And if we have acquired the habit, we are now ready to commence our real study

and our real education. Closing day is the graduates' commencement day of a new life of study, more earnest and more efficient than that which they have finished, because it will be the result of their sense of duty alone and their own uncontrolled self-activity. The world will then be their college and the universe their university. They will no longer exist in a class, but henceforth must be their own companions and their own rivals.

We bear our own destiny, that is to say, success consists in being, not in having, and as Bishop Spalding says, 'we are worth what our knowledge, love, admiration, hope, faith and desire make us worth.'

What ideal then shall we choose? Whether we know it or not, we must be dominated by some ideal. The supreme law of all life is growth; With plants and animals it is material growth; with man, primarily intellectual and moral. This is our ideal. Of this growth we ourselves are the architects. This growth is the supreme end of education, and it were folly to think that it ends to-day. This is our true vocation, and all else unless they lead to this are but avocations, do not call us away from our true destiny—the height we could grow to.

LAVAL.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

It cannot but be gratifying to the Faculty as well as to the friends of Ottawa University to know that, out of the modest hundreds of our graduates as compared to the thousands from the more pretentions institutions in this country, the number of those from this seat of learning, who have gained eminence in church and state, in business and literary pursuits, is equal if not greater, in percentage to that from the other universities. So far as those who have already attained distinction are concerned, we are satisfied and reasonably proud of them. We now look forward with eagerness to see what will be the success of those who have but recently gone forth from their alma mater.

We were not a little pleased to hear that Dr. Sarsfield Nagle, a former student and one of last year's fourteen, has begun the practice of medicine in the city. Dr. Nagle has always proved himself a good student both here and at McGill. The faculty last year

acknowledged his talents in appointing him professor in physiology. His lectures on that subject were highly interesting and instructive. We are confident that Dr. Nagle will meet with success.

The news comes from Rome that Mr. John J. Cox of '02 matriculating class, who is now in the American College in the Eternal City, has taken honors in philosophy. This news will be gladly received by a large circle of friends. The unassuming, good natured disposition of Mr. Cox made him admired by all, students and professors alike.

In Germany the University of Ottawa has two representatives in the person of Mr. J. J. O'Gorman '04 now at Bonn, and Mr. Michael P. Burns '03, formerly student at Louvain, also at Bonn. Both Mr. O'Gorman and Mr. Burns were in their day editors of the "Review" and both contributed no small share towards making it a success. We trust that the talents they displayed as editors and essayists will prove advantageous to them in the near future.

With pleasure we record the fact that Dr. Thos. Costello, a matriculant of 1900, and afterwards a student in medicine at Queen's has gone to Calgary to practice his profession. Dr. Costello was a brilliant student here as well as at Queen's, where he took first honors in surgery. The "Review" tenders to Dr. Costello its best wishes and trust that his success will be proportionate to that of the world famous district, the golden West.

At the Commencement Exercises in June were present a number of recent graduates. Among them were three priests from Renfrew diocese, viz.: Rev. J. Breen 'oo' Rev. J. R. O'Gorman 'or and Rev. J. Warnock, 'or. Mr. Michael Foley 'oo, a prominent hardware merchant of Syracuse, N. Y., Rev. John Meehan, of Gananoque, Elias Doyle, of Hawkesbury, were also with us.

Rev. Jos. McDonald and Mr. D. Rhéaume, both of whom were in the city recently, have returned to the Grand Seminary at Montreal.

Mr. Felix French of '02 matriculating class and one of the star wing men of the '00 and '01 football team was in Ottawa a few days ago. He has returned to Toronto to complete his course in dentistry. Mr. J. Lonergan, another old boy, will accompany him.

Mr. Wm. Kennedy of the '04 matriculating class and Mr. W. Murtagh of the same class left Ottawa last week for Queen's University, Kingston, to enter upon their second year in medicine.

Athletics.

Another season has dawned upon us, and, as usual, football is the all-important topic in the sporting world. But the gossip concerning the great college game proceeds along different lines to those of the past; for our team is no longer a member of the Q.R.U. Owing to membership in the Inter-collegiate Union our connection with our old and tried players of the city is cut off and we are left to our own resources to bring out a team in garnet and grey which will be composed of students only. Any reader may well realize the difficulty of the task in hand when they consider that our Athletic Association has not half the number to choose from that our opponents have nor have we the giants of which other Universities boast.

Nevertheless difficult as the task may be, the Athletic Association has consolation in the fact that it has acted as it did, in the interests of the students themselves, of the graduates of the university, and in the best interests of good, amateur, college sport.

Everywhere our latest move is meeting with the heartiest approval, but nowhere is more enthusiasm manifested than among the students, and more particularly among the footballers themselves. This last statement is verified by the fact that every evening since Sept. 17, two full teams have donned the padded togs for practice on the oval under Coach Clancy's eagle eye.

Our peerless coach admires the perseverance of the players and smiles at the efforts of the different candidates as they strive for a position on the team.

A general meeting of the U. O. A. A. was held on Wednesday, September 13. Custom had it in past years that one or two of the old members of the Executive remained at home after vacation, but this year is one of the rare exceptions. All the executive returned. As a consequence no elections were held at the meeting. The history of the football team was reviewed, the famous struggles of the old heroes were listened to with keen interest and when the tale came down to the present the entrance of the football team into the C. I. R. F. U. was greeted with rounds of applause. After speeches were delivered by the Rev. Director and the President, the meeting was about to adjourn when Mr. Clancy appeared on the scene. He was heartily received in the usual way and after he had given the

boys a few words of advice all dispersed hoping that at the next meeting they would welcome the Inter-collegiate champions.

At a private meeting of the Executive held a few days ago, Mr. C. J. Jones was elected manager of the first team and Mr. M. O'Neil manager of the second fourteen. Both managers are already at work trying out new material everyday especially in the intermediate ranks.

A WORD OF ADVICE

It seems to certain optimists to be a foregone conclusion among the boys that we have already a team that can easily win the Inter-collegiate championship. This opinion should not be held by anyone and such is the advice of those who know a little about what our oponents are. Our team is destined to have a hard battle to fight, every game, for our opponents are heavier and more experienced than the majority of our men and moreover they are trained to the minute.

It is but right to expect a good deal of our team. Place your confidence in our own men, but expect no more than what they are able to do. The holding of such opinions often leads to trouble afterwards especially if the coveted object is not attained. All the team asks is the undivided support of the student and then if it is not successful in the end, let us be the first to congratulate the victors.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE SCHEDULE, 1905.

Oct. 14 — Queen's at Toronto, McGill at Ottawa. Oct. 21 — Ottawa at Queen's, Toronto at McGill. Oct. 28 — Toronto at Queen's, Ottawa at McGill. Nov. 4 — Queen's at Ottawa, McGill at Toronto. Nov. 11 — Toronto at Ottawa, McGill at Queen's. Nov. 18 — Queen's at McGill, Ottawa at Toronto.

Practices are being indulged in every evening and an interesting contest goes on for many of the positions on the team. All are candidates for premier honors but the most conspicuous are: Durocher, Gleason, Bawlf, Costello, Joron, Ed. McDonald, Sloan, Sweeney, Collin, Smith, Gorman, Brennan, A. McDonald, Filiatreault, Jones, J. B. McDonald, Lajoie, and O'Neil.

Where is the enthusiast who composes the football songs. Every year we have favored our spectators with a few good college airs and it is really an enjoyment for them. But the effect produced upon the players is still greater. There is nothing which will set a player's blood a-going so quickly as the sound of a college song or a good old yell. When hard pressed it prompts him to do or die and in the open field it urges him onto greater efforts.

-So now clear your throats and practice.

It is a remarkable fact that, of the men playing senior football to-day, the following experts received their primary training in the small yard: Joe Gleeson, Callaghan, Richards, Jimmie Murphy, Durocher, Bawlf, Dick McGee, Jack Freeland, Quinn, Filiatrault, Harry Smith, Sloan and lastly but by no means the least we may name the famous Eddie Gleeson. Let the present small-yard pig-skin chasers master the fine points of the game, for undoubtedly it will be the role of some of them in the future to defend the laurels which we hope old Varsity will win in her first year in Intercollegiate company.

Father Brogan, '81, now stationed in South Boston, called on us the other day. Naturally he found things changed. The sight of the old grand-stand, hoary in its whitewash, developed in him a reminiscent mood. He spoke with animation of the day when College played Harvard, and confirmed the story told by Father M. F. Fallon, of "Red Breeches Riley". Although rather won over to the game as expounded across the line, Father Brogan, the justly famous "tackle" of olden days, admits that we have a fine crowd of husky fellows with the same old snap. Anent the origin of the Varsity yell, he refers it to Ex-Senator Sullivan, U.S., now dead, then a student with him here.

Of Local Interest.

Of last year's graduates Mr. J. E. Burke has entered the Paulist Seminary at Washington. Messrs. A. L. McDonald and R. Lapointe are with us still, the latter having entered the Diocesan Seminary at Ottawa East. Mr. J. J. Freeland has secured a lucrative position on one of the leading New York Dailies. Mr. J. C. Walsh will enter a Science course at McGill, while Mr. R. J. Byrnes will take a year's vacation before entering Osgoode Hall.

Mr. J. T. Torsney, ex-'06, has donned the cassock at Dunwoodie Seminary, New York, and Mr. S. J. Harvey, ex.-'07, has done likewise at the Seminary of Philosophy, Montreal.

Rev. J. R. O'Gorman, 'or, paid his Alma Mater a short visit last week.

Mr. H. J. Macdonald, '04, has entered Osgoode Hall.

Mr. J. Morris, commercial course, '04, is making quite a reputation as an athlete. At the Caledonia games in Glengarry last month, he captured the high jump and the 100 yards dash, beating several prominent Montreal athletes.

Messrs. J. V. Meagher, '04, J. T. Harrington, ex '06, H. H. Dooner, ex '05, and H. Letang, ex '06, called at the University on their way to the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

Mr. F. W. Grey of the Archives department, late professor of English Literature at the University, leaves shortly for New York where he has been engaged in connection with the compiling of the Catholic Encyclopaedia.

Rev. W. J. Kirwin, a former prefect of discipline and warm friend of the students has been transferred to Holy Angel's College, Buffalo.

Rev. Fr. Roy has returned to the University and is again promoting the success of the business course.

On their return, the old students were glad to see the genial face of Rev. Fr. Ouimet behind the desk of the Prefect of Discipline for another term. The Rev. gentleman takes a deep interest in everything that concerns the boys, and is always ready to help along anything that will tend to promote their well-being, particularly athletics.

Rev. Fr. Turcotte has charge of the junior department this year.

The choir is being reorganized under the able directorship of

Rev. W. Stanton. Owing to the unsettled state of things since the memorable fire, our choir has hardly been up to the standard of former years. Now, however, we have a permanent chapel, and we will expect better things of it.

A handsome chapel has been fitted up in the basement of the Science Hall. Although it does not compare in beauty with the one destroyed, it is much appreciated by the students who were put to a great deal of inconvenience attending St. Joseph's Church.

Now is the time for the organization of your societies, boys, so "get busy", as yet, the Athletic Association and the Debating Society are the only ones to make a move. The others will do well to follow the example. It is high time for those interested in the Debating Society to get to work, since the Intercollegiate Debate is now not far distant. Also it is to be hoped that those responsible for the fortunes of the Scientific Society will not repeat their discreditable showing of last year. With the advent of a science course, there is no reason why this society should not thrive this year.

Pres. Sl - - n requests all those who have occasion to leave bouquets at his door, kindly to attach their cards, so that he may acknowledge the receipt.

The Very Reverend Father Emery, O. M. I., D. D., has well merited the congratulations of both students and public for the New Arts Building which has been erected under his supervision. This building, which is modern in every respect, is an honor to the University, the City and the country.

The University will devote special attention to the study of Science, in its various departments, Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Zoology, and Engineering. The Review extends its best wishes to the new department of Applied Science, which is but a stepping-stone to greater achievements.

Explanatory of the action of the members of the graduating class re the roganization of the Debating Society it may be stated that these gentlemen had a private meeting for the consideration of class matters scheduled for the some date and hour that the worthy ex-secretary chose to call the meeting. Considering that the latter gentleman had slighted them in refusing to postpone said meeting the 7th Form men refused to attend. However since a fairly representative executive has been chosen and since it is to our common interest to stand together and make the thing a success the Upper

Ten have magnanimously condescended to recognize the society as organized. The executive may count upon the loyal support of the class of 'o6 and it is to be hoped that all the philosophers will display a kindred spirit in the various duties that fall to their lot during the year.

Our local right-half who hails from Lindsay refuses to be put out of the game, though a dastardly assault was lately made on his nasal appendage. Jack is good stuff.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S VISIT.

On Thursday, the 28th September, the University was honored by the visit of the representative of the Pope. His Excellency celebrated the Mass of the Holy Ghost, and addressed the students assembled in St. Joseph's Church. His encouraging words formed a fitting close for the exercises of the annual retreat so well conducted by Rev. Father Fitzgibbon, C. S. S., and Rev. Father Corbeil, of the Cathedral. His Excellency dwelt on the need of character and firmness in the battles of life and exhorted the students to remain true to the lessons learned day by day under the beneficient influences of Alma Mater.

VISIT OF ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL.

On Sunday, October 8th, the University was honored by a visit from His Grace Joseph Thomas Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa. Being about to depart for Rome, to pay his respects to the Holy Pontiff, he desired to spend a few hours in his beloved Alma Mater before leaving. The students, hearing before hand of his intended call, prepared to give him a hearty welcome. Accordingly they met in St. Joseph's church, where His Grace spoke to them. Had the place of reception not been the House of God, His Grace would have received a hearty college cheer. But on account of the sanctity of the surroundings the welcome had to be of a quiet though none the less sincere nature. Messrs. W. P. Derham and C. E. Séguin approached the altar and read addresses in English and French respectively. The students wished Mgr. Duhamel a pleasant voyage, and asked him to convey their good wishes to His Holiness Pius X. In his reply the Archbishop thanked them for their addresses, and

promised to fulfill their request. He complimented the Rector and Faculty upon the manner in which they were succeeding with the New Building, and finished his remarks by granting a grand congé, which was greatly appreciated by the boys. Then having given benediction, His Grace was entertained by the Faculty of the University.

FAREWELL TO FATHER EMERY.

Though it had been rumored for several days, it was not known publicly until Sunday October 8th, that our beloved Father Emery was to be relieved of his duties as Rector of the University. He came here in 1901, and under him the University flourished until the great fire of 1903; after this disaster it was through his ability that our Alma Mater rose grander and more beautiful than before. After the terrible disaster, the obstacles to be overcome were enough to discourage many a man; but the dauntless courage of Father Emery overcame all difficulties, and the fruit of his success is seen in the beautiful University building of to-day. His friends are many, and of all denominations; and to his popularity may be attributed many of the donations received by the University. His motto was: "Nothing but the best is good enough for the University of Ottawa," and a visit to the palatial New Building will convince anyone that he has followed out his motto to the letter. He was a very religious man and was specially devoted to the Blessed Virgin: the moral influence which he exercised over the students was very great. All will regret to learn of his departure; but will be pleased to hear that in the future he will be connected with the University in the work of raising funds.

The students could not allow Father Emery to depart without making some outward manifestation of their devotion to, and love for him. So, on the afternoon of Monday, October 9th, the Reverend Father was requested to come to the door of the New Building; when he appeared he was given a rousing V-a-r-s-i-t-y cheer, then three of the students advanced; one read a beautiful address, and the other two made the presentation of a handsome travelling case, and a bronze statuette of the Blessed Virgin. In the address was expressed the sorrow of the students at losing their Rector, who was their best friend, and whose sacrifice and zeal had accomplished such wonderful results in the rebuilding

of the University; and moreover the gratefulness of the pupils for the many moral lessons given by him. In reply, the retiring Rector thanked the students for their good wishes, and said that his work here had been greatly lessened by the hearty cooperation of the Faculty and teachers. In conclusion, he said, that in the future, as in the past he would always be the friend of the students, and promised to treasure their tokens with care. Three hearty cheers were then given for Father Emery, and the gathering dispersed.

An Ingenuous Undergrad.

(The trio mentioned in these letters came here in September, 1904, from New York. They were chums, Thomas Barton, James Wagner, and Willie Hughes. Their general appearance was dignity and innocence combined, but, I thought I detected a mischievous gleam in the eyes of all three. My suspicions proved to be well founded, for, in a couple of weeks, the prefects were heart broken with the tricks that were being daily played. They knew, and, in fact, all the student body knew that the trio was at the bottom of all, but, though the tricks were kept up all year until they became almost unberable, the offences could never be brought home to the three mischief makers.

"Foxy," the writer of these letters, was the brains of the trio. He was the greatest schemer for his age, that it has ever been my fortune to see. He could circumvent the college rules with the ease of an O'Connell. It did not take the student body long to recognize his abilities, and he was immediately dubbed "Foxy." "Spider," derived his name from his climbing abilities. There was nothing ever made in the shape of a wall, or a fence, or a pole, that "Spider" couldn't climb. One had but to see Hughes to know why he was called "Angel," for he had a face like one of Fra Angelo's cherubs. When he was plotting mischief, his face took on even a deeper air of holiness. I had marked this characteristic so carefully, that I often astonished him when he had on a more sanctimonious air than usual, by whispering mysteriously into his ear, "Don't do it, Angel."

I was apparently the only one whom Foxy would trust, and he made me his legal adviser. Many a night I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks as the two, seated in my room, told me of the last trick they had played. I am afraid I most villainously abused their confidence by advising them not to return this year. I felt lonesome for Foxy, however, and made him promise to write me every month. With applopries for the slang he uses.—[Ed.])

Dear Father,

You see I am keeping my promise about writing you every month even though you did call me "The Prince of the Terrible

Three." Well we three are still together. You see Pa rented a cottage up here at Peawankee Lake and rather than have his little boy lonely (I shed copious tears for two hours) he asked "Angel," and "Spider" to come up and keep me company. I am not the least bit lonesome now but sister Marguerite says we are "the bane of her life," or some phrase like that, that she learned at the convent.

It is too bad you are not with us; we just make things hum up here. We had a swell time all week; the fishing and boating are 24 karat fine. We tried hard to be models of sanctity this week, but it seems whenever a fellow tries to be good, everyone gets down on him. Just now, half the people on the lake are sore on us—we are anathema, or something like it that you used to use in catechism class.

You see it happened this way: the yacht-club people up here have a nice club-house, and they were giving a bonnet-hop on Wednesday night. Well, on Wednesday afternoon Pa cruelly spoiled a good fishing trip and sent us up to the club-house to help them decorate. Like Admiral Rojestvensky, we went full of dark and deep thoughts of revenge, and having adjusted our faces to the proper funeral shape (gosh! but we did look like a bunch of undertaker's assistants) we looked up the main squeeze and told him that Pa had sent us over to help them decorate. Of course he bit like a shiner; (I wonder what makes some guys so easy). He put on a winning castor-oil smile and told us to go ahead. Well we certainly did go ahead. They were having a German orchestra for the evening, and a mut, in shirt sleeves, with plate-glass fronts, (the mut not the shirt sleeves) told us to "kindly awange the auchestwa chains, boys." We arranged the chairs all right but the seats looked dreadfully scratchy—hadn't had a coat of varnish since Washington crossed the Brandywine. Spider said it was a crying shame to make musical artists sit on such chairs as those, and Angel allowed it would be nothing short of a crime. We hadn't any varnish, but I remembered a pot of nice spruce gum that I had at home for mending the bottom of my birch-bark canoe. Angel thought it would be just the thing, so we chased Spider over after it. When he got back we put a medium quantity of gum on each of the seats, - and say, it did make them look fine.

In the evening Angel went over, just before the big show commenced, to inspect things finally. He found the first coat of gum partly dried up, so he undertook a second application. This fixed things in excellent shape for the band who after they arrived stuck

to their work and played like Trojans (whatever that means) until twelve o'clock; then they started down to get some refreshments, but they only started. Every time they moved, the chairs came with them. Say, Father, I've seen lots of mad Dutchmen, but I never saw a bunch like that band in my life. They cursed straight ahead until they were out of breath and then they turned around and cursed backwards. I shoved my head out the nearest window and laughed until my sides ached, but Angel never raised an eyebrow; he kept a face on him like Brother Joe at prayers. Say, do you know, that fellow actually had the nerve to go up and sympathize with the bandmen. Talk about crust! Say, he's the limit. But I guess neither he nor Spider nor yours truly will ever do any more decorating around that boat club.

But that is not all; I now come to one of the most harrowing incidents of my life. When I think of it my heart aches, and so does another part of my anatomy too. And to think I meant so well. You see it happened this way:—

Pa called our cottage "Washington Cottage" and stuck a big gold label on the front porch. Pa thinks he's a hot patriot, but it's only a false alarm. As a patriot Benedict Arnold makes him look like a frost. But to come back to the cottage: Thursday afternoon I was lying on the grass in front of the house looking up at that gold label and suddenly there came a rush of brains to my head and I thought how nice it would be to be as noble as George Washington when he told his dear pa that he had cut down the cherry-tree. Why couldn't I be like him? I went into the wood-shed and got the ax; then I went down to the walk in front of the house and picked out the easiest tree I could find; it wasn't a cherry-tree but I didn't think that made any difference, (I know now that it did.) Well, I cut the tree down (it wasn't easy either) and then I hid behind another tree to wait for Pa. I didn't have to wait long; in about five minutes he came up the walk. You should have heard him when he saw that tree-he talked in two languages, Dutch, and Profane. Then he gave a fierce look about him and fairly roared." Who in thunder cut down this tree." Now is my time I thought, so I came out from behind the tree, and throwing out my chest like Frank Smith did in the show last winter, I said, "It was I, Pa, I did it with my little ax."

Well, Pa was very quiet about it; he didn't scold a bit. I guess he thought I was too old to be scolded like a child, so he hung me across the fence and reasoned with me. The arguments he used were very striking. I knew what he was driving at, but I couldn't see it. As an argue artist I tell you Pa is hot stuff. What strikes me so forcibly, in Pa's method of argumentation, is his stick-to-it-iveness as Father—used to say. One feels the force of every argument, and he touches one's feelings so; why, he actually brought tears to my eyes.

I can't write much this time; it is a little sore yet to sit down long so good-bye until next time.

Yours in trouble

" FOXY."



BRYSON, GRAHAM & CO.

Ottawa's Greatest Store.

SPARKS ST.

QUEEN ST.

O'CONNOR ST.

Men's and Boys' Ready-made Clothing. Perfect fitting. Reasonable Prices.

See our Suits for \$7.50 and \$10.00. You'll be surprised.

Gent's White and Fancy Shirts.

Ties and Collars, Gioves and Hosiery, Best of Underwear for Men or Boys.

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs of all kinds.

See our Trunks, Valises and Bags.

Smoke Lyons' Special

The best 5c, Smoke in the City.

JOS. P. LYONS

Cor. Rideau & Dalhousie Sts.

First Class Barber Shop in Connection.

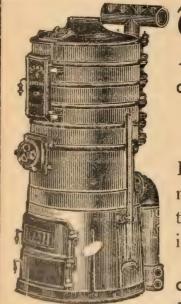
Henry J. Sims & Co.

-MAKERS OF-

FINE HATS AND FURS.

Special discount to student.

110 SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA, ONT.



The "New Star"

Hot Water Heater.

THE most improved on the market. The only Heater having a TU-BULAR SECTION giving ONE THIRD more heating capacity than any Flat Section Heater, and dividing the water making it easier heated.

Manufacturers '

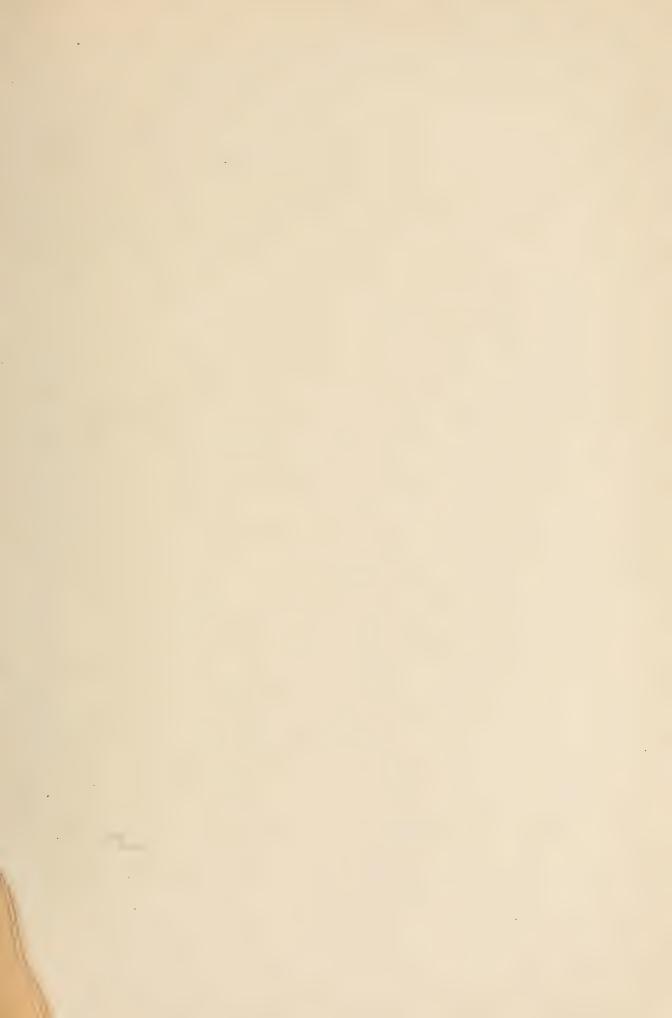
The STAR IRON Co'y, Ltd.,

MONTREAL.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our New Rector	43
LITERARY DEPARTMENT:	
Compensation	44
The Open Heart	45
No Room for Poe	46
Dusk	48
Passing Impressions	48
Samuel Johnson	51
Monetezuma	53
Constitutional Government in Russia	57
Daniel Webster.	59
An Accident	61
Book Review	63
Exchanges	65
Science Notes:	
Asbestos	66
Adulteration of Foods	69
Editorials:—	
Consolation — Football — De Profundis — Encyclopedia	
Americana—History in the Making	71
Soliloguy	74
OBSTUARY	75
ATHLETICS	76
The Schedule Games—Pope Leo X	86
The Ballad of Bill Banks	88
Locals	Sa





VERY REV. WM. J. MURPHY, O.M.I., D.D.,
Rector of the University of Ottawa.

Our New Rector.

Very Rev. William J. Murphy, O. M. I., D. D., lately called to the responsible position of Rector of the University of Ottawa, was born at William's Lake, B. C., in 1865. He is an Ottawa College graduate of the class of '88. His academic studies were completed at Harvard after which he entered on a brilliant career as Professor of Physics at his Alma Mater. In turn Prefect of Studies, and Secretary of the University he became intimately acquainted with the working of the institution. After ten years of teaching combined with occasional work in the ministry, higher authority entrusted to him the care of St. Joseph's parish. In his new capacity as parish priest Father Murphy won golden opinions for painstaking zeal and business qualities. The last step in his continued advancement is the recent appointment to the Presidency of the University in connection with which a contemporary says "He is an eminent educationist, known to hundreds of Canadians and Americans who have passed through the College during the last fifteen years." To Rev. Father Murphy and to his assistant Rev. H. Gervais, another veteran, who will, as Vice Rector, be a tower of strength in the arduous duties before him, the REVIEW wishes success.



No. 2

OTTAWA, ONT., November, 1905.

Vol. VIII

Literary Department.

Compensation.

In a green maple grove
That gracious shadows wove,
In summer heats I sat or roamed unheeding
The flight of golden hours,
For, fairer than scented flowers,
Its wealth of leaves in verdant glory spreading.

* * *

Autumn, on ravage bent,
Pillaged my emerald tent:
Her spoils, the shining leaves, the rude winds carried.
But, lo! where boughs are bare,
The heavens smile blue and fair—
Hidden from view while careless summer tarried.

CAMEO.

The Open Heart.

Would you understand The language with no word, The speech of brook and bird Of waves along the sand?

* * *

Would you make your own
The meaning of the leaves,
The song the silence weaves
When little winds make moan?

* * *

Would you know how sweet The falling of the rill, The calling on the hill, All tunes the days repeat?

* * *

Neither lore nor art
No toil can help you hear:
The secret of the ear
Go in the open heart.

INNOM.



The Hall of Fame.-No Room for Poe.

Here's a puzzle for those who think that fame, say the fame of genius poetic, or electric, or mechanic, or what not, is easily un-Twice in five years have the judges (?) so-called "the One Hundred Electors' rejected Edgar Allan Poe's plea for admittance! Poor fellow, it is quite possible that he personally never dreamed of such a plea, but upon his admirers who demand it, the refusal falls rather clumsily, especially after a casual survey of the list of privileged ones. Fancy denying Poe admittance to the Hall in which Whittier figures gauntly. On inquiry Chancellor McCracken says Poe's moral nature had to be considered. Where would Scotland put blithe Bobby Burns, and Ireland poor "Goldy," had the judges over there been so contankerous. In all probability the McCraken in question would consign watery (?) John Keats to the ash barrel and Shelly to the gutters—had they been Americans. To what part of the braying menagerie have Mc-Cracken and his council consigned themselves by this sentence?— What have these judges set up for themselves as a standard of literary criticism? Sad and vagabondish as Poe's life became, all true records show him an amiable man, a good husband, a true friend; his luckless career can hardly be deemed all the result of any serious defect in his moral nature. Who has ever thought of lugging in the morals of Homer—when making out the list of the world's poets? Does not a poet's title to fame lie in his poems? Whatever be the usefulness of Mr., as well as Mrs. Grundy, in regulating society—they should not be consulted by the builders of a Hall of Fame; admission here does not mean exactly the same as canonization. The fact that McCracken has proved himself incapable of rising above the Grundy level demonstrates his total lack of ability, to sit in the perilous seat of judgment. He said that Poe's poems lack of sincerity. This sounds like New England cant about truth. Poe does not "slop over" into weak personal and local sentimentality-- he did not, like some others down East, desecrate the noble gift of song to air peculiar political prejudices and animosities; his quarrell with the Raven does not mean anything in particular as to the Black Man. He, like the other real singers expresses a quality of generosity that stamps all true poetry. Sincerity, forsooth. Why it is the most striking feature of his poems. True, his was a unique spirit; though he had some kindred in the world of singers his verse poems are his own creation; originality breathes from every line, Verily, Poe is better outside a New York's sky-scraping temple; he may any where else ring his Bells, soothe his tired spirit with appeals to Annabel Lee and confer in sober loneliness with Profel. There is comfort in knowing that vigorous protests are being made, against the decision of the one hundred which Prof. Henry E. Shepherd pronounces "colossal stupidity." How proud Americans should feel from a literary point of view, to stand represented in Europe by the one hundred! The position is simply ludicrous. In the fifty-six years that have followed Poe's death, the music and magic of his verse have charmed the knowing on this side and beyond the sea. He and Hawthorne stand on the same level among European critics as the best representatives of American literature. Rossetti was glad to acknowledge his indebtedness to Poe for "The Lost Lenore" found again in the "Blessed Damozel." beautiful classic dream of Heaven was suggested by that bird that sat upon the vase of Pallas and poured out its whole soul in that one word: Nevermore. Who is not glad that a happy counterpart was inspired by that gaunt and grim Raven? Rossetti said it was the reading of the Raven that inspired him. Tennyson, from his youth on through all his years, loved to read Poe. When to write an epitaph for the monument of the poet he said: can so fine a genius and so sad a life be expressed and compressed in one short line!" It would be perhaps, a surprise to McCracken and his board of advisers, to look into the great English quarterlies of the last fifty years to find how conspicuous a place the poems of this rejected American occupy. Alas that a little more room was not given him during his weird battle for bread. How many of the poems of Whittier and Holmes and even Lowell will go down-not the ages—but the next fifty years? The Legend of Brittany and The Vision of Sir Launfal may possibly be read with pleasure fifty years hence, but it seems safe to say no others, even of Lowell's will. Perhaps it is because Poe is such a bold individuality, such a unique genius, that his American judges fail to see his right of way into their Hall of Fame! Well, the great world begs to differ from Mc-Cracken et al and judge Poe as entitled to the first place among the American poets. This judgment does not imply that the substance of his poems is the best ever wrought upon, but by the music and the rhythy of his verse he is suure to please for all time, and what more is asked of art but that it be a thing of beauty, a joy forever?—"God's prophets of the beautiful" the poets are. In the true Hall of Fame their faces in the lull of natural things look wonderful, with life and death and deathless rule.

S. N.:

Dusk.

Oh! the toil and worry,
Oh! the heat and hurry
Of the Day!
Oh! the poisoned arrow
Met, alas! so often
By the tired heart, struggling
On its weary way!

Ah! the rest and blessing,
Ah! the cool caressing
Of the Dusk!
When, like a mother, pressing
When to her breast, night soothes us,
Earth veiled, with tales of heaven,
With her breath of musk.

CAMEO.

Passsing Impressions.

In the journey, through life impressions of all sorts are conveyed to the mind, as shadows passing on the surface of a lake. We are impressed by beauty, if it be that of a sunset sky, the moon-lit heavens, the broad agitated surface of the sea and conversely be ugliness, which revolts our imagination and offends our taste. Most of all, however, we are impressed by character, as it is revealed to us, in those who come into our actual sphere, or, who, merely, as it were, arise an instant above our horizon, to vanish again, and be lost to our view.

In this way, persons with whom we have had a very brief ac-

quaintance, or with whom our association has been desultory, often make a deep and lastly impression upon our minds and these impressions when they are of notable people may be of sufficient interest to jot down on paper.

I remember, for instance going to visit a relative to call upon the late Archbishop of St. Boniface, Mgr. Taché. It was a lovely afternoon of Autumn, as I remember, the sun was disporting itself through varigated foliage and over the expanse of river, the St. Lawrence, with the outline of blue, mist-touched hills in the distance. The distinguished prelate was at that time visiting the Oblate Fathers, in Visitation street, Montreal, quite close to that beautiful church of St. Peter's, with its resplendence of warmth and color. I had not long to wait, after the Brother Porter had taken up our names. In a few moments, the benignant, genial personality of the great missionary bishop, filled the room in a very real sense with his presence. Looking at him, I realized that I was face to face with one of those living forces in the history of Canada, which has helped to make its greatness. Only the blindest prejudice could deny the part which this man had taken in the settlement and in the civilizing of the vast North-West. He had been a power, doing more to control, to regulate, to adjust difficulties, especially with the aboriginal races, than regiments of soldiers or troops of mounted This fact was fully known to the sagacious and statesmanlike mind of Sir John A. Macdonald, who for so many years swayed, in a sense, the destinies of the country He found in Mgr. Taché an invaluable auxiliary, as a brief reference to the history of those pioneer days will show. Here was a man, who walked uprightly before God, who had spent his vigorous youth and manhood amongst incredible harships in carrying the message of the gospel to those tribes who wandered over the vast frozen fields, and by the portages of the North. He had known danger, privation, hardship, known and counted them tall for the sake of the Master whom he served. In his youth he had seen that wondrous vision, that light which had allured him and shone forever on his path.

One of the great men, one of the vital personalities of the country, I thought, as I found myself in his presence and was greeted with warmth and cordiality due, in part to the "shadow of a name" which I bore and in part to his own general and kindly nature. We referred in flattering terms to the work accomplished by one nearly related to me for the welfare of her race and the extension of Christ's kingdom and, then, the conversation turn d upon

that region in which his years had been spent. My companion and myself were struck with his grasp of the subject, the large ideas which he so forcibly expressed and also with his fatherly tenderness for the Indians and half-breeds. He spoke of them as if they had been, in truth, his children. It was the time of the Riel excitement, when the half-breed, Louis Riel, expiated upon the scaffold, his offences against his country's laws. Possibly, posterity may judge differently of his case. Half patriot, half outlaw, the celebrated half-breed was imbued with the lawless spirit of his nomad ancestors on the one hand and the martial spirit of Gael on the other was fired by the wrongs of his race, and though a menace to orderly and well constituted authority, he had, no doubt, many of those qualities, which under other conditions might have been considered heroic. The Archbishop spoke of Riel, to whom he had been a benefactor, and whose errors be deplored with a fine discrimination, a sympathy and a tolerance which were impressive. If the question of the dark-skinned races were approached in the spirit of wisdom of large-hearted kindliness and of comprehension which were apparent in distinguished prelate's utterances concerning them, it is almost certain, that it would be in the majority of cases, readily settled.

The Archbishop was enthusiastically interested in the progress, growth and development of that Northwest to which he had given his best energies. He treated the questions concerning it, politically and otherwise, with force, originality and directness. Coming of a family, which in various ways has distinguished itself in the annals of the country, he probably surpassed them all in the vigor of his understanding, the ripeness of his judgment and the sum of good which he accomplished. He was so identified with St. Boniface that he seemed a part of the city's life and of that church which the poet Whittier has immortalized,

The bells of the Roman Mission, The church of St. Boniface.

With his characteristic courtesy and sense of the amenities, Archbishop Taché caused the bells to be rung upon the birthday of the Quaker poet, drawing from him an appreciative letter in consequence. They have both passed beyond the bourne since then.

The eminent prelate has left to his successors in the ministry, his brethren of the Oblate Order, who have been so largely identi-

fied with the northland, and whose "feet still bear upon the mountain tops the tidings of peace," the example of apostolic zeal and unbounded charity. The figure of the great churchman shall continue to loom grandly upon the horizon during successive generations. Posterity will recognize in him a true patriot, a sagacious and disinterested counsellor and a magnanimous lover of his kind, no less than the devoted priest and the saintly missionary. Therefore, I am glad that amongst my impressions, a very strong, if fleeting one, is that of Monseigneur Alexandre Taché, metropolitan of St. Boniface.

A. T. S.

Doctor Samuel Johnson.

Of most extraordinary intellectual power, Doctor Johnson is even more interesting viewed from his human side, and it is as a man that we choose to consider him, rather than as a writer. As a man, he proved himself a hero, fully worthy to be honored as such, though his heroism was not of the epic kind nor did it find expression in the deeds of valor. It consisted rather of patient, cheerful perseverance in the face of adverse circumstances and noble courage in the endurance of life's sternest trials.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, in 1709. He was the son of a poor book seller and it was among the volumes in his father's shop that he first developed a taste for omivorous reading. His early education was received in the schools of Lichfield where he acquired a very accurate knowledge of Latin. He was always delicate, and suffered all his life from a painful defect of vision while a persistent melancholy hung like a cloud over all his days. At the age of 19 he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, but did not finish his course, being recalled home after three years by the death of his father. While at Oxford he became notorious for his rebellious conduct, owing to the great depression caused by his poverty and disease. Speaking of this time he said: I was

miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority."

After leaving Oxford, Johnson entered upon an assiduous course of reading although he did not consider himself a serious student. He eventually made his way to London, the great metropolis that offered so large a field for talent of every kind. But, as Mr. Thompson well explains it was not quite the same London, as Johnson's predecessors in literature had known. A great change had taken place since the days of Pope and Dryden and it was no longer the golden age for all those who could wield a pen. The liberal patronage that had before rewarded poets and writers was now devoted to other purposes and literary talent was left to carry on a hard struggle unaided. The speaker related some pathetic stories of the sufferings and privations of a few of the famous writers of those days, sufferings such as our great doctor began to experience from the hour of his arrival in London.

On account of his enormous size he was told to go and be a porter but he did not take the advice, and after many trials and disappointments succeeded in making sufficient with his pen to support himself and his wife. For thirty years his life was but a struggle with poverty and drudgery; a struggle bravely and cheerfully carried on, but so intense were the sufferings endured in that time, that years afterwards, he would weep at the very remembrance. At last in 1762 recognition came and George III bestowed on him a pension of £300 a year, thus placing him in a position of independence. From this time he wrote little save his Lives of the Poets, but spent the next twenty years in holding forth in the coffee-houses and taverns to a circle of admiring friends.

The coffee-houses and taverns, were the clubs of those days and do not correspond to the barrooms of our time. To understand the lives lead by Johnson and his friends, it is necessary to remember the peculiarity of the time in which they lived. London was then considered the Hub of the Universe." The literary society was extremely limited and there were no newspapers to speak of. Consequently discussions were carried on in the coffee-houses, where tea, not coffee, was drunk. Life flowed on in a very easy, quiet manner here and in the taverns where the devotees of literature dined and conversed most brilliantly. The group of which Johnson formed a part was composed of some of the most illustrious men in history; Edmund Burke, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Langton, Butler and others. It

was at this time that James Boswell, a Scotchman, who was also one of the company, and held Dr. Johnson in the highest esteem, conceived the happy idea of writing up all the old man's conversations and witticisms, and thus, it is to Boswell that the world owes the finest and completest biography of the great doctor ever written.

Many amusing anecdotes illustrative of Johnson's wit, his love of argument, his conversational powers, his pronounced prejudice against the Scotch, and at the same time his patient, gentle affection for his tormenting biographer, were related by Mr. Thompson and proved most entertaining, But, above all, his beautiful charity, his admirable intellectual humility, his courage amid adverse circumstances and his heroic endurance of the terrible afflictions that darkened his life,—were spoken of as worthy of veneration and esteem. His charity was unlimited. The greater part of his pension he devoted to the waifs and strays of London, many of whom he harbored in his own house and received but ingratitude in return. In his humility he would listen to us praise. He recognized the importance of leading a religious life and was himself pious and devout.

In conclusion let us point out the lesson that is to be learned from this great man's life. There was in it something to inspire us with a desire to better our own. And perhaps there is no lesson it teaches more forcibly than the beauty and necessity of courage in affliction, and the unworthiness and uselessness of whining about the ills and difficulties that beset us in our path through life.

J. B.

Montezuma.

N the introduction to his essay on "Lord Clive," Macaulay deals out a mild reproof to his fellow countrymen, for their culpable ignorance of affairs of the Empire, whilst they are thoroughly acquainted with the history of the romantic conquest of Mexico. With a casual observation on the comparative insignificance of this event, he passes to the consideration of the subjection of India, to him an accomplishment of greater wonder than the former. We cannot dismiss the subject in the same manner, as the brilliant essayist. To the average North American

of today, the history of the aborigines of this continent, and the account of their conquest are probably of as much importance as that of natives of the isolated portions of the British Empire. And perhaps the study of the civilization of the early inhabitants of America would prove quite as interesting as that of ancient Egypt, Greece or Persia. It is true that we have not gained any of our laws or moral code from the former. Yet in them we see a mighty branch of the human race, many of whose manners and customs are analogous to those of the eastern nations, and whose civilization forms ample ground for study and research.

The person of whom we wish, in particular, to treat is one whose name is as inseparable from the history of the conquest, as that of Cortes himself. Montezuma and Cortes are the central figures in the great drama.

To gain a thorough estimate of the character of Montezuma requires considerable reflection. Even at thirty, our judgments may be uncertain. We must consider his great demeanour as a ruler. We must likewise weigh the motives which prompted his actions before and during his captivity. In Montezuma the most opposite qualities have succeeded each other, and in him have been embodied dispositions of diverse natures.

The conquerors first beheld him the supreme master of Anahuac, and probably the most enlightened individual of the most enlightened race on the continent; for we are told that he introduced a state of civilization higher than had ever been dreamed of before his time. He came to the throne under very favourable auspices. The people hailed him as the descendant of a line of kings who had brought universal military glory to the Tenochtitlaus. In the early portion of his reign, his subjects were enthusiastic in his regard. But what must have been their attitude towards him, when during eighteen years he almost doubled the empire of his fathers, when he made himself, if not the master, at least the dread of the nations of Central America? Escaping scathless from nine pitched battles, his people considered his person inviolable, and looked on him with a superstitious awe. The glory of their ancestors, so prized by men, paled into insignificance in the actual splendour of their own. may imagine the surprise the conquorors felt to find such a prince, a potentate with millions of subjects, ready through fear or revenue to

prostrate themselves at his feet. The first impression they received was that Montezuma was an autocrat and a tyrant. This was their opinion of the emperor as a ruler. Their future intercourse with him revealed the character of Montezuma the man.

It seems paradoxical that the character of the Mexican emperor, as the independent monarch of western world, should have been one and the same as that of Montezuma, the captive and vassal. We can see no evidence of the fierce and haughty warrior in the mild and docile prince. Neither can we detect the avaricious despot in the gentle and munificent benefactors. We are able to find the selfish and independent autocrat in the king, who with surprising complaplacency resigned his supremacy to an emperor superior to himself. That these qualities did not exist in Montezuma at different times, there can be no doubt. It is history. But, the bold contrast between them is merely superficial. The characteristics of the man, at different periods, were the same, but under different aspects. As the ruler, he was a brave warrior because his position demanded it. For was he not the very paragon of Atzec chivalry? At the same time, as he becomes a chivalrous spirit, he submitted to subjugation with docility. As monarch he was avaricious that he might the more practice his munificence among the needy. Unconscious of a power greater than his own, he assumed a supremacy over all others and demanded the allegiance of all inferior to himself. He was tyrranical and autocratic that he, with his superior intelligence he might the better guide the destinies of his great empire with a free hand. Yet, when he recognized in the Spaniards a civilization far beyond his best ideals, he bowed to them with a submissiveness truly magnanimous, knowing full well his own insignificance compared to them.

The courage of Montezuma has been attacked. Prescott clears him of the accusation; but, he ascribes his weakness, in giving into the Spaniards without resistance, to superstition. We cannot agree with the historian on this point, whatever weakness of his race was reflected in him on this respect, it seems clear that the momentous action of his life was done after the calmest deliberation. He saw that surrender was the only possible proper course. The weakness lay not with him in surrendering, but in his nobles in refusing to do so. They did not penetrate into the future as did their lord. They

did not reason as he, that, if a handful of warriors could humble the proudest armies of Mexico, what would be the power of a whole nation of such men. He saw that the Spaniards were as far superior, in intelligence, to the Reno-chtillans as the latter were to the rudest tribe of America. He deemed it far better to willingly submit to superior genuises than to be forced to submit, later on. His friendly attitude towards the Spaniards, even after he had learned of their human frailties, after all superstitious beliefs had disappeared, most clearly proves that his submission was from policy rather than superstition, from friendship rather than fear. His love for his people, his temple and for his gods in no way diminished his kindly attitude towards the Spaniards and their faith. Nor in the company of his new friends did he neglect his subjects. He did his utmost to reconcile the two peoples. His whole conduct instead of betraying cowardice showed the discretion of a great statesman, when the crisis in the nation is at hand.

It has been said by some historians that Montezuma was deceitful. We believe that if he ever stooped to the practice, it was to avoid what he considered a great evil. He acted from policy. He availed himself of the readiest means to save himself from the yoke of the strangers of whom he had heard, but whom he had never set eyes upon. But when Montezuma became better acquainted with them, straightforwardness and honesty marked every one of his dealings with them; so much so, as to win the utmost confidence and love of the wily Cortes and the other conquerors.

We will conclude with the observation that, had the people of Mexico been of the same mind as the master, they would have submitted to a race whom they knew to be vastly superior to themselves. If they had not been blinded by the grossest superstition, they might have forgiven the inevitable course of events. The bloodshed and devastation that marked their subjugation would never have occurred. A calm submission would have assured the Atzecs of continued prosperity, with their sovereign greater in his allegiance to a Christian monarch than with his independefft way. And it is possible that, had the views of the great Montezuma been acceded to the Atzec nations would have thrived to this day with all their ancient splendour in bold relief, but conforming to the mould of Christianity.

G. W. O'T., 'o6.

Constitutional Government in Russia.

HAT a great change has taken place in Russia during the last few years! Before the war with Japan she was an absolute monarchy, and a nation feared by all the western powers; now she is a limited monarchy, and humiliated

before all nations. Probably no such radical change has been wrought in any other country so quickly and so unexexpectedly. Though agitations and insurrections have been taking place for many years, still they had little influence over the despotic Czar. The riots, strikes and general disturbances all over his kingdom, following in the wake of disastrous war during this year have forced the Czar to consider the matter. He sees that it is better to freely concede liberty to the people than be obliged to do so at the sacrifice of many lives.

The foundation of the late Russian government was laid at the beginning of the eighteenth century by Peter the Great, a man truly great in so far as the advancement of Russia is concerned. Had his successors possessed his energy and his intelligence, Russia might, to-day, have been ruling world in place of being hopelessly retarded by defeat from a power which has developed within the last fifty years. Instead of following his example and improving on his form of government, his successors seem to have assumed that Peter's constitution needed no change with the advancement of time.

Peter made many reforms. For the better government of the country he divided his empire into forty-three provinces, each had a governor who was also supreme judge. Appeals could be taken to the Departments at St. Petersburg. These Departments were ten in number. Over all these Peter had supreme power, and to complete his mastery placed himself at the head of the Russian Church This sort of government with a few changes has existed up to the past month.

During the past two centuries, while other peoples were obtaining more and more freedom in the government of their country, the Russians were being lorded over by the Czar and his Grand Dukes, the Czar ruling in a most despotic manner, supreme in all things, his will to be done. Anyone who dared to disobey was quickly put to death, or sent as an exile to Siberia. Taxes were levied at

will; and while royalty was living in the greatest luxury, thousands of poor peasants from whom money was extorted died of starvation. So that although the majority of the people, through fear, outwardly feigned contentment with the late government, almost every Russian desired in his heart the overthrow of despotism and the formation of a constitutional monarchy.

While Russia was at peace the people were afraid to clamor against the goverement, to demand redress, because they had before their eyes the terrible punishments which had always been meted out to reform agitators. The Japanese war went against Russia from the very beginning on account of this latent dissension between the people and the rulers. The people saw that a time had come when an agitation could be successful, and they grasped the opportunity. When, last January, Father Goupon led the mob to the Wint.r Palace to make some demands and these people were inhumanly slaughtered by the soldiers, a series of riots were begun, which having spread over the whole country and hastened the downfall of autocracy, and the building up of a limited monarchy in Russia.

Not until the Czar saw that the riots were of a serious nature was Count Witte consulted on the matter. This man had already become famous for his shrewdness in the Portsmouth Peace Conference, and was perfectly capable to give adviction such a serious matter. Count Witte is of German descent, and was born in Tiflis in 1849. After being educated in the High School of his native city he entered the railway service, and working himself up he was afterwards able to take charge of the railway traffic of the country. In 1894 he became Minister of Finance, and introduced many reforms. He encouraged education, and was also a strong supporter of the Savings Bank system. In 1903 he was retired from public life by Ducal influence and was not heard of in a public capacity until he took part in the Portsmouth Peace Conference last August.

Count Witte advised the Czar, and his advice has been followed, to grant liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, of the press, and of the assembly, and moreover the making of the imperial parliament responsible. The regulation of the franchise will be fixed leter, and it is very likely to be universal suffrage. With the new change the people will soon have full control of money matters; the feature of control has always been the great bone of contention between all

governments and their subjects. For many centuries the English nation clamored against arbitary taxation, and they took advantage of every opportunity to force their king to accede to their demend. Where the people do not control the taxes there is very little progress, because in such a country the people are divided against the crowd, and where there is no unity there is no progress. Now that the Russian people have obtained control of the levying of taxes, we may expect that they will soon become a contented, prosperous, and powerful nation.

To day, in the words of a local lecturer, "Freedom is parading in crimson garb the Nevsky Prospect and knocking loudly at the door of the Winter Palace."

J. M. G., '06.

An American Statesman.

Daniel Webster, the second son of Ebenezer Webster and Abigail Eastman, was born in a secluded spot among the mountains at Salisbury, New Hampshire, Jan. 18, 1872.

The early are finis education was obtained from his parents until the age of fourteen, when he was sent to the Phillips-Exeter Academy. Three years later he entered Dartmouth College where he partly supported himself and elder brother to prepare for college by teaching school in winter. Being especially fond of history and English literature he read extensively, thereby laying the foundation in classic languages which enabled him to deliver brilliant addresses before the college societies.

Graduating in 1801, he immediately entered upon the study of law in the office of Thomas Thompson, who afterwards became a congressman and United States senator. After four years he was admitted to the bar at Boston. He practised at Boscawen for a year and was then admitted to the Superior Court of New Hampshire with residence at Portsmouth.

He had inherited from his father a spirit of patriotism and love for his country, but did not enter deeply into politics until the outbreak of the war of 1812 which created a demand for the best talent that could be had. Mr. Webster had always worked for the good of the people and had already established a reputation for public spirit that in 1812 elected him to congress.

Early in the session he moved a series of resolutions on the repeal of the Berlin and Milan decrees and on this subject delivered his maiden speech. Coming from a person who was almost unknown it took the house by storm. His speeches afterwards placed him in the highest rank as a debater. To the success he achieved while filling this responsible position is attributed the fact that he was on different occasions chosen to represent the people at the senate.

The many bills which he introduced during his term of office were invariably based on sound principles of right and justice. Perhaps his most important service was the introduction of a resolution requiring all payments to the treasury after Feb. 20, 1817 to be made in coin or its equivalent. This measure prevailed and redeemed the depreciated currency of the country.

In the winter of 1813, Mr. Webster's home, contents, and the entire professional labor was destroyed by fire. It was providential in this that the misfortune largely decided his removal to a broader field in Boston, then as now the brains of the country. For eight years he devoted all his time to his profession and was often called upon to deliver speeches at special functions, addressing masses by the thousands in the open air, on the urgent political questions of the day.

Daniel Webster is said to hold the highest place among the American orators. His style is simple and clear, noted for the vigor of reasoning, impressive, and at times rises to real grandeur. Among his finest speeches may be mentoned The Bunker Hill Monument discourse, the reply to Hayne, and the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.

At the age or seventy he departed from this world at Marsh-field, Massachusetts, deeply mourned by the whole nation for they knew that they had lost one of most eminent statesmen that the world had ever seen.

C. F. B.

An accident of long ago.

One fine evening in July last, we had pulled our canoe on the east shore of Lake Nipigon, about ten miles from the place where the Nipigon river rises in the lake, when a noise was heard in the bush a few yards away. I immediately picked up a 30-30 Winchester near at hand, and was about to investigate, as probably an old bear was prowling around, and a few pounds of fresh meat would not be out of place, after having lived on salt meat for a couple of months; but the old guide, a man of about sixty years of age, caught my arm and requested me to drop the rifle. At first I was angry to be thus deprived of a feast, but a glance at the old fellow soon convinced me that something was wrong. Finally he spoke: "I have a sad tale to tell you," said the old fellow, "about a fatal shot in the dark, but I think it would be better to first give hunger a surprise." We were generally in a hurry around meal time, but I can truthfully say that no meal, at any other time during the trip, was prepared as speedily. We were very anxious to hear the old fellow's story, because he had seldom spoken up to this incident, unless when spoken to, and then he never wasted words. What struck us as most strange was that he was a man of more than ordinary education, and a guide. We naturally concluded there was a mystery surrounding him, and here was a clue if not the solution.

Supper finished, and everything put aside for the night, the guide threw a few logs on the fire, and began. "I think," said he, "before giving you the facts of that sad event, it would be well to say a few words about my early life. Well, I was born in a village, now a fairly large town, on the Georgian Bay, not far from Lake Huron: there I spent my youth. My mother died when I was scarecely four years old. I was then placed in charge of my grandfather, for mw father was an engineer on a boat between Montreal and the Sault, and so could not take me with him. Of my father I have but a faint recollection. At the age of seven I entered the village school, there to spend five of the happiest years of my life. Then I was sent to a high school in a distant town, from which I graduated after four years of hard work. A chance as apprentice to a civil engineer going out West offered itself and I decided to take a short holiday before going.

The first few weeks were spent fishing, but with very poor Then I joined a camping party and passed exploring the many islands of the Georgian Bay. weather turned colder, and my holidays were fast coming to an end. I resolved to take to the bush, and hunt birds with my host, who was an excellent wing shot, but found after a short while, that it was only a waste of ammunition, for we could not bring down a bird, so I made up my mind to devote my time to hunting This was fairly successful. My companion became separated from me during the day, but we always met before leaving the bush coming on to dusk. On the last day of my vacation we started off at dawn to make a record haul. I had exchanged my shot gun for a 4 Winchester rifle in order to be able to shoot at a longer range. We travelled until dinner time, then I set out for a hard wood ridge near a big lake about two miles farther to the east, while my companion intended to follow a creek flowing in the opposite direction. We were to meet at three o'clock at the place we I soon reached my destination, bagged a few rabbits and started back, feeling quite satisfied with my trip, and expecting to pick off one or two more. When within a hundred yards or so of our meeting place, a white object in a clump of bushes caught my eye. I shouted in order to warn my companion, should he be near, but received no reply, yet the white object remained in the same place. I raised my rifle, and fired, then approached the object expecting to find the first sign of fall, a partly white rabbit. Imagine my horror and surprise when I found I had planted a ball in my companion's breast. I ran to a house about two miles away and procured the assistance of two men who carried my friend home. lived for a few hours. It seems he had returned a good deal sooner than I, and bring tired after the morning's walk, lay down in the clump of bushes to sleep, knowing I would see him on my return. The white mark shot at was part of his handkerchief, hanging from his breast pocket.

I vowed never to touch a gun again. Soon after the accident I drifted into this country, where I have earned a living by guiding tourists up the river in the summer, and by trapping furs in the winter. You have wondered all along why I have been so sullen. Well the sight of that gun brought back to my memory that accident of long ago. I determined never to tell anyone about it, but the youngster (pointing to me) by his action recalled that event more vividly than you can imagine.

Book Review.

"MARY THE QUEEN," is the title of a life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, written in very attractive form for young folks by "A Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." It is full of pious thoughts and beautiful traditions interwoven with the narration of the birth and life of the Maiden Queen of Purity with her parents, of her care for her Divine Son, of her sorrows and of her death and final coronation as Immaculate Queen of Heaven and Earth. Written as a story it is interesting to young and old. To all such works, God-speed, for they inspire little children with faith and devotion, and love for the Mother of their Saviour, "our fallen nature's solitary boast." Such sentiments instilled into the young mind usually bear good fruit and are never wholly lost.

Sold by Benziger Bros., New York. Price 50 cents.

* * *

FOR THE WHITE ROSE, By Katherine Tynan Hinkson. Benziger Bros., New York. Price 45 cents.

For the White Rose, is a brief tale of the unsuccessful attempt of the Scottish lords to place their chivalrous young "king across the water" upon the throne of his fathers instead of the usurping Hanoverian. The same faith and the same sympathies unite the little Scottish lady and the Welsh maiden, on a foreign shore, where they are forced to seek their education. In language that is poetic this truly gifted author portrays the patriotism, impetuosity, loyalty and devotion that beautifies the Celtic character, whether on the hills of Cambria or the highland heaths of bonny Scotland, or among the poverty-stricken exiles of emerald Erin. The diction and the sentiments are alike beautiful.

* * *

THE CHILDREN OF CUPA. By Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Bros, New York. Price 45 cents.

This narrative of the Indians of the old Spanish missions with their deeply-rooted simple faith constitutes a good juvenile story and incidentally furnishes a little light on the methods of meddlesome colporteur missionaries. The aborigines of the south excite our sympathy as they patiently endure the wrongs they are powerless to resist. It is well written and interesting.

THE VIOLIN MAKER. By Sara Trainer Smith. Benziger Bros., New York. Price 45 cents.

This production is worthy of its popular author. It is a German Catholic story with a moral, from the original of Otto von Schaching.

* * *

THE DOLLAR HUNT, from the French, By E. G. Martin. Benziger Bros., New York. Price 45 cents.

The business transactions by which American millions are exchanged for European coronets are well known to us. Our story points out the evils connected with this sacrifice of conjugal happiness for empty honors, when it relates the narrow escape of a fair young heiress from the toils of an unprincipled fortune-hunter and his allies.

* * *

Rose o' the River, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. The Copp Clarke Co., Limited, Toronto.

"Rose o' the River," is a pretty name, and the story is just as pretty, as Mrs. Wiggins' New England heroine. There is the charm of the natural, about the people and the plot, and another merit,—the story is not too long. It is a simple one, telling of life on the farm and along the river drive, with a sturdy, firmly-rooted pine-tree sort of man for a hero, and a pretty, fragile, sweet, but prickly brier-rose sort of woman for a heroine. An unusual thing, for a woman, particularly, for a woman writer, is Mrs. Wiggins' vivid description, and appreciation of the exclusively masculine pursuit of "lumber-driving." She almost makes the woman reader understand and appreciate it too. The power which she possesses in a marked degree, of making one see the people she describes, her bright "talking" style, her excellent character drawing, together with her quaint touches of humor, lift the story above the common place. All in all, one closes the book, with a feeling of satisfaction that one has met such people, as Rose and her lover, "Anecdotal Kenebec," whose anecdotes had to take the form of serials, they were so long, and the woman who said, "If I'd known there'd be so many out, I'd ought to have worn my bunnit, but I ain't got no bunnit, and if I had they say I ain't got no head to wear it."

E. M. M. d'Youville Circle.

Exchanges.

In several of our exchanges there is a very noticeable lack of sound literary matter. Those in which the above fault are most conspicuous are the October issues of the Bethany Messenger, The Fordham Monthly, and the September and October numbers of The Student published by Bates College. Less space devoted to athletics, locals, personals, etc., would render these publications of more lasting value.

The Fordham Monthly for October contains a Review and criticism of Father Sheehan's latest book "Glenanaar", the chief merit of which lies in its length. For many the review and criticism would suffice in lieu of the book.

The October issue of the Ottawa Campus contains many excellent contributions of both prose and poetry, of which that entitled "Japan and Civilization" is deserving of special attention. It gives a very clear and concise description of an empire, which, by confidence in and loyalty to its government has won for itself the respect of the other great powers.

We are in receipt of the October number of the Schoolman. This is our old friend the Bee in a new dress and added dignity. The article entitled "Macbeth and King Lear" in which the similarties and contrasts of both are well brought out; and that entitled "Adonis" an essay on Shelley's lament over the untimely death of Keats, merit special praise. Success.

The September and October numbers of *The Collegian* deserve a place of honor on our table. The essay "Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar", in the October issue apart from being well composed and arranged, affords a very good description of that author's play.

Among our other exchanges The Laurel, Holy Cross Purple, The Solanian, and others are of some interest and we regret that want of space will not permit us to review in this issue the productions of all our sister colleges.

J. R. M.

Science Notes.

Asbestos.

Asbestos is so different from any other mineral that its occurrence, mining and preparation for the market is an entire study in itself. When the mineral was first mined in the Italian Alps in the beginning of the last century it seems to have been looked upon only as a substance of interest to the minerologist and geologist, but of little or no practical commercial value, and it was not until the beginning of the seventies that the first attempts were made by London parties to exploit asbestos deposits in the Aosta valley for the purpose of experimenting on a large scale with the Italian product. Concurrently with the exploitation in Italy a discovery of asbestos was made in the Des Plantes River region, between St. Joseph and St. Francis villages in the Province of Quebec, and at the exhibition in London in 1862 a specimen of fine silky-fibred asbestos from the above locality was exhibited. The extension of the belt of serpentine rocks in which the mineral was known to occur had been traced with some care from the Vermont boundary in the township of Potton to and beyond the Chaudiere river, but the deposits of asbestos discovered were comparatively limited. All attempts to work them profitably failed and for the next fifteen years nothing was done in the way of exploration or exploitation.

However, in 1877 asbestos was discovered in another region in Canada, this time in the serpentine hills of Thetford and Coleraine. The credit of this discovery is claimed by Mr. Robert Ward, though by others it is stated that the first find was made by a French Canadian named Fecteau. Following closely upon this discovery several parties secured areas both at Thetford and Black Lake in Coleraine township close to the line of the Quebec Central Railway, which for some miles runs through a belt of serpentine. Large fires having swept over the country and all forests being thereby destroyed, the discovery of veins was facilitated by the weathering of the mineral on the surface.

Mining operations on a small scale commenced in 1878, and in this year fifty tons were taken out, for which, however, it was difficult to find a market. The quality of the fibre mined was

excellent and the width of the veins was everything that could be desired, from one-half inch up to two, three and sometimes four This justified the expectation that large deposits of the mineral might exist in that locality, though their true importance and value were not ascertained for several years following. ments of the better grades made to London created quite a sensation in the market; extensitve tests and investigations were made and the result was that the high value on account of the exceptional qualities for spinning purposes was soon established and the race for the acquisition of additional areas likely to contain the valuable mineral began. The land was considered practically of very little value, either for agricultural or any other purpose, and mining operations were rapidly extended. The principal areas in which the asbestos bearing serpentine was found to occur were on lots 26, 27 and 28, near the line between the ranges 5 and 6 of Thetfeord, and in the township of Coleraine near Black Lake station, four miles south-west of Thetford station, in an area previously unsurveyed but adjoining, on the south-west range B, also on lots 27 and 28 range B and on lot 32 range C. All these areas were speedily secured as well as most of the serpentine bearing ground extending southeastward from the Quebec Central Railway towards Caribou lake, and for several miles along the Poudrier road.

For the next ten years we witness a rapid development of the industry. The mines were worked on a large scale, while the prospector was still busy exploring for the mineral in the mountains of the surrounding country. Villages sprang up like mushrooms in a country physically speaking one of the roughest. The population, comprising before the beginning of mining operations only a few scattered families, increased to several thousands and the whole country showed all the evidences of industrial activity and prosperity.

But it was soon discovered that the primitive methods of hand extraction were faulty, inadequate and expensive, especially as far as the lower grades were concerned, as a matter of fact, under prevailing price conditions only those mines which were working on richer ground and had a large percentage of crude asbestos had a chance to live and carry on operations with a profit. The natural outcome of this condition was obvious; many mines producing only a very small percentage of the higher

grades were forced to shut down and this together with serious difficulties accentuated by overproduction and a consequent fall in prices caused the industry to receive a severe set back in the middle of the nineties. For some years the industry languished, which was dispiriting to all save those who would not be discouraged, no matter what should happen.

However, mechanical ingenuity of those engaged in the mines and of those having the development of the industry at heart came to the rescue; handcobbing of the lower classes of asbestos gave way gradually to mechanical treatment and this method in the course of years was so successfully and effectively worked out that we find to-day every mine in the district with a complete milling and fiberizing plant. By this process all the smaller fibre which in the earlier years was left in the rock and thrown into the dump is saved and as new applications for this short material sprang up the life of a mine was prolonged and attended with less difficulties.

As a result of these new innovations 16 mills with a capacity of 3,500 tons of asbestos rock per day are operating at present in the district and if reports materialize the capacity of the mines and mills will be largely increased in the course of the present year.

The asbestos industry is a striking example of what human ingenuity, if applied in the right direction, may accomplish. It demonstrates that in order to attain success it is necessary "to strive to seek, to find and not to yield."

The asbestos mines in the Eastern Townships constitute one of the most prosperous industries in the Dominion of Canada and they are of special interest to the mining and industrial world from the fact that in so far as now known they practically represent the only deposit where this mineral of a quality adapted for spinning and for the finer purposes of manufacture can be mined with a profit. So great are the advantages which these mines posses, particularly as regards the accessibility and the ease with which the extraction of the fibre is now accomplished in the mills, that, unless fields as yet unknown and as easy of access can be discovered, the Province of Quebec will long enjoy the privilege of being the principtal source of supply for this particular mineral, not only in the North American continent but in the world.

Adulteration of Foods.

HE question of the adulteration of foods is an old one and a vital one, no less important at the present day than when Pliny complained of it in the Rome of Cæsar, and when the rulers of classic Athens were forced to appoint public inspectors in order to prevent the contamination of what the people ate and drank. Ever since the first man brought misfortune upon himself and his unhappy descendants by eating the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden the human race has been inclined to do wrong. We have all been condemned to earn our own bread by the sweat of our own brows, but unfortunately many among us prefer to earn it by the sweat of other people's brows, regardless of justice.

To the dishonest dealer the proposition of mixing pure food with non-nutrious or inferior foreign material is merely a question of a little more gain in the race for the all important wealth. But to the consumer reasoning from cause to effect there is more involved than mere pecuniary damage; since health itself with all its attendant discomforts is at stake. A writer in a recent number of a prominent American periodical estimates the cost of the annual food supply in the United States to be about \$5,000,000,000 of which only two per cent. is adulterated; and 90 per cent. of the adulterated part is pronounced by experts not to be dangerous, while ten per cent. is declared to be poisonous. Thus the American public consume annually a hundred million dollars worth of adulterated food of which ten million dollars worth is poisonous. The poisonous portion however, consists chiefly in the coloring matters used in the preparation of confections. The poorer classes of the cities, subsisting as they do on food purchased as cheaply as possible from the shops, are the principal victims of this falsification. The laborer must toil on though his system be meagerly and impartialy nourished with impoverished and almost non-nutritious food; truly his lot is an enviable one.

The number of articles of diet that are made subjects of sophistication is surprising. Coffee is adulterated to an extent that cannot

be realized, not only the ground article but even the supposed berries. There are, we are authoritatively assured, not less than six establishments in the United States engaged in manufacturing machinery for the production of bogus coffee beans. We can imagine the amount of coffee so-called manufactured by the clients of these establishments. The artificial coffee is made from cereals such as peas and beans and from roots particularly chickory, dandelion, carrot, and caromel. The best Java coffee is never sold in this country, but with care we may procure good coffee of other brands. All of the cheaper kinds are artificial. Tea is not adulterated to any considerable extent, but it is sometimes colored. Butter is replaced by oleomargerine composed of tallow, lard and stearic and palmitic acid. Alum is put into bread to whiten and preserve it with the result that the bread becomes dry and harder to digest. Pepper made from dust, sand and buckwheat hulls slightly flavored with the real thing in common. Honey is made from water, starch, cane-sugar and glucose; and maple syrup, right here at home, in the majority of cases contains less genuine maple syrup than sugar, glucose and such ingredients together with water? Of course, we have all endured milk diluted with water, as a necessary evil. Hash defies the analyst and it is to be condemned.

In Canada the amount of falsification is not yet on a par with with that in the United States, but the latter country is successfully grappling with it by laws specifying the required standard of purity for each article of consumption upon the market. Our Inland Revenue Report for the fiscal year ending June, informs us of adulteration of practised to no great extent except in the case of maple syrup, honey, jams and jellies, flavoring extracts, coffee and milkbut these latter are falsified to a considerable extent. The analyst advises legislation establishing a standard of purity as in Uncle Sam's domain, and his idea is without doubt a step in the proper direction. In all probability the Federal Government will give the matter its attention in the near future keeping Canada a model among the nations still.

University of Ottawa Review

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance, Single copies. 10 cents. Advertising rates on application. Address all communications to the "University of Ottawa Review," Ottawa, Ont,

EDITORIAL STAFF.

W. F. CAVANAGH, '06, G. W. O'TOOLE, '06,

T. J. TOBIN, '06,

G. P. BUSHEY, '06,

T. J. GORMLEY, '06,

T. J. SLOAN, '06,

M. T. O'NEILL, '07, J. Z. McNeil, '07,

C. J. JONES, '07,

A. T. POWER, '07,

P. J. MARSHALL, '07, J. D. MARSHALL, '07.

Business Managers: - J. N. GEORGE, '06; W. P. DERHAM, '06.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. VIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., November, 1905.

No. II

EDITORIAL.

CONSOLATION.

"The questions of this world are so knotty, they present themselves so diversely and contradictorily to different minds, that I consider it a great blessing when they are solved by events independent of the will of man. I have always passionately wished for this sort of solution, even so as to be slightly superstitious about them."

"We must believe absolutely and unhesitatingly that what comes from God is best, even when it seems to us worst, in a human point of view. I have seen this exemplified twenty times during my life, and this experience always gave me an unbounded submission to the will of God, which is now my greatest stay, and which aids me against all the imperfections of a nature hasty and inclined to carry things with a high hand."

LACORDAIRE.

FOOTBALL.

It is the fashion now-a-days to decry the strenuous game, especially in its later evolution. But when the pendulum of reaction, swings it is prone to go to the other extreme. That football can be played, shorn of brutality, and minus its wall-flower adornment has been ocularly demonstrated, in the Inter-Collegiate Rugby series. And wonderful to relate, there is a respectable balance sheet.

DE PROFUNDIS.

It has long been the custom in Ireland to recite the De Profundis after low masses, and many an old Irishman can yet repeat the prayer in Latin, learnt, it may be, serving mass at an Irish altar. The custom which is unique and which we hope no modern Giraldus will interpret as incipient schism, is said to date from the Penal Days when many a mass foundation perished, when armed force as well prevented last rites for the faithful dead. Obeying the beautiful law of compensation, the Irish bishops devised a beautiful way in which to help the souls, of those departed, to refreshment light and peace.

ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA.

The Reverend John J. Wynne, S. J., editor of "The Messenger," announces that he has ceased to act as associate editor of the Encyclopedia Americana. He had been acting in that capacity at various intervals during the past few years, advising the editors in their choice of contributors and topics of interest to Catholics. He had helped them also to revise certain things that were erroneous or offensive to Catholics in their historical and doctrinal articles.

Henceforth, no agent of the Americana is authorized to use his name in behalf of this Encyclopedia; and, lest there should be any misunderstanding about his opinion of the work, he notifies Catholic purchasers that it was never within his province as associate editor

to exclude from it articles that were either defective or erroneous in any respect except in so far as they concerned Catholic doctrine, history and practice.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

One scarcely realizes that the world politic is in the throes of a transition period fraught with tremendous import for our future. Port Arthur and Liao Yang have seen the baptism of two peoples. Norway has broken the bonds of the Congress of Vienna. Austria, who before Wagram and Austerlitz looked to the role of ruler of the universal orb, is going to pieces. And Germany!—The editor is no prophet, but hearken to the forecast. We are rapidly nearing the day when the guttural chorus of "Die Wacht Am Rhein," will be heard in Northern Austria and in Holland, perhaps in Dutch Guiana (with all due respect to the Munroe Doctrine.) How long to remain will depend on England and the United States. England certainly has a fixed idea that Heligoland, that island of melting salt she palmed off on the Fatherland, is enough for Germany. There is too the man on horseback, Theodore, who would be, true to his name, a gift of God and humanity at this epoch of its history. He has strenuousness and to spare to meet the Kaiser's exuberant energies.

Soliloquy of a "Science Student," in the "Workshop."

(De cursu actum est scientiae.)

No more I drink into my mind that knowledge Which Science from the soul of Nature Turned into my youthful brain, which Thirsted for a knowledge of the way A locomotive or electric car Intricately pursues its avocation. Now must I pine and whine, And leave these things alone. Oh me, how hard is life! To think that to my fevered thirst Should be denied the quenching draught, Of Science! That this poor parched tongue, Swollen with dryness of the commonplace Of life, should be forbid the taste Of things uncommon above the trite and homely; And of a region into which the mind, Once come, can never bring itself to leave! How hard to be believed, that such a fate Is mine! Ah, Time, say, Cans't Thou match this freak of fortune? Hast Thou, O cruel and relentless Fate, No balm for us of "Science noughty eight?" Is there no balm at all in Gilead yet? Say, are we doomed to weep and pine and fret? Fate, shouldst Thou say such is my lot, Fate, to Thy face I say it, I believe Thee not. And more, here openly I scorn Thy word, I throw it back into Thy teeth, and say, That, we can face our fate, and take the cost like men. When trouble comes, we'll not be absent then. That we are of high hopes and goodly cheer, For where there is not wrong, there is not fear.

Then, farewell, scene of Industry and Art,
That taught the willing mind, and charmed the heart—
Farewell, old Science, may the future bring
To Thee a summer longer than Thy spring.
May Thy career reborn for long extend;
And calmer than Thy birth may be Thy end!

And Thou, Old College, take my fond farewell;
For Thee I have a love I cannot tell;
I have not known Thee long—not long in years,
But I have known Thee long enough—for tears;
For, but to look on Thee brings to my heart
A feeling that doth cause the tears to start.
Then, once again, farewell! 'Twere better so
Had we not met, for now 'tis hard to go.
Thou, who hast loyalty and love I cannot tell,
Dear to my soul, beloved of heart: farewell.

And we, O Classmates, to whose hearts this blow Has brought in common cause a common woe, We, who must break our ties through force and fate, Here let us toast it: "Science Noughty-eight."

A. S. W. Ex-'08.

OBITUARY.

MRS. O'BRIEN.

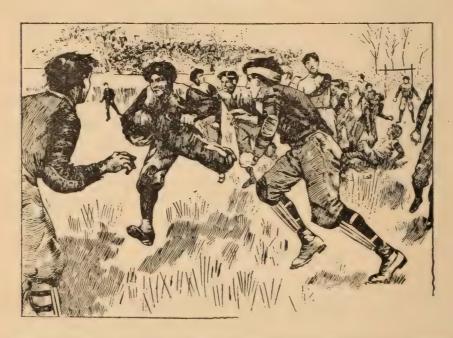
The Review extends its heartfelt sympathies to Mr. Lewis O'Brien who has recently been deprived of his mother, who at her death was only forty-seven years of age, was a native of the County of Tipperary, Ireland, but has lived in Ottawa since childhood. Mrs. O'Brien, leaves behind to mourn her loss, her husband, Mr. W. D. O'Brien of the Post Office Department, and four children, the eldest of whom is the wife of Mr. J. E. Doyle, who was a member of the team of '97 and is well known to Review readers. R.I.P.

MRS. J. J. KEHOE.

On Wednesday, November 15, a particularly sad event took place in the death of Mrs. Kehoe, wife of Mr. J. J. Kehoe, barrister,

of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. A loving mother and staunch and pious Catholic, she unselfishly devoted her life to her children and their guidance in the practices of our holy religion. Given to charitable pursuits and of a winning disposition, her untimely end came as a personal loss to all who had known her. A happy and peaceful death brought to a close long weeks of weary suffering borne with true Christian fortitude. To the bereaved and sorrowing relatives we desire to extend our most heartfelt sympathies.

Athletics.



Ottawa College has made its anxiously awaited bow to the Inter-Collegiate Union. An all-student team stepped on to the gridiron to defend the honor of the historic garnet and grey. The season has already somewhat advanced and from experience thus gained our team can surely say that its hopes were well-grounded for Inter-Collegiate football is football as it should be played, hard, strenuous, yet devoid of all traces of unnecessary rough-play. Moreover, the feeling that has so far prevailed is that which students alone can show to one another, even though in athletic opposition. The treat-

ment we have received in the Inter-Collegiate Committee room is disappointing for, as the reader will soon see, our team received at hands of the C.I.R. F.U. officials, one of the rawest deals which has ever been meted out to a team by any body of sport officials in Canada. We are pleased however, to single out one club whose representatives through all stood up for clean sport, honest consideration and justice—the Queen's University organization.

McGill 8.—Ottawa College 9.

So read the score at the end of the first game of Inter-Collegiate football played in Ottawa.

The afternoon of Oct. 14th, was bright and clear as the Red and White of McGill confronted the Garnet and Grey of Ottawa College, for what proved to be one of the fastest, snappiest and most interesting games seen on 'Varsity oval. McGill had in her line-up all experienced men, men of weight and playing ability led on by the redoubtable Callaghan, who, two years ago, was the star of the Ottawa College back-division. On the home team there appeared nine men who never played against an outside team before, men who were lacking in the essential weight, but were trained to the minute under Coach Clancey's watchful eye.

The game started with the sun shining bright to the College team's advantage. McGill's captain opened up with a code of signals which throughout the game failed to prove of much avail. Numerous scrimmages ensued in which McGill gained ground. This feature together with the numerous free-kicks which she was awarded made things look dangerous for College. However, a splendid kick by a College half, a fumble by McGill brought the ball close to the McGill line, and on the next scrimmage Gleeson knocked over for the first point. McGill then forced matters, bringing the play close to College line and everything pointed to a touch for the Red and White. But here occurred the most speetacular play of the day. Sloan, the College quarter secured the ball from the scrimmage and backing the line made a short pass to Brennan. The oval then went from Brennan, to McDonald, to Filiatreault, to Costello and the latter started down the field like a frightened gazelle with the whole two team in hot pursuit. Man after man tried to catch him, but our

genial Tom was quite too fast, and after a run of seventy-five yards landed behind the posts for a touch-down. Thus the score at half-time stood, College 6, McGill o.

In the second half McGill rushed things generally. Free kicks were now in order, McGill getting four in rapid succession, and on the last one scored its point. Another rouge came in quick time, and the boys in Red were playing to win. The ball was worked down the field towards College end from a throw-in close to the line, Ross of McGill fell over the line for a try. McGill was now in the lead, 7-6. Then on a free kick McGill added another point to its score. Time was passing and it was now a case of do or die for the College team and they did. For a time it looked all McGill. The ball was kicked over the College line and Durocher got it. The whole McGill team was upon him. The College supporters bowed their heads for they thought it another rouge. But no, for by dint of some wonderful dodging, clever twisting and turning the young fellow not only got out but carried the ball twenty-five yards up the field. This marvellous feat revived the drooping spirits, and soon College was credited a forced rouge which tied the score. Holding to this advantage the College team pressed all the harder and from a fumble Bawlf kicked over the goal-line. McGill was forced to rouge. One moment later time was called and College was proclaimed victorious in her first match of the season in her first year in the Inter-Collegiate Union.

The teams were—		
McGill.		Ottawa.
	Full-back.	
Harrington		Durocher
	Half-backs.	
Richards		Bawlf
Callaghan		Gleeson (captain)
Zimmerman (captain)		Joron
	Quarter.	
Rathbun		Sloan
	Scrimmage.	
Quinn		Smith
Beckwith		Collin
Young		Sweeney

Wings.

Malcolm		O'Neill
Stephen		Filiatreault
Lyon	•	Brennan
W. Ross		J. B. McDonald
C. Ross		A. L. McDonald
Cowen	_	Costello

Referee—Dr. Dalton, Queen's, Umpire, T. S. Marquis, Ottawa. The whole student body went down to the Central Station at 8 p.m and gave the McGill boys a hearty send-off.

Queen's 22.—Ottawa College 13.

On Oct. 21 the College football team ran an excursion to Kingston and fully two hundred supporters and students went along to see our boys play Queen's. A great crowd had assembled to see the match and as the boys in garnet and grey stepped on the field they were welcomed by a rousing Varsity cheer from the Queen's students, which was returned by the Queen's cheer from the Ottawa contingent. This marked the good feeling that prevailed all atternoon, for neither on or off the field was there any sign of an incident to mar it.

A high wind blew diagonally across the field all afternoon and College had the advantage in the first half. From the beginning it was evident that the Ottawa team had a hard battle to fight for they were minus the services of Larry Brennan who was unexpectedly called home to his mother's bedside, and their other stalwart inside wing Alex. McDonald was playing under difficulties, but he realized what his absence from the team meant and resolved to don a uniform and abide by the painful consequences. Although crippled the College team went in to win and played the game from the start. College started off with a rouge, which was soon fellowed by another and then a great run by Gleeson who passed to O'Neill and made a touchdown for College, before Queen's looked dangerous. Before the half ended Richardson of Queen's who had been playing an effective game got over the line for a try which was not converted. The score at half time was College 8, Queen's 5.

Queen's, with the wind in the second half, became aggressive. Williams, the Kingston centre half, did some wonderful kicking into

touch for gains of forty and fifty yards. At last the Queen's half made an attempt at a drop on goal, but the ball struck the post and bounded to one side. Bawlf, the College left half made a brilliant attempt to save the situation but the whole opposing team was there and a try to Queen's credit was the result. At this particular time and for some unknown reason the College team went sadly to pieces and taking advantage of their opportunity Queen's soon ran up a score of 17. With a determined effort the College team plucked up courage and from the kick-off scored a try making the score 13—27.

Excitement grew intense as College were rushing the play. Captain Gleeson was taking desperate chances and gaining on them. He made one of his favorite long passes to Bawlt but the Queen's first wing was there, intercepted it and was over for the fiaal try which brought the score to 22 to 13. For the remainder of the game College struggled heroically but in vain to secure another try. Time was called with both teams fighting like demons in the centre of the field.

The team was the same as that which played McGill except that Sloan was moved up to the centre scrimmage and Johnson played at quarter.

The Queen's team was—Full-back, McDonnell; Halves, Williams, Walsh and L. Gleeson; Quarter, Richardson; Scrimmage, Donovan, Templeton and Gibson; Wings, Kennedy, Cameron, Turner, Patterson (captain), Baillie, Timms.

Referee—J. F. Hammond, McGill; Umpire, A. G. Gill, McGill. The day of the game happened to be the date of the Annual Parade of the Queen's students. It was certainly a rather unique affair, consisting of decorated wagons, cabs and varions vehicles filled with hundreds of "made up" men and the whole outfit was headed by a bugle band with Alfie Pierce as the leader. The Queen's boys rented two special cabs and drove around town in search of Ottawa students and when the conveyances were filled they joined in the parade also. The fellow-feeling which existed all day was brought to a climax when hundreds of Queen's boys assembled at the station as the train pulled out and gave our team the heartiest send-off that any visiting team ever got in Kingston. We really appreciate this mark of good will on the part of the Queen's team

and students and we regret that circumstances did not allow us to return the compliment as we would have wished when Queen's visited Ottawa a week ago.

The trip home was of the most enjoyable kind and would remind one of the good old journeys to and from Brockville when that team was in the Quebec Union. The fact of being defeated did not detract any from the pleasantry, for the members of the team were foremost among its promoters. A concert royal with Mr. Filiatreault as leader provided ample entertainment to keep the drowsy ones quite alive.

THAT PROTEST.

In the beginning of this department mention was made of a decision which was given by the C. I. R. F. U. on the matter of a protest entered by McGill against a decision of referee Dalton in the Ottawa College-McGill game in Ottawa on Oct. 14. It was mentioned in what would appear to be rather hard terms, but when the facts of the case are stated I think the reader will bear me out in what I have said. The case was as follows.

The score stood College 6, McGill 2, when McGill scored a try (5 points) and Callaghan was in the act of converting it. The College team waited behind the line until the time came to charge forward and then the whole team rushed up to block the kick. No one succeeded in the attempt but Bawlf jumped high in the air and the ball hit him in the back, yet it went over the bar and between the posts. Immediately Referee Dalton ruled that it did not count.

His decision was according to the following definition of a goal as given in the Rules of the Game:—

"When the ball is kicked (except by punt, flying kick, kick-out or kick off) from the grounds wirhout touching the ground or any other player over the cross bar and between the posts (or the posts produced) of the opponents goal, it shall be a goal."

Rule xi, of the Rules of the Game, says:—"When a side has obtained a try, one of its players shall bring the ball straight up to the goal line and thence out into the grounds, not more in front of the goal than where it was touched down, or fairly held and there place it for one of his side to kick." To kick what? Evidentally a goal. And the restrictions enclosed in parenthesis in the first

tion limit the kick to either a drop from the field or a placed kick. Therefore, the rule covers both cases and Referee Dalton's decision was the right and only one that could be given.

Yet, the representatives of McGill, Toronto Varsity and R.M.C. could not or rather would not see it that way. What their reason was we are at a loss to know, except that the game had to be declared a tie, with Ottawa College the victim of legislators who seemed to be merged in a mutual benefit society. However, events have proven that poor sportsmanship has had its reward for the extra point given to McGill has not improved her chances any at Championship honors. She is now shut out of the race just one point behind. Any effect it may have had on Ottawa College we are yet to see. We are not objecting so much to the point itself, but to the principle involved and to the way in which the decision was given. Better for the good name of McGill and the Inter-Collegiate Union had the referee's decision been upheld, for already the whole organization has been the object of much ridicule for the faults of a few. The whole matter is well summed up in the words of Captain Patterson of Queen's, who was the representative of his club at the meeting: "If you must have it, you can have, it, but according to rules and referee you are not entitled to it."

McGill 21.—Ottawa 'Varsity 11.

On Thanksgiving Day the College team journeyed to Montreal and met the boys in Red and White on the University Athletic Compus. Our boys were determined to retrieve their defeat of the former week, but fate had decreed otherwise, and the Garnet and Grey went down to defeat by a score of 21 to 11. As was their custom our boys set a pace which demoralized McGill. The latter were literally played off their teet in the first half. The College team scored eleven points before McGill made a point at all. Before half time was called McGill scored, making the tally 11 to 6. But once more our team went to pieces as they did in Kingston, and McGill scored and scored again until College seemed powerless to prevent it. Much of the success of the game for McGill is due to the work of Callaghan, who played his old time game, but against his old team. For College no man in particular was conspicuous, for the whole team played well, and were it not for the deplorable twenty minute spell the score

would certainly have been different. Then advantage in weight began to tell and the end came with Garnet and Grey going down before fearful odds.

The team was much the same played the previous Saturday, except that J. B McDonald went to full-back, and Durocher went up to left half,

Dr. Nagle, was referee, and Hamilton Gordon, Capt. of Montreal's, was umpire.

What added more to the gloom caused by defeat was the fact that on the very night of the game the much-talked of protest was decided upon.

Intercollegiate football is a winner in Ottawa and for more reasons than one.

Who says Canadian College football is not up to the standard? We would like to see the winners of the league play either the Champion Rough Riders or Hamilton Tigers.

The Intercollegiate teams are composed of gentlemen—everyone, and we are not slow to realize the fact.

On every college team there is a star who was trained under King Clancy. McGill has Callaghan, Queen's has Kennedy and 'Varsity has French. They know where the good men come from. Incidentally it shows how we are handicapped in being without a medical or law or science course.

An old footballer has said in explanation of our teams playing in the second half, that there is a young element on our team that cannot stand prosperity. It may be true for the young element is there. On the team there is not one man over twenty-three, nine are novices and only two weigh over one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. But King Clancy is there to coach them.

Our Quebec Union veterans are the men who are watched and Filiatreault is the one in particular. Fili, generally has two men to cover but even then our Fili is the star of the Intercollegiate wing line.

The whole Intercollegiate Rule-book is ambiguous. Why is not a special meeting called to either formulate a new set of rules or to amend the old so that they may be of value in practice. But the clearest amendment may, it appears, be remedied.

Yes, Rough Riders did have it rather easy this year. But College was not there to oppose them.

Stick to the old college cheers, boys, and to the old V—A—R, in particular, for it has always been the College yell. Nor are we in favor of adopting the cheers of ahy other institution no matter how remote. Get your brains agoing and draw up some of your own and stick to them.

"King" Clancy never deserved the title more than this year, for from a bunch of youths he brought out a team that can play football.

Our former team, mates now opposing us have never played more effective ball than when playing against us and we admire them all the more on that account. Not for the game itself would we have it said that old college players did not play their games when struggling against their Alma Mater. We believe that, since they are opposed to us, they should play the game as it should be played, thereby relieving themselves of any cloud of suspicion and doing honor to the club of which they were former members.

QUEEN'S 15.—OTTAWA COLLEGE 19.

Such was the score when the referee sounded his whistle at the end of one of the best games ever seen on Varsity oval.

All week the weather had been broken, but Saturday broke bright and clear, and as the day wore on the sun's rays left the grounds in excellent condition.

From the start to the finish the spectators admired football as played in the Intercollegiate union. that is, football as it should be played.

Queen's started off with a rush that demoralized our boys and as a result the boys from the Limestone City scored one point and then another. College settled down to business and from a forward scrimmage, Smith scored a try on a twenty-five yard run. Queen's endeavored to rush matters but Filiatreault's wing work was responsible for College gains. Finally Queen's took a desperate chance to save the situation by making a long pass, but Costello intercepted and was over for a touch-down, which Durocher converted, making College 11, Queen's 2. On a free kick which struck the bar of the goals Queen's scored a try which was converted. College scored a

rouge and soon after repeated the trick, making the score at half time. College 13, Queen's 8.

Success again looked dangerous, but the College wings again came into prominence. In the end however, Queen's did score a rouge which was soon followed by another touch-down by Turner, who intercepted a pass from Gleeson to Durrocher. The score now stood, Queen's 15, College 13.

Excitement grew intense, and the hearts of the College supporters sank low as Queen's rushed the play and as College were reported as loosers in the second half. The home team was destined to do otherwise however, for by a sudden brace they carried the ball to Queen's territory and kept it there till time was called. Time and time again our team had the ball on Queen's line but could not get over. As time wore on the boys in garnet and grey pressed harder and finally Queen's took a chance to save a safety touch and kicked the ball. Durocher was under it and the young fellow started for the line from centre. One after another the Queen's men went at him like tigers, but the genial College man warded off all attacks and finally landed the ball behind the posts. This feat revived the College rooters and spurred his team-mates on to greater efforts. With the scale now 19 to 15 for College, the play grew fierce. Ten minutes remained to play and Queen's realized the necessity of quick scoring while College played a defensive game. Queen's pressed harder and harder while the College team were aggressive. Darkness was gradually clouding the players, but the sounds of cheers re-echoed as the teams struggled for supremacy. Injuries were many, but like true soldiers every player stuck to his post till the end. To the relief of many came the sound of the full time whistle, terminating one of the fiercest and best contesred battles ever seen on a local gridiron.

What added more to the beauty of the game was the work of the Referee, Mr. H. Malson of Montreal, and of the Umpire, Dr. Hendry of Toronto, Could the Intercollegiate Union secure more of such men it would add much to the attractiveness of the game.

The College team demonstrated beyond a doubt that they could play ball in the second half and that they could play aggressive football all the time. The scrimmage was equal to the occasion, while the wing line outclassed their opponents, both in blocking rushes and

in breaking through for gains. Costello and O'Neill punished the opposing half line, Jones and Filiatreault broke through repeatedly, especially the latter, while McDonald and Brennan, as is their custom, never let the dangerous Richardson beyond their grasp. All the half line played well, as did Johnson at quarter, but Durocher was the star. His headwork coupled with his wonderful kicking, his running and tackling stamps him out as one of the best in the Intercollegiate Union.

SPORTING EDITOR.

WORDS OF POPE PIUS X TO YOUNG ITALIAN ATHLETES.

"I am greatly consoled to find myself among you boys and young men, for you represent the age of generous aspirations, and of brilliant, lusty and manly victories. Representing Jesus Christ, who was wont to surround Himself with the young in whom He found His delight, I too, looking upon you, feel that I must tell you that I love you—that I love you greatly, that I want to be to you not only a father, but a brother and a dear friend; and as you friend I fully approve your pastimes, your gymnastics and bicycling, your running and walking races, your mountain climbing, swimming, target-shooting. I admire and bless all these noble and pleasant

games of yours."

"Bodily exercises stimulate the mind and drive away that idleness which is the father of all vices, and they draw us nearer to the practice of virtue. I will always remember you with joy, and I wish to say this much to you before you go away from here to-day. Be strong in guarding and defending your faith, now especially when so many oppose it, and rise up in rebellion against it. Show yourselves to be devoted children of the Church, and keep alive within you the spirit of worship which so many have banished from their hearts. Be strong in conquering the obstacles that lie in your path. I do not wish to impose any great sacrifices on you in the practice of virtue. I do not wish at all to deny you these games in which you find your recreation—on the contrary I wish to see you flourish in your youth, so that you may be able to gather in the autumn of life the fruit of the seed you have sown in your organizations by the fear of God and the practice of piety,—thus by your example you will exercise a real apostolate over your companions. Precept is a long road-example a short one; a man who is good at preaching and

poor at practice is a sorry fellow. Remember that piety is necessary for us to keep ourselves good Christians—and remember that it is a great happiness for anybody to deserve the title of a good Christian and a good man. I have no desire to pass a harsh judgment on the present time, for I freely admit that excellent citizens are to be found in all classes of society, but my heart bleeds to see so many young men on the wrong path, so much religious indifference, so much moral abasement which obscures the dignity of human nature. Where now is the spirit of obedience even to sacrifice, or independent justice, or disinterested patriotism? How many are there who no longer respect the golden maxim: Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you! Oh! my dear boys and young men remember always that without a good religious foundation, even natural virtue soon vanishes. Be therefore devout, and defend your religion, showing yourselves to be Catholics in deed as well as in word. Thus and thus only will your apostolate bear fruit, and you will conquer others—even those who would cast ridicule on you will be constrained to admire and do homage to your virtue. Their conversion will be your triumph may be complete I heartily give my blessing to you, your families, your studies, your games, and on all who interest themselves in your games."

(Roman News.)

During the past two months some person or persons have delegated to themselves the authority to point out to the Prefects and the Rector a mode of observing the Sabbath in and around the University, to comply with which would necessarily do away with the students Sunday recreation at Varsity Oval. Said persons have gone so far as to invite the administrators of the law to enforce their peculiar views re the Sunday Observance Act. In a recent attempt to secure information as to the doings at the Oval on Sundays the "Local Blue-Coats" received the "cold shoulder" and were refused admittance to our private play-ground. No further attempts have been made to prohibit Sunday games, and the students are not in the least concerned, as the late Magistrate O'Gara, in a similar case, upheld the conduct of the boys in the playing of Sunday games within the precincts of their private property.

A large number of the students accompanied the foot-ball team to Kingston on the 21st and all admit having had an enjoyable time.

. . .

THE BALLAD OF BILL BANKS.

Bill Banks was not a peerless knight, He never rode to war With giants and magicians and A Dragon never saw.

H

He never loved a princess fair. Of castle on the Rhine; He never heard (so didn't care); He couldn't read a line.

III

At morn he went out to his work. And paved the streets all day. When evening fell he came back home. Always the same old way.

IV

He ate his meals and slept all night And never did he vote; And wondered when the postman passed, Why people letters wrote.

V

He once got sick and then he died— No medicine he'd take: Appendicitis—doctors said But Bill said—"belly ache."

VI

Bill now sleeps in some church yard No tombstone marks the spot, The sexton he once did know But now has clean forgot.

VII

Now that is all that's left of Bill And, by the way, that's all That's left of peerless warriors who—In battles used to fall.

WALTER SHELTY.

Of Local Interest.

Next time put the lights out O'K-efe.

O'Gr-dy says he wants to Do his Duty.

T-bin to B-rns-"I've got a feline for you.

Tommy B.—I'm (weir)ing my heart away for you.

Prof.—There is more life in that hat (Sl—an's) than there is in this whole class.

Go—tz,—If Lot's wife hadn't turned to rubber, she shouldn't have turned into salt.

Hog—n.—That's nothing, I saw a whole herd of cattle turned into a pasture.

Rev. J. J. Quilty, '97, was an interested spectator at the Queen's College game on the 4th inst.

O shade of Renatus Descartes, do you realize all the troubles inconveniences you are causing us?

Since D—roch—r made the touch-down winning the Queen's game, Lil has a smile that won't wear off.

Those desiring information as to the prevailing price of candy particularly the 5 lb. variety, inquire from F. J—hns—n.

From Kingston comes the news that Mr. L. M. Staley, ex'05, was united in matrimony to Miss B. Hanley on the 1st. inst. The REVIEW extends its congratulations.

(On Friday morning after Thanksgiving day) Prof. Ph.—Where are all the footballers this morning? Are they dead?

Student-No. not dead, but only sleeping.

Mr. Katagawa, an attaché of the Japanese Legation, is a registered student at the University. He is following an elective course in History of Philosophy and Political Science. Mr. F. French, ex-'06 and Mr. W. Kennedy, ex-'08, two star wingmen on the Toronto and Queen's Rugby teams respectively, were warmly welcomed by their old friends on their visits here.

Prof. Philosophy class: We will have to change this blackboard for a mirror.

T-bin.-Why?

Prof. — So that we may have some reflection in class.

D-ff-Why do you like Con's piano-playing?

C—tè.—I was born near a boiler factory and it puts me in mind of my youth.

A certain Kingston damsel is sporting a Varsity pennant. Own up Archie.

Q—am was the envoy of the bunch: Kingston Mail! Regular Q—am?

A very interesting feature is promised in the near future when certain of the students known as "fudge-eaters" will discuss the sustaining qualities of fudge. A keen interest has already been displayed by the fact that certain members have obtained extensive samples of the above which if possible will be utilized for the lecture. Samples addressed to T—m O'D—nell, care of Fudge Club will be thankfully received.

The editor intended to reply to a certain gentleman who endeavored, last month, to make a little cheap notoriety for himself by inserting in this department, an item, obviously not calculated as complimentary to the editor. But, as it was manifestly the product of the overworked imagination of a knocker, and as its author has the unenviable reputation of being about the most chronic of our chronic kickers, the editor has been prevailed upon to ignore the item.

Some psychological questions of a naughty six are trying to answer.

I. Why it is that when we see Willie D. a priori we know that Jimmie G. is nearby?

- 2. Why, despite T—b—n's most strenuous efforts to come early he cannot succeed in the attempt?
- 3. How it is that the sedate and bashful G-m-ly is the ablest exponent of the manly art within our walls?
- 4. Why the Prof. of Ph. persists in calling us materialists? What's the matter?

The following are the gentlemen into whose hands the destinies of the Debating Society have been confided:—

Moderator — Rev. Dr. J. H. Sherry.
President — Jas. E. McNeill, '07.
Lecretary — Wm. P. Derham, '06.
Treasurer — Jas. George, '06.

P. R. Marshall, '07.
F. A. Johnson, '07.
T. Costello, '09.

At a meeting of the Science Society some time ago, the following officers were chosen:—

Moderator — Rev. J. A. Lajeunesse, M.A. President — C. A. Seguin, '06. Vice-Pres. — A. M. Power, '07. Secretary — P. W. O'Toole, '06. Treasurer — W. P. Derham, '06. Reporter — T. J. Tobin, '06.

Councillors

T. J. Gormley, '06. M. J. O'Neill, '07. L. A. Joran, '08. T. Callaghan, '08.

The Society's first meeting was held on the evening of the 8th inst. There was a good attendance, the chief feature of the evening being a paper on the "Adulteration of Foods," read by Mr. N. F. Cavanagh, 'o. At the conclusion, the Rev. Director made a few remarks about some incidents of adulteration that had come under his notice. A good musical programme was also rendered.

At a meeting in Toronto of the Inter-University Debating League on the 28th ult., the following schedule was drawn up:—

Dec. 1st, -McGill at Toronto.

Dec. 5th.—Queen's at Ottawa.

Jan. 26th.—The winners debate for the championship.

To Ottawa, this year, falls, for the first time, the honor of the presidency of the League, Mr. McNeill holding the position. The University of Toronto has presented to the League for annual competition, a beautiful trophy emblematic of the championship. The local team will do its best to place this latest piece of silver among the splendid collection of athletic trophies that already occupy a prominent place in the University parlors.

The subject to be discussed here is, "Resolved, the free trade within the Empire, and a high tariff wall against all other nations is desirable." Mr. C. J. Jones, '07, and Mr. J. E. McNeill, '07, have been chosen to advocate the affirmative side of the question, while the Queen's men will defend the negative.

The following is the Free Press comment on the College concert of the 30th ult. "Some of the best local talent, happy selections, and a good attendance, all contributed to make the concert under the auspices of the Debating and Athletic Societies of Ottawa University, in St. Patrick's Hall, an enjoyable and successful one. When the University orchestra, an organization of much musical merit, opened the programme. There were over 500 people present. The audience was a most appreciative one, and ever number was encored."

In distributing meeds of praise, it would be extremely difficult to discriminate among the different artists—all were really excellent. And considering that they gave their services gratuitously, the boys feel bound to them in everlasting gratitude. Not only was the concert a decided success from an artistic point of view, but from the financial side also, its results were most satisfactory. Everything connected with the concert went to show the deep interest taken by the people of Ottawa in helping on the noble work done by these two most excellent student organizations. The boys wish also to express their thanks to Rev. Dr. Sherry, who was responsible for the organization of the affair, and to whose untiring efforts is due, in a great measure, its success.

The Scientific Society, recently organized, has for its purpose the continuation of the work carried on in ante ignem times. Lectures will be delivered as formerly every week. The subjects will be of the most actual importance, dealing with the chief scientific problems ot the day. The weekly lectures will be principally for the arts students. The Scientific Society has the intention of giving public lectures, and to do this will engage prominent scientists. The Society will provide for a musical entertainment in connection with each lecture, both for the students and for the public. So that large numbers will, no doubt, avail themselves of the opportunities presented to them during the coming year.

An agitation has recently been carried on by the Arts students of '06 and '07, to have Calculus and Analytical Geometry made optional for the B. A. exams. They consider that the curriculum is comprehensive enough without these subjects. It embraces thorough courses in the various classics, philosophy and the sciences which include mathematics sufficient for most of the professions. The position of the faculty on this question seems to be opposed to the abolition of the above mentioned branches on the ground that the higher branches of mathematics serve to develop the intellectual capacities of the students and therefore should be retained.

A slight error was made in last month's Review in stating that Mr. J. C. Walsh had entered McGill. We have been informed that he has a lucrative position at present at the Normal School, Hamilton. Success to you Jack.

We are in receipt of a substantial subscription from an old friend of our Journal, Rev. L. Bolger, '97, now the ministry at St. Louis, Mo.

BRYSON, GRAHAM & CO.

Ottawa's Greatest Store.

SPARKS ST.

QUEEN ST.

O'CONNOR ST.

Men's and Boys' Ready-made Clothing. Perfect fitting. Reasonable Prices.

See our Suits for \$7.50 and \$10.00. You'll be surprised.

Gent's White and Fancy Shirts.

Ties and Collars, Gloves and Hosiery, Best of Underwear for Men or Boys.

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs of all kinds.

See our Trunks, Valises and Bags.

Smoke Lyons' Special

The best 5c, Smoke in the City.

JOS. P. LYONS

Cor. Rideau & Dalhousie Sts.

First Class Barber Shop in Connection.

Henry J. Sims & Co.

-MAKERS OF-

FINE HATS AND FURS.

Special discount to student.

110 SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA, ONT.

The "New Star"



THE most improved on the market. The only Heater having a TU-BULAR SECTION giving ONE THIRD more heating capacity than any Flat Section Heater, and dividing the water making it easier heated.

Manufacturers '

The STAR IRON Co'y, Ltd.,

MONTREAL.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Christmas	95 66
LITERARY DEPARTMENT:	
Songs of Eternity Jeanne D'Arc A Vision of the Holy Grail Practical Lumbering in New Ontario A Christmas Message Some Modern Playwrights and their Work Lines on a Skeleton Catholicity in Norway Passing Impressions. Good Advice Badly Given	97 99 107 112 118 119 120 122 125 128
BOOKS WORTH READING:	
Book Review	129
EDITORIALS:	
Merry and Happy	131
Dulce Domum	131
OBITUARY	132
ATHLETICS	134
OF LOCAL INTEREST	137
The Ingenous Undergrad	141







No. 3

OTTAWA, ONT., December, 1905.

Vol. VIII

CHRISTMAS.

Through the frosty air,

Fron tongues are bringing

One and all to prayer,

Angel choirs are singing

Tidings glad and rare:

Gloria in Excelsis!!

Infant God is born,

Peace on earth to men!

For this is Christmas morn!

C. 'o6.

The Christ-Child.

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest.

He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.

Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, to men of good-will.

The Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them.

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

And the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

They shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted, is, God with us.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Price of Peace.

Literary Department.

Songs of Eternity.

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

HEN a "door was opened in Heaven." Through it streamed upon the ear of mortals imperial epoch hymns, transcendent age choruses, rolling up from old eternities or floating from a timeless future yet to be. Like the endless undulations of serenely swelling seas, the harmonies of the first of these chants celebrates the holiness and the eternity of God. It is the choric-song of the universe. "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, who was and who is to come."

God in his holiness and self-existence, with or without sentient beings of his own creation is the first and the last. This earliest hymn is the voice of the unmeasured ages, ere creation was. Its undertone fills the universe with music forever. It is the basal chord sounding on through all other high-wrought deepening jubilations from everlasting to everlasting.

A second chorus bursts into voice when God's "wish flowed visibly forth" in creation. The great sea of his holiness and his eternity broke upon the shores of time and space, and universal life was flung up in iridescent form. Spangled suns and shining systems are but the fringes of the garment of his holiness and his eternity.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive honor and power, for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure thou hast created them."

This hymn celebrates a new epoch, all things have been called into mysterious existence, and a mighty song of endless adoration praises God as Creator.

Still the heavenly door is open; a third beautiful prean lifts the soul with joy.

"Thou was slain and hast redeemed us."

This is the song of redemption. Its theme is the Lamb, that was slain, and the number of voices that join in the choral strain is

ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, sundered by we know not what interval of silence from this lost song, at length arises another tremendous acclaim from the Heavenly throng. It is the *fourth* imperial ascription of glory to God. It is the hymn of accomplished salvation.

"Salvation to God and to the Lamb."

This seems to be the song of individuals, the multitude numberless to man, of all nations and kindreds and tongues who, ascribing their victory to God have come out of great tribulation; they rest in the beatitude of their God

But in this progressive and ascending series of alleluia choruses, still higher and deeper, broader and fuller ranges of harmony are to be struck. They are yet to scale the heights of greater grandeur, more stupendous conquest and glory. The sudden, pealing blast of the seventh angel, that most majestic age-voice, prepares us for those great voices in Heaven which are heard saying: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever."

This is the shout of them that triumph; it is the anthem of the world's golden age foretold by poet and seer, and by the unsearched longing of our human hearts. It is the refrain of that age when not only individual men and communities and sections of a partially redeemed world shall believe, but that serene and happy era when all men everywhere in their organized capacity—in their kingdoms shall belong to and serve our Lord and his Christ, of the goal of the ages, when the whole world shall be sanctified and set apart to God. In this drama of the speaking voices, Christ, as reigning over the whole earth and as "taking to himself his great glory" is the theme, and it constitutes the fifth in this sublime triumph series, separated from each other by indeterminate intervals dateless to us.

Next in order is the *new* song, wrapt in mysterious withdrawal from present human powers. No man could learn its supreme cadences but the one hundred and forty four thousand redeemed from the earth, we know that its nature is high, but incomprehensible to us it must remain, but we can lull our souls to the sounds of some of the sweet chords it suggests.

Now comes a song of victory, the song of Moses and the Lamb, God is addressed as King of saints, and "His judgments are made manifest," sin seems to be expelled from the earth forever. The marriage of the Lamb is come, symbol of bliss. The voice from the throne is answered by the voice of a great multitude and as the voice of many waters and as the voice of mighty thunderings "Alleluia for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

In this final unmeasurable description of a universe everywhere, in every part and as a whole subdued to God, we feel that the unity, the splendour, the endless duration of glory and beatitude are fully and forever entered upon. Light and glory fill the farthest heavens God at last is all in all.

INNOM.

JEANNE D'ARC.

Her Trial and Condemnation in Brief.

Jeanne's capture at Compiegne on the 23rd of May, 1430, her delivery by Jean de Luxembourg to the Duke of Bedford; the English King's lieutenant in France, for the price of about £16,000 in the following November, her imprisonment in the Castle of Rouen in December, her surrender to the Bishop of Beauvais in January as "suspect of heresy" by order of Henry VI. of England, her trial, condemnation and death, were fast crowding tragedies in the tableau of her misfortunes. Her story, mingling the simple with the sublime, is ever of thrilling inspiration. Some of the wonderful incidents recorded of her recall the era of the prophets of Israel, and of the martyrs of the Colisseum. When her body was burned to ashes, her heart remained whole and bleeding, according to the story of her executioner. Many stated that they saw the name of Jesus written in the flames by which she was consumed, and a third who was foremost in his hatred of her was converted by seeing, as he stated, her soul leave her body in the form of a white dove.

Brother Seguin in a sworn testimony, said among other things; "And then she foretold to us—to me and to all the others who were with me—these four things which should happen and which did afterwards come to pass: First, that the English would be destroy-

ed, the siege of Orleans raised and the town delivered from the English; secondly, that the King would be crowned at Rheims; thirdly, that Paris would be restored to his dominions, and fourthly, that the Duke d'Orleans should be brought back from England. And I who speak, I have in truth seen these four things accomplished."

Bedford, the hope of the English army in France, died in 1435; the next year Paris was restored to the French as foretold by Jeanne to the judges, and within about 20 years after her death Normandy was totally lost by the fall of Cherbourg in 1450. In

1453 the English lost their last foothold except Calais.

How like a Biblical story the following account, testified to by Brother Pasquerel: "On the 3rd day we arrived at Orleans where the English held their siege right up to the bank of the Loire; we approached so close to them that French and English could almost touch one another. The French had with them a convoy of supplies; but the water was so shallow that the boats could not move up-stream, nor could they land where the English were. Suddenly the waters rose and the boats were then able to land on the shore where the French army was. Jeanne entered the boats with some of her followers and thus came to Orleans." No wonder that the English in their war with France, were eager to destroy such a valiant woman as this who had heaped disasters upon their heads and predicted more to come. And so at last they contrived to bring her to the stake to be burned as a witch and heretic, a fate often in later times reserved for the victims of religious hate and fanaticism, but not so in this case, for England and France held the one religion when the tragedy occurred. And Jeanne d'Arc's execution as a heretic was unique, among other things, in that on the morning of her execution, she received absolution and Holy Communion at the hands of the Church and seemingly with the knowledge of the judge who read her sentence of excommunication.

The official report of the Trial and Condemnation as well as subsequent Rehabilitation of Jean of Arc, written in the Latin text, was first published by Quicherat, who discovered it about the middle of the last century buried in the archives of France. This rescued document was rendered into English for the first time by T. Douglas Murray in his "Jeanne de Arc, Maid of Orleans", published in 1902.

The many sittings held by the Judges who tried and sentenced Jeanne d'Arc to imprisonment and subsequently handed her over to

the secular power to be burned at the stake gave a misleading appearance of impartiality to the proceedings. As a matter of fact the proof adduced at these sittings of any of the allegations of grave import contained in the "Act of Accusation", is strikingly insufficient. And notwithstanding this lack of proof, the Bishop of Beauvais who instituted the proceedings at the request of the King of England, asserted at the commencement that the maid's offences against religion and morality were even the subject of common public rumor. (Briefly these were divination and sorcery, claiming to have had revelations through Saints who spoke to her and whom she saw, consequent blasphemy, wearing a man's dress, disobedience to the Church and shedding human blood in war.)

This assertion could only be justified on the assumption that the Maid of Orleans was a notoriously bad woman, wanting in all the virtues afterwards attributed to her on oath during the process of her Rehabilitation, by a great many who were very intimate with her.

A disregard of the other side of the question is manifest throughout all the examinations of the accused preceding the sentence of her condemnation. Was it that her judges were blinded by zeal for the extermination of heresy? Unhappily for their memory there are many indications to point to the fact that this was not the cause of their seeming so persistently blind to the virtues of the Maid of Orleans. At the outset the Bishop of Beauvais found no use for the evidence of her character obtained, at his own request, at her birth place, Domremy, although it is evident that he would have gladly used it if it had in any way reflected unfavourably upon her instead of representing her as a paragon of virtue.

The inquiry as to the Maid's life at Domremy was ordered by the Bishop in January, 1431, the trial or Process ex-officio, which included six public and nine private examinations of the accused, began on the 21st of February following and ended on the 26th of March when the "Act of Accusation" multiplying each offence by its repetition, use of prolix terms like legal phraseology and otherwise, and consisting of "Seventy Articles" was drawn up. On the next day, the 27th of March the "Process in Ordinary" began with the reading of the "Seventy Articles", upon each of which the accused was examined. On the 24th of May, 1431, she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, her so called Act of Abjuration having in the meantime saved her from excommunication and death. It may reasonably be surmised that the difficulty of obtaining proof

against the accused, which would make the punishment inflicted appear fair and just as possible, had thus lengthened the proceedings.

When within a few days following the sentence of imprisonment, it came to the knowledge of the judges that Jeanne had resumed in prison her male attire, and again expressed her belief in her visions, they allowed very little time indeed for deliberation before handing her over to the tender mercies of the English whose vengeance impatiently awaited her. During that short interval she was exhorted and admonished by the Bishop and his assistants but always on the assumption that she was an incorrigible sinner. Even on the morning before pronouncing the fatal words of the final sentence, the Bishop of Beauvais renewed these counsels for the benefit of the Maid who could not bring herself to believe that those who judged her so severely spoke the voice of God through the Church Militant as explained to her. On the 30th of May was read and carried into execution the final sentence which, after reciting the many opportunities given the accused to repent, repeated a string of general and indefinite accusations to which she had become so ac-These charges were always devoid of any customed to listen. mitigating qualification, such as Jeanne furnished by her answers in defence, which was utterly ignored. The sentence after declaring the Maid "Ex-communicate, and Heretic", and that she is abandoned to the "Secular Authority", ends thus: "Praying this same power that as concerns death and the mutilation of the limbs, it may be pleased to moderate judgment; and if true signs of penance should appear in thee that the Sacrament of Penance may be administered Jean Lemaitre, the associate judge, acted as such, it seems, contrary to his inclinations, and it is fair therefore to assume that his judgment was not entirely free.

The beautiful story of her real character is learned from the official inquiries made during the progress of the Rehabilitation. The Bishop of Beauvais deemed it outside his duty as judge to order that a report of what took place at the burning of Jeanne should be included in the "Process", or record of the trial. The story of the execution has, however, been sufficiently preserved by the sworn testimony of many witnesses who saw what happened and beard what was said at the burning of the Maid of Orleans.

As regards the trial itself, the opinion of many leading jurists is in effect that it was worthless for several reasons, and if so, the judgment which followed it was therefore valueless, irrespective of

the evidence. Chief among these lawyers was Lohier, of whom Maitre Guillaume Manchon, the principal one of the three notaries who wrote down the questions put and answers given at the trial, said in his sworn testimony during the progress of Rehabilitation: "Maitre Jean Lohier, a grave Norman clerk, who came to the town of Rouen and communication was made to him of what the Bishop of Beauvais had written hereon; and the said Lohier asked for two or three days' delay to look into it. To which he received answer that he should give his opinion that afternoon; and this he was And Maitre Jean Lohier, when he had seen the Proobliged to do. cess, said it was of no value for several reasons; first, because it had not the form of an ordinary process; then, it was carried on in an enclosed and shut-up place where those concerned were not in full and perfect liberty to say their full will; then, that this matter dealt with the honour of the King of France, whose side she (the Maid) supported, and that he had not been called, nor any, who were for him; then, neither legal document nor articles had been forthcoming, and so there was no guide for this simple girl to answer the Masters and Doctors on great matters, and especially those, as she said, which related to her revelations. For those things, the Process was, in his opinion, of no value. At which my Lord of Beauvais was very indignant against the said Lohier; and although my Lord of Beauvais told him that he might remain to see the carrying out of the Trial, Lohier replied that he would not do so."

Manchon further on adds that he saw Lohier the next day after this opinion was made known to the Bishop, and he said to him in reference to the trial, "You see the way they are proceeding. They will take her, if they can, in her words—as in assertions where she says, "I know for certain" as regards the apparitions, but if she said 'I think' instead of the words "I know for certain" it is my opinion that no man could condemn her. It seems they act rather from hate than otherwise; and for that reason I will not stay here for I have no desire to be in it." And in truth, he thenceforward lived always at the Court of Rome, where he died Dean of Appeals."

Maitre Thomas, de Courcelles, a Canon of Par's, in his deposition said, among other things, that Lohier on seeing the evidence against Jeanne, told him "that evidently they ought not to proceed against her in a matter of Faith without previous information as the charges of guilt and that the law required such information. Lohier's opinion that the trial was worthless is more clearly sum-

marized as follows by Mr. Murray in an appendix;" (1) On account of its form, (2) That the assessors were not at liberty to hold their own views, the trial being in the castle and therefore not in open court, (3) That no opportunity was given to the party of the French king to speak for themselves, (4) That Jeanne herself was allowed no counsel nor had proper documents been prepared to support the accusation."

According to the deposition of Jean Maisseu, Dean, on his second examination in connection with the Rehabilitation, Jeanne had asked for counsel but was refused. Brother Martin Lavenu, a Dominican, on his second examination, deposed as follows:-"I knew well that Jeanne had no director, counsel nor defender up to the end of the Process and that no one would have dared to offer himself as her counsel, director or defender, for fear of the English. I have heard that those who went to the castle to counsel and direct Jeanne by order of the judges, were harshly repulsed and threat-"During the Process Manchon in his deposition said: and almost up to the close, Jeanne had no counsel, I do not remember if she asked for one, but towards the end she had Maitre Pierre Maurice and a Carmelite to direct and instruct her." these were spiritual advisers appointed towards the close of the case there is practically no conflict between this and the testimony of the other two witnesses.

It is stated by the Bishop of Beauvais himself near the beginning of the Process that he offered her counsel from among one of his assessors, but she refused. In view of the fact that these assessors, who were for the most part canonical lawyers, and practically assistant judges, though not so named, were liable to be unduly influenced, her refusal was but another instance of the marvellous foresight and prudence displayed, by one of her age and illiteracy, during the whole of the trial. The body of these assessors were inclined to act justly, and several were very friendly to Jeanne on account of the unfairness of the examinations but they could exercise their friendship towards her only at their peril, as was proved by the sworn evidence of several witnesses in connection with the Process for Jeanne's rehabilitation.

At the conclusion of the investigation made in 1450 at the instance of King Charles VII. who, empowered Guillaume Bouille, Rector of the University of Paris, to enquire concerning the circumstances of Jeanne's Trial, etc., great lawyers gave their opinions and declared the trial void, being "bad in substance as well as in

form", though this enquiry was not followed by any formal judgment as to Jeanne's condemnation.

It is commonly held also, as stated by Mr. Murray in his introduction, that the bishop had no jurisdiction, Jeanne having been captured in one province and tried in another. Moreover she had been tried previously at Poitiers, at the request of the Dauphin, Charles VII, who would not accept her aid before being assured that she was not unworthy. Inasmuch as the Archbishop of Rheims, the Metropolitan of the Bishop of Beauvais, and his Clergy at Poitiers found no fault in her, it was of very doubtful right that she should be placed on trial a second time before an inferior Court, Mr. Murray seems to regard the first examination as conclusive against the legality of the second. But such a conclusion cannot be reached without assuming that Jeanne had not rendered herself liable for heresy, or other offence against the laws of the Church. since the examination at Poitiers, or in any event that an inferior court had no jurisdiction. However, the question of jurisdiction does not now concern much the merits of the case, in view of the many stronger grounds for condemning the trial in its form and substance—grounds which made a later ecclesiastical Court of Enquiry denounce the proceedings in most unmeasured tearms, as "a pretended Process."

The Court that tried Jeanne at Rouen did not follow in ferm and composition the practice of the English Courts of ecclesiastical Inquiry established by 2 Henry IV, Chapter 15, which prescribed death as the penalty for heresy, athough Rouen was at the time subject to English Sovereignty. It was not a Statutory Court of Inquiry at all, but it assumed the exercise of a power similar to that possessed by the aforesaid English Courts which empowered the diocesan ordinary to try persons accused of heresy and on conviction hand them over to the Sheriff without waiting for the King's writ.

The secular authority was indeed personally present but conspicuously absent as far as the exercise of his functions was concerned, at the place of execution. The sentence of excommunication which was read at the Old Market Place at Rouen on the morning of the day of Jeanne's execution abandoned her to the civil authority, represented by the Bailly of Rouen and his Deputy who were present. But immediately after the reading of the sentence Jeanne was forced by two sergeants from her platform and delivered over to the executioner with the remark, "Do thy duty." Brother M.

Ladvenu on examination said: "Directly Jeanne was abandoned by the Church, she was seized by the English soldiers, who were present in large numbers, without any sentence from the secular authority, although the Bailly of Rouen and the Counsels of the Secular Court were present." It was not the fault of the Bailly that this grave irregularity occurred, but the fact that he was allowed no time for the performance of his duty shows that brute force prevailed over law and order, that the military power represented there by about eight hundred English soldiers recognized no right but might in their eager haste to remove the cause of Bedford's frequent defeat and humiliation. That power made itself felt during the whole course of he trial of Jeanne, whose misfortune was to be judged by a court subject to its malign influence.

Her imprisonment at the outset in a lay prison in the Castle of Rouen while tried before an ecclesiastical Court for an offence or offences against the Church from whose prisons she was excluded against her wishes, can be explained only as a shameful compromise with the secular power. How many innocent persons have been condemned to avert the wrath of Caesar since the day the meek and lowly Nazarene was sacrificed for fear of the Roman power!

Brother M. Ladvenu, a Dominican, of the Convent of St. Jacques at Rouen, on one of his examinations, states that the Bishop of Beauvais, acting as judge, commanded Jeanne to be kept in the secular prison and in the hands of her enemies; and although he might easily have had her detained and guarded in an ecclesiastical prison, yet he allowed her from the beginning of the trial to the end to be tormented and cruelly treated in a secular prison. Moreover, at the first session or meeting the Bishop aforesaid, asked the opinion of all present as to whether it was more suitable to detain her in the secular ward, or in the prisons of the Church. It was decided as more correct that she be kept in ecclesiastical prisons rather than in the secular, but this the Bishop said he would not do for fear of displeasing the English."

The "Seventy Articles" composing "The Act of Accusation" were reduced to Twelve Articles, each of which singled out some alleged faults on Jeanne's part, apparently magnified into a grave offence against the Church, the offences named in one article being sometimes repeated in another, the whole being a issue of statements torn from the contexts of the Process or examinations or answers in defence, except where some of these might be made to appear in their unexplained separation as unfavorable to her. The judges

in order to bolster up a condemnation, sent these twelve Articles to the University of Paris asking the opinion of its Professors upon them. This other body judged from this distorted presentation of the case, and without taking any evidence in the presence of the accused or her counsel, reported their decision against her, declaring her a heretic.

This proceeding was severely condemned by the Court which pronounced the sentetnce of the Maid's Rehabilitation. Paris was in the hands of the English at the time the University gave this extraordinary decision and therefore the probability is that subserviency to military power had it baneful influence in this case also.

A. J. McGILLIVRAY.

A Vision of the Holy Grail.

No knight was he of Arthur's court, to ride On errant quest, or parlous enterprise, To fight with giants, or lay lance in rest For love of his fair lady, or to win, His golden spurs upon a hard-fought field; And yet, methinks,—in truth, I knew him well,—He was the peer of Galahad, or his Bayard, renowned, sans peur et sans reproche, The paragon of perfect chivalry; So true a knight he was, our Lady's knight, So true a man he was, a man of God.

Yet dwelt he mid the busy haunts of men,
Unknown to fame, nor caring for the praise
That men bestow; but, day by day fulfilled
The duty that befell, content to crave
The morrow to his Lord; and, patiently,
Took up his daily cross, as one who fain
Would follow Christ, the King; and, day by day,
Knelt at His altar Whom he served, to feed,
In reverent love, upon the Bread of Life,
The Food of Souls: thus drew he near to Him
To Whom his heart was given, and for whom
Alone he lived, His servant and His friend—

Formed in the mould of Her of whom was born The Perfect Man; and, day by day, transformed Into His Image, till he should attain The Measure of His Stature, and become Like to the Son of God:—the Saints of Christ Are many, and are known to Him alone Who knowth all things, and is glorified In all His servants.

Thus, through many a year
The servant lived, but now, his head was bent,
While with the snows of age, and, on his face,
Was written plainly, so that all might read,
That the dear Lord had need of him, to be
Forever with Himself.

It so befell,

That once, at early morning, as he bent Before the lowly Altar, to receive His Well-Beloved, and, once again, he made His humble act of thanks, alone with God, All on a sudden, lo! the church was filled With glory brighter than the sun at noon; Filled with a Presence, sweet, ineffable, Surpassing word or thought; and then, behold! A countless throng of angels, who adorned The Blessed Host upon His altar-throne; And all the air was thrilled with angel-songs In praise of Love Divine, content to dwell Amid the sons of men: then he, made bold, By utter self-abasement, by the love Wherewith his heart o'erflowed, upraised his eyes And gazed in wonder;—as the angel-songs Were hushed in silent awe; the angel heads Bent lower, yet, in reverence—for he saw— Oh bliss unspeakable! The Gracious One, His Well-Beloved. Lo! His Sacred Hands Bore yet the nail-prints; on His kingly brow Were still the scars the Crown of Thorns had made In His Most Bitter Passion; yea His Feet Were wounded too, and, underneath the robe That wrapped His Form, burned, as with living fire, The Heart the lance had pierced, but, on His Face,

Glory transcendant, glory all Divine, Yet full of utter love, of tenderness No tongue can tell.

In His right Hand He bare
The Chalice of His Blood, the Holy Grail,
His Cup of love, of sorrow, bitter-sweet,
Which once He drained for us, the which He gives
To us, to drink therein.

The servant knelt, And looked upon his Lord,—for perfect love Casteth out fear, and all his heart was filled With the great peace of God, with joy Divine, Yet full of sweetest sadness, for he knew He was not worthy of his Lord, he saw, In those blest Hands and Feet, the deathless wounds His sin's had made; yet could but kneel and gaze Into the Master's Face, the Face he loved. And, as he lowly knelt, The Gracious One Lifted His nail-pierced Hand, and signed to him To draw yet nearer; then, with reverent awe, Close to the Sacred Feet, the Servant bent Down to the very dust; yet, once again, Lifted his eyes to that most Blessed Face Because he loved it.

Then the Master spake,
And all the joy wherewith the servant's heart
Was filled to overflowing as he gazed
Upon the Face Divine, seemed bitterness
Compareth to that with which his being thrilled
Hearing the Master speak.

What said He then?

I might not know, the servant's lips were sealed And kept, full well, the secrets of The King; Yet told he how the Lord had deigned to drink, Once more, from out that Cup, and how He pressed The sacred chalice to His servant's lips And bade him drink of it, with Him; and how The draught was bitter passing words, yet sweet Beyond our mortal speech: how, as he drank, He ever looked upon the Face of Christ, And learned therein, the secret of His love

That passeth knowledge:

He rose to go

Thus he shared with Him
His Cup of Passion, who had borne His Cross
For many a weary year; drank deep and drained
The chalice to the dregs; then stooped to kiss
The Master's Feet, whereat, the Gracious One
Laid His dear, wounded Hand upon his head
To bless, to pardon.

Then the Vision passed,
The glory vanished, and the angel train
Followed the Lord they serve: the light of day
Again shone round him as he knelt and yet
The joy, the peace unspeakable, remained,
Never to pass away.

Forth to the daily task, as one who feels
His days are numbered, for the Master's Cup,
Divinely sweet, is still the cup of death,
For Him, for us: those that shall drink therein
Must die with Him; and so, the servant knew
His Lord would call Him soon, and was as one
Who draws toward his goal, at close of day,
After a toilsome journey, or as one
Whose task is nearly ended; who hath borne

The burden and the heat, who gladly lays His sickle by, and hastens to his rest.

One day he sent for me, and I, who knew
His work was finished, sought His lowly room,
Bearing to Him the Bread of Life, to stay,
To strengthen him, in that last, awful hour
When flesh and spirit quail: confessed, annointed,
Fed with the Food Divine, he prayed me wait
A little while: "Not long," he said, "not long."
Thereat I heard him whisper, "Mary, help!"
"Sweet Jesu, mercy!" o'er and o'er again;
"Mother of God have pity! Mary, help!
"My Jesu, mercy! Then, more faint and slow,
"Jesu!" and "Mary!" as his eyes grew dim.
Thereafter, silence, but the peace of God
Was on his face, the peace of those who die
In Mary's arms.

Yet, once again, he stirred,
And strained his failing fingers round his beads
As he would fain have told them, at the last,
As in his daily life: then, suddenly,
He seemed to waken, for his closing eyes
Were opened wide and on his lips a smile
As of a man who, after many years
Of weary waiting, sees the friends he loves
Better than all, so was the servants face
Filled full of joy.

When, lo! the little room Was thronged with angels, though I saw them not, Yet seen of him; and all the air was thrilled With angel music, though I heard it not, Yet heard of him, and then, in utter awe, And conscious of my own unworthiness, I knelt beside the bed, for One was there Whose priest and I—I, whose frail, mortal hands Had lately held Him, veiled to sight and sense As he hath chosen:—vet I saw Him not, I was not meet to see those Hands and Feet, The Brow the thorns had scarred, the Blessed Face; Not meet to hear the loving words He said, The Lord, the Master, but the servant saw, As he had seen Him when He bade him drink From out His Holy Grail; the servant heard His voice, the Gracious One, for lo! his face Was as the face of one who talks with God As friend with friend, and knows not any fear, But only love:

And then his eyes grew dim,
As blinded by the Vision; and, once more,
He whispered, "Jesu! Mary!"

Then he slept:

To whose pure soul oh! Master, Lord and Friend, Grant, in Thy mercy, endless light and peace!

Practical Lumbering in New Ontario.

S most of us know, the northern and more westerly parts of Ontario are densely covered with pine forests from which is manufactured some of our very finest lumber. In the fall of the year the lumber companies who have purchased these limits of pine send in gangs of men under the supervision of foremen, to wage a war against nature and destroy some of her most beautiful handiwork. And she does not concede without a protest as very often men are killed or maimed



Storehouses and horses.

for life in this interesting though somewhat dangerous occupation. The lumberjack must always be on the lookout, while at his work, for falling trees.

When the men arrive at the scene of operations, the first thing to be done is to construct camps, and stables. These are built of logs, layed one on top of the other and dovetailed together at the ends, the chinks being filled in with moss and mortar. The roofs

are just ordinary, being made of lumber but covered with tar-paper instead of shingles. The camp consists generally of a cookery where the famous shanty beans are prepared and eaten, the sleep camp, two storehouses for supplies and rigging, two stables, the foreman's office, where the company "van" or store is kept, and a blacksmith shop in which is made most of the working outfit. The spot for the camp is generally chosen on an elevated piece of ground near some running water, and when the newness has worn away the place gradually takes on the air of a small village.



Inside of the Foreman's Camp.

While the men are engaged at the construction of the camp the foreman is busy looking over his season's cut. He starts into the bush and with the practised eye of the woodsman blazes out his roads, on which the pine must be hauled in the winter. All upgrade must be carefully avoided, as it would be impossible for the horses to pull the enormous loads anywhere but down hill or on the level. For this reason main roads are generally cut in the low places through swamps, and creek bed. It will therefore be seen that it is rather a difficult task to choose out the shortest and easiest places. The blazing of the roads is the most critical work a fore-

man has to do, because everything depends on his having first-class ways to get his logs to the dumping ground.

When the roads are blazed one gang of men, known as the "main road cutters," are sent in with axes to cut out all trees and brush. The trees must all be taken out by the roots, the branches trimmed off and piled up along the sides, while the trunks, if they be pine, are sawn up and hauled to the nearest skidway, if not good for lumber they are merely thrown to one side. The roads are cut about sixty feet wide. After the cutters follow the graders, who remove all hillocks and fill up or bridge over the holes left where the



Loaders at work building up a load of logs.

trees have been removed. Thus when the ground freezes and the snow begins to fly a tolerably good road is the result. The men who superintend the cutting and grading, commonly known as "buck-beavers," must be practical woodsmen of wide experience, for if there is anything in lumbering which requires great care in the construction it is the main roads.

While the operations mentioned in the preceding chapter have been going on, other gangs of men have been busy cutting and sawing up the pine on each side of the roads. All day you can hear the merry shouts of the men and the busy sound of the saw, coupled with the loud "Timber" of the log-makers when a tree is about to fall, and the roar of the stately pine when it hits the earth.

When the trees are down and sawn into logs, the trail-cutter or swamper, trims them free of knots and branches, and cuts a trail into them so as the teamster can swing his horses up, hitch on, and haul them away to the skidway where they are piled.

These skidways are cleared spaces in off the main woods; two large trees are laid in the centre about six feet apart, and on these the logs are piled or decked. When the teamster draws up the log, one end of a small steel chain which has been hitched by a block



A completed load ready to be taken to the "dump."

pulley to the front of the skidway, is passed around the centre of the log and is fastened to the top of the pile by means of a swamphook. The team is then hitched to the other end of the chain and the log is drawn up on poles or skids to the top. There are generally two men called rollers, who look after this part of the work, one to see that the log goes up straight, the other to place it when it reaches the top of the skidway. These piles of logs vary in size, some having as many as fifteen hundred while others may only contain one hundred logs.

It is working on skidways that most accidents happen in the woods, as logs are handled pretty roughly there, and the least slip on the part of the men might easily mean serious injury. Then again the chain may slip its hold as it sometimes does, and anything it hits is generally no more use, or the big pile of logs may slip out in front and carry the man on top to destruction. As a rule only first-class men are allowed to use cant hooks.

When the swamps and marshes have been frozen over, and the snow is deep enough, the roads, which have been so carefully constructed, are prepared for the most important feature of the whole



A Skidway in course of erection.

work, namely the "sleigh-haul." It is at this stage that money is either made or lost in the lumber business. Logs must be hauled before the first thaws in the spring, for the roads being built in low places will not last, and logs left in the bush are practically a dead loss as insects and wood-peckers destroy them during the summer months.

To get the roads ready, snow ploughs are sent through them, to clear them out and make a good solid bottom. It is a well known fact, that when snow is disturbed it will freeze very solid. Then follow the water tanks in the wake of the ploughs and ice the roads

to a depth of two or three inches. The tanks are kept busy all the time, sometimes being out all night, so it is not very long until the roads are all a solid mass of ice

When everything is ready along come the shanty boys once more and quite an imposing sight they make winding down the trail with their lighted torches, about half-past three in the morning; with the thermometer prowling around between thirty and forty degrees below zero. They break down the skidways they have so dexterously piled in the fall and load the logs on to the waiting sleighs which haul them away to the lakes, from whence they are driven with the spring freshet to the sawmills where they are sawn into our unequalled red and white pine lumber.

Many people will no doubt wonder, what these men, who are willing to brave the dangers and hardships of this rough life, do for amusement. They are generally too tired at night to do much, but tell a few stories, have a smoke and go to bed, and it may be said that no place else, will you hear such thrilling and interesting adventures, as the secluded life of the lumberjack makes him rather morose, and uncommunicative to the outside world. When Saturday night comes around they generally have a dance in the camp, two or three violins supplying the music. On Sunday card-playing seems to be the favorite form of amusement; a few of the men take their rifles and go off for a day's sport in the woods.

The lumberjack as a rule gets a very hard name, but it must be remembered that he is generally only seen, when after his long, toilsome winter, he comes out for a few days in the spring to have a time. And taking everything into consideration I hardly think we can blame him o'er much for having it. If everyone could only meet these men when they are at work, and live among them for awhile, I think it would be safe to say the prevailing opinion of them would be vastly changed, for a braver and more fearless set of men doesn't exist.

NIMROD.

A Christmas Message.

HO I sit in darkness this Christmas Eve,
I know that the world is fair;
And the musical chimes of the Christmas bells
Will ring on the morning air.

And tho' I have neither gems nor gold
As tokens to place before you,
I will not repine, for love greater than mine
Its gifts and its graces throws o'er you.

And I will arise and rejoice to-day
In the world's glad loving and giving,
And I will sing a song in my heart
For the untold riches of living;

For the courage of Hope and the beauty of love,
For the faith that faileth us never;
For the peace on earth and good will toward men.
And the stars that shineth forever.

INNOM.

Some Modern Playwrights, and their Work.

HE drama of the Restoration was frankly coarse, honestly and unblushingly dirty, wholly immoral. It showed a world where men did wrong, knowingly, and women, too; but men and women who called things by names unfit for ears polite—or prudish: yet never called evil good, or good evil, not lust "affinity." They knew right and chose wrong—but "took their pandies without whining." In brief "they play the game and lose, if ever they must, like gentlemen." They would have scorned to cheat "old Nick," himself.

The drama of the Decadence is quite o her. It shows a world where men "do evil and excuse it worse"; where women follow, or perhaps, set the example. If the XVII century—and XVIII, too—were coarse the XX is nice—"with nasty ideas." Indeed, the prophe's of this new law, "higher than that of duty" are discarding niceness till only nastiness remains, not honest, as in older times, but nasty sans phrase. "Ca pue"—forget the expression; I should prefer my mother tongue, but that it is fashionable to be refined. Valeat quantum.

Bernard Shaw, Maeterlinck, and Ibsen, are the high priests and prophets of this new gospel. They have many fervent followers, for, to bid men and women follow their concupiscence and it call their "affinity"; to trample duty, in fulfilment of "a higher law," is, in good sooth, "glad tidings of great joy" to those who fain would "shake off the trammels of a superstition" which bids them abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul." The "new law" transforms all these into a "higher duty"; appeals to every baser, sexual instinct, bids us "eat and drink, for to morrow we die." Even Omar's philosophy were preferable to Shaw's—because Omar, with his "jocund despair—to quote John Hay—like the Restoration dramatists, is, at least, honest.

The plays—or sermons—of these prophets, have made noise enough; so, for that matter, does a dung cart, in a crowded street. "And smells so? Pah!" They have "led captive" silly women—and sillier men—"laden with divers sins," who, by a mere repetition of

this devil's credo, have "become as gods,"—incapable of evil. "Dir wird's gewiss vor deiner gottseligkeit bange"; they will find godhood of such sort, laden with responsibilities not to be evaded. "Knowing good and evil." Unable, seemingly, to distinguish which is which; possibly, unwilling; yet, even if "as gods," only attaining, lawlessly and prematurely, to such knowledge as, to quote Thomas Brown once more—"death giveth to every fool gratis," at a cost not easy to estimate; rushing boldly in "where angels fear to tread." And, if these adepts of "the higher law" have no need of such, death, doubtless, will have other to reveal to them. Yet neither, one imagines, "unto salvation." Still, "though thou bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him." And it is the modern fool who proclaims, from stage and platform, that "there is no God"but only superman, whose law of conduct is his own heart; whose prophets are Shaw, Maeterlinck, and Ibsen. From whose snaresa laqueis diaboli, libera nos, Domine!

BEATUS, O. S. B.

Lines on a Skeleton.

This was the mightiest house that God e'er made,
This roofless mansion of the incorruptible.
These joists and bastions once bore walls as fair
As Solomon's palace of white ivory.
Here majesty and love and beauty dwelt,
Shakespeare's wit from these lorn walls looked down.
Sadness like the autumn made it bare,
Passion like a tempest shook its base,
And joy filled all its halls with ecstasy.

This was the home wherein all dreams of earth And air and ocean, all supreme delights, Made mirth and madness: wisdom pored alone; And power dominion held: and splendid hope: And fancy like the delicate sunrise woke To burgeoning thought and form and melody.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

Beneath its dome the agony of the Jew, The pride of Caesar or the hate of Cain, The thought of Plato or the heart of Burns Once dwelt in some dim form of being's light.

Within these walls of wondrous structure, dread, A magic lute of elfin melody
Made music immortal, such as never came
From out those ancient halls of Orphean song.

Love dreamed of it, and like a joy it rose. Power shaped its firm foundations like the base Of mountain majesty: and o'er its towers Truth from fair windows made his light look down.

But came a weird and evil demon host,
Besieged its walls, destroyed its marvellous front;
Shuttered its casements, dismantled all its dream,
And hurled it down from out its sunward height;
And now it lies bereft of all its joy
And pride and power and godlike majesty;
The sport of elements and hideous mimes,
That bench its corridors, desecrate its rooms,
Where once dwelt love and beauty, joy and hope,
Now tenantless: save for the incurious wind,
And ghostlike rains that beat its bastions bare,
And evil things that creep its chambers through.

But whither thence is fled that tenant rare,
That weird indweller of this wasted house?
Back from the petalled bloom withdraws the dew,
The melody from the shell, the day from heaven,
To build afar earth's resurrection morn.
And so, Love trusts, in some diviner air
The lord of this lorn mansion dwells in light
Of vaster beauty, vaster scope and dream;
Where weariness and gladness satiate not,
Where power and splendid being know no ruin,
And evil greeds and envyings work no wrong.

WILFRID CAMPBELL.

7~

1

Catholicity in Norway.

A Deeply Religious People, the Norwegians are Well Disposed Towards the Church.

The action of the Parliament of Christiania, which severed the last bonds that united Sweden and Norway, has, says Abbe Felix Klein in the Catholic World, centered upon these two kingdoms the attention of the whole world. But nowhere has this action aroused greater interest than in the United States, because of the large number of immigrants it receives from the Scandinavian countries.* * *

Norway is emphatically the most democratic nation in all Europe; Sweden is one of the most aristocratic. The nobility, abolished in Norway, still wields a great influence in Sweden, and the electoral franchise in the latter kingdom is conditional on an income of 1,000 crowns, or about \$300. The requirement excludes the larger part of the laboring class.

Norway, which entered the Church in the tenth and eleventh centuries, was violently torn from her in the sixteenth by the Lutheran kings, who ruled both it and Denmark. The people resisted long and desperately, but finally yielded to force. Exile and the fear of death extinguished little by little every spark of Catholicism, and from the beginning of the seventeenth until the middle of the nineteenth century Lutheranism enjoyed a complete triumph. It was not until July 16, 1845, that the Storthing passed the first law favorable to dissenters. After its passage Lutheranism still remained the established religion, but those who did not believe in it had the right to leave the established church and publicly worship as their conscience dictated. This same liberty of religious worship was granted by Denmark in 1847,, but not until 1860 by Sweden.

Norway, in 1869, counted 220 Catholics, with one Apostolic Prefect, twelve missionaries, and seven religious of St. Joseph. At this time there were but two missions in Norway, one at Christiania and one at Bergon, and three in Lapland; Tromso, Altengaard and Hammerfest. By the year 1805 other missions had been established in Fredrikstad, Fredrikshald and Trondhjem. At that time Norway had twenty-three priests, 875 lay Catholics, ten paro-

chial schools with 275 pupils, one higher school of Christian doc trine, five Catholic hospitals, and four communities of Sisters.

From the official statistics, published in December, 1904, we learn that at that date there were 2,150 Catholics (out of a total population of 2,250,000); twenty-two priests, three of whom are native born; twenty-one chapels and thirteen missions. Each mission has a Catholic grammar school. The Catholics have two high schools—one for boys, the other for girls; two orphan asylums, ten hospitals, a training school for nurses, two novitiates for religious, and a printing and publishing house which issues Catholic books, apologetical and devotional, as well as the St. Olaf, a Catholic weekly newspaper.

The fact that there are already three native priests and two novitiates for religious speaks hopefully for the future, and one may foresee the day when the Church in Norway, like the Church in the United States, will be self-supporting.

At present several charities assist her and sometimes travelers, or foreigners who have heard of her need, contribute generously. But the greatest and the most regular help that comes to her is the funds given by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This admirable society, which America has begun to understand and appreciate, gives yearly to the Church in Norway the sum of 28,500 francs (\$5,700); the lowest sum given since 1892 was 28,000 francs (\$5,600.)

The revenues of the mission are not absorbed by the churches alone, for the schools are a weighty burden of expense. Since the country enjoys absolute liberty in the matter of instruction, Catholics, with a keen sense of their duty, take advantage of the privilege to give their children a religious training. But, considering the paucity of their numbers, they must make great sacrifices to maintain a grammar school in every parish.

Public opinion throughout Norway, is very favorable to Catholics and all the relations of the latter with the civil authorities are most cordial. The churches and schools are exempt from taxation, and this fact, which may seem quite insignificant to American readers, seems to the French the height of liberality. Another evidence of the good disposition of the nation was evidenced on the death of Leo XIII. The members of the government officially sent their sympathy to Bishop Falize and officially also as a body assisted at the funeral services held at Christiania.

The Norwegians, a sincere and loyal people, if there be such on earth, certainly accept their false religion in perfect good faith. How could they have been enlightened as to the falsity of the Lutheran doctrines which they hold since for more than three centuries not a single priest entered their country? They had come to believe that Catholicism, according to one of Luther's prophecies, had disappeared entirely from the fact of the earth. No greater astonishment could be imagined than that shown by some peasants of Hitterdal when they learned that Catholics still existed, that there were even some at Christiania, with several priests and a Bishop.

Catholicism, with all its blessings, will grow quickly in Norway when more missionaries and more money are available. What can twenty-five apostles accomplish in a country so extensive and so difficult to traverse? The number scarcely suffices to make the Church known in the principal cities. They cannot extend their labors to the remote, small towns, yet it is there that they might succeed best, since there a more fervent faith has been preserved. In the great centres of population, rationalism and indifference have already worked great harm; in the smaller communities, and especially in isolated farms, religion and good morals have preserved the greater portion of their force, and Catholicism would find there a fertile soil for its growth.

Ex.



Passing Impressions.

II.

It is scarcely correct, perhaps, to include amongst passing impressions the varied recollections which crowd upon me, as I write, of one who was an intimate family friend, quite familiar from my early childhood. Nevertheless, I will endeavor to jot down a few desultory notes concerning that Nestor of American literature who so long dominated Catholic circles in the United States. The forceful personalty of Orestes A. Brownson is not to be easily forgotten, any more than his colossal figure, massive, leonine head, full gray beard and piercing dark eyes.

He made us more or less frequent visits of a fortnight or so at a time, and it was his delight on such occasions to gather the young people about him, turning away, perhaps, from a philosophical discussion on abstruse theological or ethical question, with some of the learned folk, who in those times met very constantly at our home. It was in a very real sense an education to hear Dr. Brownson discourse in his deep, organ-like tones upon topics of the day, his knowledge extending over an amazingly wide range of subjects.

I remember, for instance, while still in my teens, I conversed with him, or rather heard him converse, for an hour or more upon the poet Whittier, with whom he had an intimate personal acquaintance and whom he greatly admired. He regarded him as the most national and typical of American poets, quoting here and there from his poems in support of the contention. It was particularly interesting to hear him relate his experiences in the celebrated Brook Farm experiment, in which another distinguished convert to the Church, Rev. Isaac Hecker, founder of the Paulist community likewise, took part, with most of the leaders of New England thought of that distant epoch were engaged. The Doctor had lived on terms of everyday familiarity with Emerson and Thoreau, Alcott and Hawthorne, the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" and the author of "Evangeline."

Though it was a favorite expression of the philosopher that "it was hard to make a saint out of a live Yankee," he was himself after

his conversion a sincere and practical Catholic, forever striving to bend his mighty and hitherto undisciplined intellect into submission to the teachings of the faith. He believed, indeed, with an entire and deep conviction which would be amazing to the flippant agnostics and so-called free-thinkers of to-day. He had literally groped his way into the Church, testing and rejecting with characteristic courage and hone-ty, a variety of systems finding intellectual certainty, as well as religious conviction at the feet of Peter. In Catholicity he found full satisfaction for heart and mind. Its universality and breadth delighted him. He disliked the word Catholicism, indignantly declaring that the faith had nothing to do with "isms."

Had he remained without the Fold, where after many wanderings he had found peace, it is quite possible that his fame would be trumpeted more widely, and that he would have been acclaimed as, perhaps, the greatest of American thinkers. Dr. Brownson was well content to sacrifice that more extended horoscope and to dwell in the comparative obscurity to which his change of faith had consigned him.

It is gratifying to learn that a bronze bust of this intellectual Hercules has been placed in Central Park, New York, as some recognition at least of his eminence amongst his countrymen. Dr. Brownson was intensely American, though the late D'Arcy McGee once observed that "Brown on was too big for America." He loved his country with a virile and sturdy patriotism, which commanded respect even from those who differed with him. He lived in the seclusion of a small Jersey town, whence he made occasional visits to his friends in New York. Elizabeth, with its shaded streets and gardens, with its grave and conservative aspect, seemed a fitting background for the sage. His household was a delightful one. presided over by the gentle and sympathetic wife, with her soft eyes of brown and pleasant face, and his brilliant daughter, Sarah, afterwards the wife of Judge Tenny, too early lost to literature, as well as to a wide circle of friends. This home, so redolent of culture, so attractive a place of pilgrimage for the Doctor's many admirers, was saddened by the early death of three sons, but notably the universally lamented Captain Brownson of the regular army, who distinguished upon General Hancock's staff and fell at the battle of Five Forks.

Nearly all of Dr. Brownson's sons were in the army, one of them still survives, though the Major Brownsou of those days is better known now as the distinguished man of letters Henry L. Brownson, LL.D., resident in Detroit.

One of the philosopher's favorite recreations was a game of whist. He was an exceedingly scientific player and I remember in the family circle being called upon to fill a place at the card table, and endeavoring with much fear and trembling to play up to his standard. It was the only time upon which I was ever afraid of Dr. Brownson. Upon all other occasions, he was most approachable, most cordial and most friendly to us of the younger fry whom he never ceased to regard as children. Peace to his soul: He fought a brave battle for the American church and dealt mighty blows in her behalf. He has long been at rest, and to the present generation but a name. He has left monumental work behind him, and it is something to have known and to have had familiar association, with that man whom Lord Brougham described to Washington Irving as "the greatest of Americans."

A. T. S.



Good Advice Badly Given.

The summer is over, the holidays past;
Think not of days too joyous to last;
Get to your work.

Think not life is eternal light;
After the brightest day comes night;
After life comes death.

Let not the honors unheeded glide;
True is the saying—"Time and tide
Waits for no man."

Hard though it be for youth to think it, Break time's chain, and 'tis hard to link it, Time waits not.

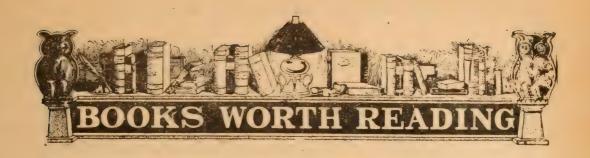
Likewise, take the tide at its height,
Better your chance of sailing aright,

If you start in time.

Use well the early hours of life; Get on your armour for the strife That awaits you.

Duty done will bring reward; Nobler than a leisured lord, Is he who works aright.

You are beginning on Life's way; Keep to your duty, come what may; The end crowns all.



Book Review.

WHERE THE ROAD LED, AND OTHER STORIES. Benziger Bros., New York.

Where the Road Led, is a pretty little tale by Anna T. Sadlier who contributes three other stories to the book. The other writers are well known Catholic authors like Magdalen Rock, Maurice Francis Egan, Clara Mulholland, etc., whom we have all known and admired in their productions. Our book contains twenty-eight stories in all, adapted to please both young and old and to instil in the mind lessons of piety.

* * *

WAYWARD WINIFRED, By Anna T. Sadlier. Benziger Bros. New York.

This latest production of a prolific pen is worthy of its predecessors. It is a weird fascinating tale of the Wicklow Hills and their association with the fortunes of the old Irish family of O'Byrne. The heroine who lives with her old nurse and two devoted servants in an old castle of the hills of Wicklow seems the very spirit of the place. She is the sole representative, apparently, of the "ould stock" and is held in a sort of awe by the country people because of the strange circumstances attending her birth and subsequent life. She is taught by the mad schoolmaster who turns out to be her father's eccentric uncle who had abandoned all, even his faith in his anxiety to revive the family's fortunes in the person first of his nephew, and, after his disappearance, of Winifred. The provential intervention of a kind American lady who takes Winifre to New York, is responsible for the return of the long-absent father, the reunion of all and the revival of the family.

JUVENILE ROUND TABLE, Third Series. Benziger Bros., New York.

The Juvenile Round Table consists of a collection of beautiful short stories, written for young folks by popular Catholic authors. The third series which we have received, contains contributions from Mary T. Waggaman, A. T. Sadlier, David Seldon, Katherine Jenkins, S. M. O'Mally, Marion Ames Taggart and Mary Catherine Crowley. All of these writers are well known for the wholesome influence of their works on the minds of young Catholics. The book is nicely bound and illustrated. It should make a suitable 'Xmas gift for boys and girls,

* * *

HENRY II, by Dom. Gasquet. Burns & Oates, London.

Those who have given up the study of mediaeval entanglements may be lured back by this latest production of the learned Benedictine. It has not all the charm of style of Dean Church on the same subject, but it has what, possibly the Anglican Divine, could never have had, without "Romanizing."

This great work shows painful research. The study of unbiased documents allows the author to make most impartial assertions, as to the real grievances in England in those haughty days of the early Plantagenets, considering the time-honored, bitter prejudice with which the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have until recently, been treated, it must be unspeakably gratifying for all honest scholars to meet such a writer as Dom Gasquet. Perhaps some Catholics have yet to learn that the rupture between England and the Holy See was not complete and justified by the actions of the Roman authorities whose representatives assumed an authority over English sovereigns and the civil domain which no title could allow. This would make the English Reformation accomplished long before Henry VIII.

The abbot does not attempt to prove that all the blame of those stormy times falls on the King of England. The great principle throughout the work is that the English of that time simply drew the line between matters civil and spiritual. The author draws a strong picture of the times showing the Pope's relations to the Crown, in the feudal sense of the period. That the Pope should have been called in all Christendom, the "over lord" helps one to understand the situation and when one recalls that this was not an empty title one wonders less at the fre quent friction.

S. N.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance, Single copies. 10 cents, Advertising rates on application. Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT,

EDITORIAL STAFF.

W. F. CAVANAGH, '06,

G. W. O'TOOLE, '06,

T. J. TOBIN, '06, G. P. BUSHEY, '06,

T. J. GORMLEY, '06,

T. J. SLOAN, '06,

M. T. O'NEILL, '07,
J. Z. McNeil, '07,

C. J. Jones, '07,

A. T. POWER, '07,

P. J. MARSHALL, '07, J. D. MARSHALL, '07.

Business Managers:—J. N. GEORGE, 'c6; W. P. DERHAM, '06.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. VIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., December, 1905.

No. III

EDITORIAL.

MERRY AND HAPPY.

Not a green Christmas but a real old-timer, white and frosty—nevertheless a happy Christmas. May the fire grow the redder in the grates of the poor and the hearts of the generous throb the faster. That the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred and six be laden with blessings for us all—so mote it be.

DULCE DOMUM.

Home—the English claim theirs is the only language which has the word. The French retort that if they have not the word they have the thing itself. Amiable contention—for both can and do

sing in chorus "There's no place like it". Tis the Alma Mater of our first language lessons and our pedal training, 'tis the temple in which we learned to lisp our prayers and to form our childliké concepts of God's fatherhood and mother Mary through object-lessons of the love of sainted parents. Ah, 'tis on Christmas eve, if ever, that the heart speaks

Backward, turn backward O Time in your flight Make me a child again just for to-night.

SISTERLY SPUNK.

Alberta and Saskatchewan have made their debut and we are no longer seven. They have at the very outset evinced a desire to speak for themselves, as the rural paper would say 'with no uncertain sound'. They have thereby shaken off the 'shackles' of a programme all the way from Toronto. Apart from other considerations it is better too that the new provinces start out under the sympathetic care of a federal executive similar in political stripe—better than to have them stepchildren in the happy facily. Keewatin is next on the list of the sub-arctic dependencies.

OBITUARY.



OSCAR OLIVIER.

We regret that owing to a mistake we neglected last month to announce the death of Oscar Olivier, a student of our classical course before the eventful fire of 1903. He was but in poor health when he left 'Varsity for the last time and continued to decline until finally he succumbed to tuberculosis early this autumn. To his bereaved sister and a long absent brother, we offer the heartfelt condolence of his classmates and comrades, the students of O. U.—Requiescat in Pace.

REV. ALBERT GAGNON.

In the death of the Rev. Albert Gagnon on Dec. 9th the Ottawa diocese loses one of its most brilliant young priests and the Ottawa University one of its most distinguished alumni. The deceased

priest is the son of Mr. J. Gagnon of Ottawa. He was born in Buckingham, P. Q. He made his classical course at the University, where despite his delicate constitution, he won the Aberdeen medal for general proficiency and received in turn the degrees of Bachelor of Philosophy, Licentiate of Philosophy and Bachelor of Arts.

His theological studies were made in the Diocesan seminary here after which he was ordained in May, 1899. During the six years of his sacred ministry he served as curate at Valleyfield, St. Bridget's, Ottawa, and Buckingham, and as pastor at Cantley and West Huntley, at which place he was immediately before his death.

IN MEMORIAM.

In prime of life he passed away, But who can say, in that brief space, He hath not meritsd the grace, The earnings of a longer day.

True worth is not defined by time 'Tis measured by our every deed. The flower surpasses far the weed, Tho living short it lives sublime.



Athletics.

On Saturday, Nov. 11, the hitherto unbeaten Toronto 'Varsity boys met the boys in Garnet and Grey on 'Varsity Oval. With the hope of the C. I. R. F. U. reversing its decision whereby our team would regain the coveted point, College supporters still saw a chance of the championship being landed in Ottawa, for in the event of our winning both games from Toronto we would be then tied with her for first place. However just the reverse happened and all fond anticipations were nipped in the bud when the blue and white were declared victors by a score of 19 to 5. This score appears large and while it may indicate the superiority of the victors, it certainly does not indicate the play. Toronto had a heavy team, just about half as heavy again as ours, and every one knew his place to perfection. What helped their team play more was the admirable manner with which they used signals. McGil and Queens had made attempts at this style of game but they counted for nothing. Toronto, however, proved quite efficier in them. On the other hand our boys played their best game. All during the afternoon there was not one poor play on either side The kicking and catching of our backs was of the first quality, our quarter worked as he never did before while the scrimmage and wings held their men and caused the Toronto men lots of trouble. In fact, for three-quarters of the time our men had the ball in Toronto territory but owing to the lack of weight they were unable to score. Toronto had the ball but little but when they did have it they could make good use of it by means of their combination, especially the "tandem play." The game was an ideal one from the spectator's standpoint but was marred considerably by the poor work of the officials. They may have had good intentions but they practically "let everything go on both sides" and the results from such a policy are not always the most gratifying.

The college team lined up as follows: Fullback, J. B. Mc-Donald; Halves, Gleeson, Joron, Durocher; Quarter, Johnson; Scrimmage, Brennan, Smith, Collin; Wings, A. S. McDonald, P. McHugh, Jones, Filiatreault, Costello and O'Neill.

More about the Protest.

In the last number of the Review mention was made of a point which had been taken from College and given to McGill. It was characterized in rather bitter terms and, we believe, we were justified in so doing. However, things have taken an unexpected turn since that time, and more, the game remains ours and Referee Dalton's decision has been allowed to stand. We are greatly indebted to Queen's for bringing this matter up for reconsideration for, although it did not better our chances any, it shows that Queen's had our interest at heart and that they are sportsmen in the true sense of the word.

As for the other teams who were interested in the first decision, we apologize in part for what we have said. Still we are of the opinion that had we been in the championship race at the time of the second reading, we would have hardly been awarded the point. For the sake of consistency McGill stood by her old decision while all the other teams, and they were all represented, voted for the maintenance of the referee's decision. This clearly shows that the Intercollegiate Union had seen its mistake and resolved to right the wrong. We are glad that the whole matter has been settled to the satisfaction of all and we hope that the time will never come again when the Intercollegiate Union Executive will allow the like to occur.

The meeting above mentioned was the semi-annual of the C. I. R. F. U. Besides general business and the discussion of the protest nothing was done save to elect an executive for the coming year-It was as follows:—

President-Dr. Etherington, Queen's.

First Vice-President-A. W. MacPherson, Toronto.

Second Vice-President—C. J. Jones, Ottawa.

Secretary-Treasurer-A. H. Beckwith, McGill.

Immediately following the meeting the annual Banquet of the Intercollegiate Union was held in the Place Viger Hotel. Every club was represented and both McGill and Queen's Football Teams were there.

TORONTO 20.—COLLEGE II.

The journey to Toronto being long and tedious the College team left Ottawa on Friday, November 17th. Many graduates and

alumni as well as several members of the Toronto team met them at the station on their arrival, The game completed the Intercollegiate series. College were determined as on the previous Saturday to break if possible Toronto's sweep of victory, but if they did not succeed in defeating the champions, the score 20 to 11 shows that greater efforts than in Ottawa had been put forth. Toronto was without the aid of Southam, but McPherson another star halfback took his place. The College lineup was the same as on the previous Saturday. The game was very open and would have been spectacular had it not been for the muffings of the backs of both teams, Durocher wrenched his knee in the first half and was substituted by Bawlf who played the best game on the field. The Toronto News says of him, "When Durocher retired he uncovered a substitute by the name of Bawlf who showed the form of a thoroughbred in a halfbreed race. He is built like a runner—thin, lanked and deep chested, but light. He has good legs, and when he got a chance boosted the ball like Hardisty. He is as quick as a flash. Once when Varsity's line broke through in a bunch on him he gyrated like a whirling dervish, finally getting the ball away from him in the midst of the melee as straight and as true as if he were kicking from practice." Gleeson who had been gaining ground for his team by long punting and runs around the ends, had to retire in the second half on account of a sprained ancle. College line was very strong and Varsity's famous tandem play seldom succeeded in gaining ground, the inside wings McHugh and McDonald being conspicuous in the breaking up of those plays. Filiatreault as usual did his share of the scoring by getting over the line for two touch-downs. Dr. Dalton was referee, and R. Britton of Kingston, umpire.

ALL HAIL! THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONS.

For the first time since its formation, the Intercollegiate Union boasts of the Canadian championship and Toronto 'Varsity Football team holds the title. They won the honor from the famous Rough Riders at Rosedale grounds by a score of 11 to 9. The result was everywhere a surprise except to those who saw both teams play. It was a case of science against weight and science won. It plainly shows that the Intercollegiate Union has at last awakened from its

lethargy, and has realized what it can do This is borne out by the fact that twelve of this year's champions played on 'Varsity last year and that team was then last on the list.

We congratulate Toronto 'Varsity on winning their well-deserved title which is augmented by the fact that they have not suffered a defeat. By winning the the Canadian championship Toronto has done more for College sport than they, perhaps, realized. They have shown that College ball is the superior, they have brought it to the front among Canadian unions, and they have started the Intercollegiate Union, on the high road to a magnificent and manifest future.

We therefore join with the College teams in congratulating Toronto 'Varsity. C.I.R.F.U. champions, and C.R.U. champions.

HOCKEY.

King Winter once more holds sway and the lines of sport have acceded to his demands. Football players have given way to puck-chasers and now it is all hockey.

A large rink has been built in front of the new Arts Building and skating is in order. Messrs. Johnson, Smith and Durocher are rink managers, and the grand knights of the pick and shovel are doing good work.

Our Senior Hockey team has been admitted to the City League and promises to give a good account of itself. Mr. J. George, as manager, is already set to work and he feels confident that he has the material.

Of Local Interest.

WEEKLY. DEBATES.

Cn Sunday, November 5th, the question "Resolved, that Sunday games are not detrimental to Sabbath observance," was discussed by Messrs. J. G. McNeil and G. Byrnes for the affirmative, and Messrs. M. Doyle and T. Callaghan for the negative. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

On the Sunday following, the question discussed was "Resolved that strikes are not justifiable." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs W. Veilleux and W. Grace, while Messrs. J. Marshall and

C. Bresnahan discussed the negative. The judges awarded the decision to the affirmative.

On the morning of Nov. 16 the members of the Debating Society assembled in the lecture hall to participate in a mock parliament in which Mr. James George fulfilled the office of Premier, while Mr. Veilleux led the Opposition. Mr. L. Leonard occupied the office of Speaker.

Shakespeare s "Coriolanus" is the title of a lecture delivered on Dec. 3rd by Mr. T. Marquis, B.A., a graduate of Queen's University. Mr. Marquis. who is at present editor of the Ottawa Free Press, takes a great interest in debating societies and especially the present Intercollegiate body. In connection with the lecture Mr. Marquis read many of the more prominent passages of the play, which added greatly to the interest of the entertainment. Subsequent to the lecture Mr. Sloan, seconded by Mr. Costello moved a vote of thanks, and a rousing V-A-R for the lecturer closed the entertainment. A few more such lectures will increase the popularity of the Society.

A new and much-needed feature has been added to the weekly debates. The Reverend Moderator recently proposed that at each debate a critic be appointed to point out all mistakes during the course of each discussion. The officers of the society have seen fit to adopt this suggestion and henceforth a fifth member will assist at each meeting.

At the regular meeting of the Scientific Society, the subject for discussion was "Patent Medicines," The lecturer of the evening Rev. J. A. Lajeunesse, M.A., pointed out the evil effects of such preparations, and referred to statistics illustrating the quantity of such concoctions consumed daily. A large audience attended, and a fine musical program added further interest to the lecture.

We have been favored by a visit from the provincial of the order the Rev. H. Tourangeau, O.M.I.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

Ottawa's representatives went down to defeate before the Queen's men in the second debate of the Inter-University series, on the evening of Tuesday, December 5th. Although beaten, they made a very creditable showing, and their opponents won on a narrow margin, as

was evidenced by the fact that it took the judges over half an hour to reach a decision. The debate was held in the Assembly Hall of the Normal School, and was attended by a large and appreciative audience.

The subject was "Resolved that free trade within the British Empire, with a high tariff wall against all other nations, is desirable." For the affirmative Messrs. C. J. Jones, '07. and J. E. McNeill, '07, of Ottawa University, presented several interesting and convincing arguments in favor of inter-imperial and inter-colonial free trade, while for the negative, Messrs. R. C. Jackson, '06, and D. A. McArthur, '08, of Queen's, argued with force and fluency, against the adoption of such a policy.

Mr. G. H. Perley, M.P., in announcing the decision arrived at between himself and the other two judges, said that it had been no easy matter to decide between the teams, but after having considered the merits of the arguments adduced, and their style and delivery, they had awarded the decision to Queen's. Before making the announcement, Mr. Perley paid a high compliment to the young men who had taken part in the debate, and warmly commended the Inter-University Debating Leagues for the training it gives the students in the art of public speaking. The other two judges were Messrs. M. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railways, and D. J. McDougall, M.P.P.

The University orchestra, under the leadership of Rev. Fr. Lajeunesse, rendered several excellent selections before and after the debate.

Mr. W. P. Derham, 'o6, presided. and in a very pleasing address set forth the aims of the league in which Ottawa is associated with Queen's, McGill. and Toronto. He referred to the ever increasing warmth of feeling among the students of the different Universities, and in particular to the cordial relations that exist between Queen's and Ottawa, both in athletics and in debates.

The announcement of the judges, while received with some disappointment by the local students, did not prevent them showing their good feeling for the visitors by giving them a rousing "Hobble! Gobble!"

The Army and Navy Journal announces the promotion of Rev. Francis P. Joyce of the Fourteenth Cavalry from second to first lieutenant. Father Joyce is chaplain of the Fourteenth and has just arrived from the Philippines with his regiment at San Francisco, where it will remain for some time before being assigned to permanent quarters. It is thought the regiment will be stationed at Fort Meyer, Washington. Father Joyce is a son of Joseph Joyce of West Genesee street, and he entered the army last April, receiving his appointment from President Roosevelt in person, "who," Father Joyce said at the time, "gave me a lecture as good as any bishop could give me." He sailed for the Philippines on May 8. His promotion is unusual for so short a service, but it is said that he has done much good for the men and that his work has been highly commended by the commander of the regiment.—Syracuse Sun.

Thursday, November 30th, American Thanksgiving day, the Washington Club held its annual elections. Vice-president Johnson occupied the chair in the enforced absence of Mr. Torsney now at Dunwoodie Seminary. The secretary Mr. Bushey read the minutes of the last meeting and the names of the new members admitted to the Club. In a few well chosen words Mr. Johnson pointed out the wider scope and the greater advantages of the Club in view of the increased membership and the consequent importance of the elections. On the Saturday following an informal reception was given to the new members. As the cheroots were being chipped, Mr. Dillon's rendition of "My Own United States" produced a train of thought that brought back the days of yore. The reverie was broken by Mr. Goetz in a comic song and smiles had their innings. Other songs by Messrs. Deahy and Hatch, readings Messrs. Frank Smith, McCarthy and Burns, piano selections by Messrs. Bresnahan and Hatch, and a clog-dance by Mr. Gallagher kept up the happy strain. In the banquet hall the usual toasts were given and answered. The evening was fittingly closed with the chorus singing

Among those present were Rev. Thomas Murphy and Rev. A. H. Kunz, curates of St. Joseph's Church.

The officers for this year are:—President, Frank Johnson, '08; Vice-President, Michael Sweeney, '09; Secretary, Leo Rock, '09; Treasurer, Frank Dillon, '09; Moderator, Rev. J. H. Hammersley. O.M.I., Lowell, Mass.

The Ingenous Undergrad.

I.

——Kansas, Oct. 25, '05.

Dear Father,

Well, we're back at college again, away out in this forlorn western place. It had been all arranged that we were to go to Fordham, but Angel's mother has an innate dread of New York fire engines, and that together with the fact that young Mr. Swellit was laid up in bed with a sprained ankle (of course he blamed the accident on us) determined our parents to send us out to this gay town. But we don't mind it very much, we could have fun at a funeral.

I have found another guide here in the person of Father Malachy Kelly, the secretary of the college. He's a real pippin from Pippinsville. He never squeals, so we can tell him everything, and ask his advice. Just think! this week he constituted us a committee of discipline. You see it was this way:—

There's a big four flush coming to college here; he lives out in the 'burg, and every time I look at him I feel my lunch hooks itch. His name is too hard for the bunch to pronounce, at any rate, so they call him "Handsome". He's one of these sweet little pink and white boys; he'd put you in mind of a box of dainty Parisian lingerie just opened. You're almost scared to touch him with your finger for fear you'll soil him. As a dresser, he'd make a bowery sport, or a Saratoga "bookie" look like a faded daisy. Is he loud? Well! I reckon! He wears a suit of clothes that isn't quite large enough to show all the pattern; and his tie! Well, Angel says he can hear it twice before he can see it. His socks remind one of a headlight on the Big Four, and his shoes look like an advertisement for gelatine, or a bottle of Heinze's Pickles-"one of the 57 varieties," you know. His tile is set at an angle of forty-five, he's got an overcoat that looks like an ad for E. & D. corsets and he struts around like O'Keefe used to do when trying a coon cakewalk. He combs his tow like John Drew and wears a Chauncey Depew collar. If you can shove up anything from the Za Za quarter of New York, that gets a look at him, the chips are yours.

But to come to the story: This "actually alive" thinks the girls in the 'burg are all dead on him—so they are, (in a horn). When he doffs his tile and does the stage bow, they give the hothouse smile, but when he's out of hearing he gets the wooden laugh. Now, although I haven't been allowed out much since I've come here, still, I've had my lamps turned full flare on this guy's capers and my tongue was hanging out all last week for a chance to show the gazabe that he ought to be in the fool-gallery. The chance came last Monday evening.

We were in our room doing a little work for Tuesday; that is: Spider was trying to make a squirt gun, Angel was fixing a sign for "Carrot" Connolly's back, and I was trying to fix my banjo. About eight o'clock Father Kelley dropped into the room for a chat, and we knew from the twinkle of his left eye that there was something doing. "Look here, you fellows," he said, after we had seated him comfortably in the only easy chair in the room, "which of you dropped that cat over Byrnes' transom last night?" I pointed to Spider, who grinned and tried to look innocent. "Well, Spider," he said, "you will have to be careful, or the rector will have you down to his room one of these days. Spider's face did a corpse act as he said, "Say father, you didn't squeal, did you?" "I was tempted to, but I didn't, and I won't if you fellows can do a little piece of business for me without bungling," laughed the pater, (we call him "pater"). "Well," said Spider, breathing easier, "if you didn't squeal, I guess we're safe—for no one else would suspect us. But what's the business? I'm game, if Foxey says 'yes'".

"Well," said Father Kelley taking a long pull from his smoke piece, "I've heard that our young friend 'Handsome' has been acting rather mean with some of the kidlets in the small yard, and, besides, he has been giving the professors no end of annoyance by his foppishness. He has hardly done anything for which we can discipline him officially, but he needs a lesson, and I think you are just the people to give him one. I guess I can trust you to use your own methods, but remember, no infraction of the rules, and above all don't bungle it. I have little fear on that score however, for you incorrigibles haven't been caught yet."

I kept my thinkworks busying pretty hard that night, and on

Tuesday morning laid a few pro sals between Angel and Spider which they allowed ought to pan out one hundred per cent.

I fixed it with Father Kelly, after breakfast so that the three of us were to get out on Tuesday evening until nine fifteen to distribute show cards for Saturday's match That afternoon, I think "Handsome" received a little perfumed note [in Angel's delicate lady's handwriting) reading thusly:

Dear Mr. A,-

Can you meet me at seven thirty this evening on the corner of of R— and C— streets? Pardon my boldness, I shall explain when we meet.

Your unknown friend,

BERYL.

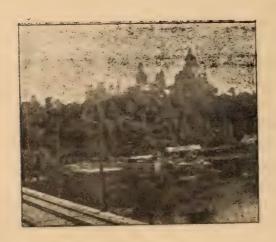
After supper, Spider and I helped to dress Angel (I never thought he'd make such a sweet young lady.) Then we took his share of the show cards and disappeared, while Angel went to keep the engagement.

About eight forty five, Father Flynn coming down R--street, (he had been purposely sent up by Father Kelly on a petty errand), espied "Handsome" and his fair Juliet on the corner of S-- street. He immediately gave chase and "Handsome," unchivalrous coward that he was, (so Angel calls him), fled; but the fair Juliet had speed to burn, and easily kept pace with him. Near the corner of Cstreet was a large pond, (it had been raining the night before), and when they had reached this I am quite certain that I saw the young lady put out her dainty, little? foot and trip him; (we were hiding behind a house at the corner). Well, "Handsome" went into the air, and after going through a series of somersaults and contortions that would make an East Side tumbler look like a January thaw, he landed broadside, splash, into the pond. In about a minute, the air was full of trouble—and a whole lot of other things. "Handsome" sputtered, and spit, and used language that I'd hate to put on paper; while Spider and I, from behind the house, flummixed him with mud, as fast as we could move our pump-handles. Angel too ran behind, tucked up his skirts and helped us. Say! "Handsome" was a picture! What didn't hit him splashed the muddy water all around him. We gave him the busiest three minntes of his life until Father Flynn hit the scene, and then we did a tin can start for the College as fast as our stilts could carry us. Ten minutes later, Angel's female duds were stowed in Father Kelly's room, and we were safely stowed in bed, and "Handsome"—well, I haven't heard yet, and I daren't ask. I'm too tired to write any more, so good-night.

Your old pupil,

FOXEY.

P.S.—I saw "Handsome" this morning; he looks as if he'd passed through a sausage machine. I'm sorry for spoiling that water. F.



A Whirlpool

of

Matches

MADE BY

EDDY

HEADLIGHT THE TONG STAR HEADLIGHT WAS SOON TO SOON THE SO

Be sure you ask for one of the above brands.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Star of Peace	145
LITERARY DEPARTMENT:	1
LITERARY DEPARTMENT:	
A Gaelic Poet of the Last Century	146
Life	159
"Good-bye, Sweet Day"	160
Characteristics of Bacon's Essays	164
Irish Airs and their Associations with Irish History	167
The Philosopher	171
Extracts from "A Pet's Story"	173
Books Worth Reading:	
Book Review	176
Among the Magazines	181
Exchanges	182
Science Notes:	· Walter of
Light	184
The Manufacture of Paper	187
Editorials:—	
New Year.—Niagara.—Mr. Wilfrid Ward	190
Athletics	193
0-1	
OF LOCAL INTEREST	105



No. 4

OTTAWA, ONT., January, 1906.

Vol. VIII

The Star of Peace.

BETWEEN the star of war and star of love
Is hung this earth, mixed scene of love and hate;
Sunlight and roses, cooing of the dove,
Tigers and snakes, and Lazarus at the gate.
O that the planet closer than the sun,
A silver fire at morn or close of day
Would in its circuit nearer to us run,
And rule our spirits with its heavenly sway!
Bright love, shine on us through the circling year,
Thy gentle influences on us send;
O'erpower the hate, the cruelty, the fear,
And Mars' dominion in our planet end.
So everywhere shall war's fierce raging cease,
And on the earth descend the reign of peace.

JUNIOR.

Literary Department.

A Gaelic Poet of the Last Century.

R. DOUGLAS HYDE, in collecting and editing the poems of Anthony Raftery, has placed the swelling ranks of the great movement of which he is head under another debt of gratitude. The results of his labor, which was not, as may be supposed, a light one, first appeared in the Dublin Weekly Freeman, some four years ago as a serial, to appear in book form shortly afterwards. The task undertaken by the President of the Gaelic Movement was indeed a difficult and intricate one, but its object made it for the ardent student and scholar one of love, for it rescued from oblivion a veritable poet, as well as an interesting figure of a period of which we are beginning to forget some picturesque features.

The poems thus collected and published were, most of them, scattered through various manuscripts. To get some It was necessary to take them down vivâ voce. Occasionally the search was not only trying but fruitless; and always there remained the delicate task of reconciling varieties of versions, as to which it may be said, at once, that the oral one was not infrequently found to be the most authentic.

That the collection is not complete, we are not, under the circumstances, suprised. The compiler thinks that not much more than half the poems have been gathered by him, but he assures his readers that he has included the best of Raftery's work. Indeed the wonder is that he has collected so many in view of the conditions just noted, of the vagrant character of the poet's life, and of the fact that he himself, not being able to use the pen, has left no written copy or record of his poems. Naturally, therefore, only the most popular of his productions had sung themselves, so to speak, into the memory of the people who had heard them from his lips, and who have transmitted them to a younger generation, for until Dr. Hyde's collection appeared scarcely any attempt had ever been made to publish them.

Then, there were not a few of the songs which became known only to the district in which they happened to be composed, and where they would be remembered for a time, and then forgotten. "But," as the compiler reminds us, "the old Irish proverb says, 'There be's a taste on a little."

In the preface to the collection, written by the editor in both Irish and English, there is one feature which can not fail to arouse the reader's interest. That is its style, which as far as the English side of the performance is concerned would suggest that it was the last written, and that therefore it is a translation from the older tongue. For who could, except from the mould of the latter fashion English into the idiom and structure of the version in that language of Dr. Hyde's Irish text. Here is a specimen, which is also a statement of the circumstances under which his attention was first called to the Connaught poet.

"I had risen out," he writes, "of a fine frosty day in winter; my little dog at heel and gun on shoulder, and it was not long I had gone until I heard the old man at the door of his cottage and he singing sweetly to himself:

"Anois ar dteact an earraig beid an la sinead Nois ar dteact na Feil Bridge 'sead togfad me ceol, O cuir me in mo ceann e ni stopfaid me coidce Go seasfaid me siar i lar Condae Muig-Eo.

* * *

Fagaim le h-udacta go ne'eirigeann mo croide-se Mo arduigtean an gaot no mar sgaptar an ceo Nuair smuainigim ar Cearra agus ar Balla taoib sios de Ar sgeatac a'mile, no ar Plainead Muig-Eo.''*

^{. *}This, as well as the other excerpts quoted in the present paper from the Irish text, is, in the absence of Irish type, necessarily given without the vowel-sound and aspirate marks which make the reading of Irish comparatively easy even for the beginner. For the same reason the consonants R. and S.—the only letters in the Irish alphabet which differ materially in form from the corresponding ones in the English,—are written like the latter.

The sense, but not the inimitable melody of these stanzas may be gathered from the following translation:—

"Now, on the coming of Spring, the day will be a-stretching,
Now, on the coming of Brigit's Eve, it is, that I shall raise
my music,

Since I took it into my head I shall never stop
Until I stand in the West in the midst of the county of Mayo!

* * *

I solemnly declare it, that my heart rises up,
Even as the wind is lifted, or as the mist is scattered,
When I think upon Carra and upon Balla to the North of it,
Upon the Bush of the Mile and upon the plains of Mayo."

The words thus sung held the appreciative listener in the spell of their sweet naturalness, and he asked the old man if he would teach him the song. "He taught it to me," continues Dr. Hyde, "and I went home, and with me a great part of 'The County Mayo' by heart." This popular lay, it should be explained, is also known under the title of "The Song of Killeadan." It was the first time that Dr. Hyde had heard it, and it was not until long afterwards that he learned who its author was. "I was another day," he tells in the quaint though pleasant style of the English version of his Irish-written preface, "fifteen years after this, handling and poking amongst the old Irish MSS. that are in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin, and what should I meet there but a manuscript book in which were some of Raferty's poems, and amongst them my old friend 'County Mayo,' and it was then that I learned that Raferty was its author, and that many another sweet song he had composed as well as it."

Still later whilst taking a walk near Blackrock, Dublin, he was accosted by a blind man begging alms; and after giving a dole and proceeding a few paces, it occurred to him that the mendicant "had the face and mouth of an Irish speaker on him," and turning back, he spoke to the old man in Irsh and was answered "with melody and taste in the same language," and thereupon ensued an interesting conversation, in the course of which Dr. Hyde ascertained much respecting Raftery from this chance acquaintance who happened to

be a Galwegian. At his suggestion when he next visited the capital of Connaught, Dr. Hyde made some enquiries in the vicinity of Raftery's labors. Here he found that somebody in the neighborhood had a manuscript copy of his poems, but further quest of this only elicited the information that it had been taken to America; a like failure resulted with respect to his search for another volume in the same district. Lady Gregory, however, was more fortunate in her efforts, of which we have the fruit in her admirable appreciation of Raftery in her book (" Poets and Dreamers"). She found a manuscript which had been in the possession of an old stonecutter. "This book," observes Dr. Hyde, "was written very well in Irish characters by some nameless person, apparently about fifty years ago. She got a loan of the book and lent it to me, and and I copied out of it seventeen songs. After that I went to look for the book I had seen in the Academy more than ten years before. I first went to the index of the MSS. in the Academy, but there was not even the name of Raftery in the index of the Irish books there, nor was the first line of any of his poems to be found amongst the index of first lines. I spent the two days from morning till night going through the books before I found it. There are more than twenty poems by Raftery in this MS., which is well written, in Irish characters, in an old man's handwriting, a doctor's, perhaps, for I found this line written on one of the leaves:

"Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram,"

and there is a picture of Raftery's head drawn in a rough and ready way, with pen and ink, upon another page, and a couple of words in English underneath, giving the date of his death,"

The rest of the collection was obtained from various sources: eight poems from Owen O'Neachtain of Galway; five others from Father Clement O'Looney, Loughrea, who had written them down many years before from the lips of an old man. As to the rest the compiler obtained a poem here and a poem there from manuscript or from the mouth of some person with a retentive memory. Thus he wrote down from the dictation of Thomas Hynes, Kiltartan (a relative, by the way, of the comely subject of it) the song of "Mary Hynes"; also the most of "Raftery and the Death," was gathered in this way from the same man. "County Mayo" reached the col-

lection through the medium of a herd possessed of a tenacious memory, and brought up in the townland in which its author was born and had spent his childhood. The greater part of "Anach Cuain" was obtained through a friend who had heard it from an old woman who lived in Anach Cuain itself; and so on, piece by piece, the best of the material wherewith was wrought the mantle of Raftery's muse came to light in Dr. Hyde's thorough and discerning quest, and finds permanent form in his interesting volume.

The range of our poet appears to have been an extensive and versatile one, comprehending the gamut of human feeling and swaying between the depths of passion and the laughing shallows of reckless humour,—sentimental and satirical by turns with a tendency as youth and its buoyancy vanished, to be didatic and occasionally sombre.

A few facts as to his life. He was born in the year 1784, near Kiltimagh, in the County of Mayo. The site on which stood the small cottage in which the poet was born was shown to Dr. Hyde on the occasion of a recent visit to the locality, "which," according to the latter, "is one of the places most frequented by fairies or sheehogues of all that are in that country." When about nine years of age he lost his sight as a result of smallpox. Shortly afterwards he began to learn the violin, evidently intending to make it a means of livelihood, his parents being unable to provide for him, but as a musician he appears to have gained only an indifferent reputation, and used what skill of the instrument he acquired as merely subsidiary to verse-making and better calculated to procure the wherewithal for the bare necessaries of life. For some reason, not recorded, he left his native village, migrating to the adjoining county of Galway. Here he spent the greater part of his life, wandering from one end of the county to the other, and depending for subsistence on his songs and music.

As contemporaries of Raftery, Connaught had, we are told, three or four poets such as Sweeney and Barrett, in the county of of Mayo, whom some of the old people considered superior to him. But as most of their poems are lost and as they were themselves men of education and means, it would not be fair to make a comparison between such scholarly men and Raftery, who, blind from his childhood and deprived of education, was a poor wanderer all his

days. And yet Raftery's work has left a deeper mark than theirs. Besides, this blind poet was a power in the land that counted for much in dark and evil days. He taught the people among whom he moved how best to resist injustice, especially in the case of that iniquitous exaction known as *tithes*, and in doing this he showed a soundness of judgment that appealed powerfully to those he addressed.

Raftery's muse, though doubtless chastened thereby, yet suffered because of the rigor and narrowness of his fortunes, Not the least famous of his songs were composed in praise of his patrons, and he had to please these people. Others were due to a monetary resentment against their enemies or rivals or against his own; thus we have many specimens of the satire or aer from him—short, pungent, personal, In the known collection of his poems, he has left some religious and didactic pieces of considerable length, which show remarkable knowledge of the subjects with which they treat, when one considers the educational limitations of their author. As to the historic side of his productions, his "Story of the Bush" is pronounced by competent authority to be a concise and intelligible history of Ireland. It won great popularity through the county of Galway, and possibly beyond it, diffusing, as it did, a knowledge of the history of the country which perhaps no other means could so well do in view of the dearth of education during that period. For in those comparatively distant days acquaintance with the history of Ireland, so far as the bulk of the population were concerned, was acquired, mainly, from the word-of-mouth narration of old peoble, One can, therefore, form some idea of the service rendered by a man like Raftery, who spoke and used the old tongue with, it is said, unrivalled skill and put the facts that his marvellous memory had conserved into apt and effective metre. To what extent his natural talents were helped by education we are left in doubt, because of the lack of trustworthy information on the point. As has already been implied in the present paper, he was, as we understand the term education, at the present day, practically uneducated. There is, however, a legend to the effect that an uncle, who was a schoolmaster, had imparted to him such instruction as was possible to one who was deprived of the priceless sense of sight and who, therefore, could only sit and listen to the lessons taught to the other pupils of

a small village school. However this may be, his thirst for knowledge appears to have been insatiable.

Physically, Raftery was a sturdy man,—short of stature and compactly built. He used to boast that he never wrestled with a man whom he could not throw. Although blind, he knew the roads over which he travelled thoroughly. There are stories still extant of his marvellous sense of locality that verge upon the incredible.

That there were faults and shortcomings goes without saying, when one recalls the sort of a life he led,—that of a wandering minstrel among people who both loved and feared him, -loved, because of his genial qualities and intellectual gifts, feared because of his caustic tongue and biting sarcasm. In his poem "Repentance," he says with a sort of grim complacency, which sounds strange in such a connection, that he was not half as bad as many about him. His moral lapses were possibly due, in large measure, at any rate, to the conviviality induced by the sort of a life he led. We are told, however, that he was a man of sense, as well as of piety, and that the last seven years of his life were spent in the composition of religious poems, in prayer and in a deepening realization of death. The accounts of his own passing differ in details. Of several referred to by Dr. Hyde most reliance is placed on that furnished by Lady Gregory, which she received from a man in whose father's house Raftery died and who, as a boy, was present at the occurrence. This informant states that the bard had taken ill in Galway, and that when he had apparently recovered he resumed his wandering life through the country places in order to gather a little money, but that he was struck down again. This was at Killenin in the southwestern part of the county. For a fortnight he was confined to bed, and then the priest was sent for, and the last rites administered. "My mother," says this narrator of the last scene, "wished to send for his wife and his son, who were in Galway, that they might come to take better care of him, but he would not let them do it. It seems to me he thought they had not done too well by him. I heard a story that the priest refused to give him absolution, and he dying, unless he would forgive some enemy he had, and that he said, 'I forgave him with my mouth, I did not forgive him with my heart,' but there was not a word of truth in it. But there was a carpenter living down there on the road whom Raftery had insulted one time,

This carpenter was a sort of poet and he had a fine voice singing a song, and he came out and broke Raftery's fiddle. And it's well I I remember when he was dying that the priest brought in this carpenter, and he made them forgive each other and shake each other's hands." The account of the funeral, given by a neighbor of the last informant, is interesting. "It was on Christmas Eve he died," goes on this account, 'and that's a sign that he was blessed. There be's a blessing on the people who die at Christmas. It was at night he was buried, for no work would be done on Christmas Day; but my father and a few of the other neighbours gathered a trifle of money to buy a coffin for him, and it was made by a man in the village on St. Stephen's Day, and it was brought here and the people of the village followed it, for they all had a love and respect for Raftery. But when they got here the night was falling, and when they were digging the grave there was a big stone before them in it, and they were not able to lift it, and the boys thought they would bring him into the barn and take the night out of him (meaning, of course, to have a wake). But my mother—God have mercy on her had a great respect for Raftery, and she sent out two mould candles lit, to give us light. Every woman used to have her own mould at that time, and they used to make their own candles against the Christmas. We held the lighted candles over the grave, which was near the gable of the church, to give us light, and my brother went down into the grave and raised up the stone and we buried him then. There was a good breeze of wind out that same time, but it did not quench the candles, and I don't think it even stirred the flame itself, and that shows that the Lord had a hand in him."

Thus in the year 1835 and at the comparatively early age of 51 passed from this mortal scene one of Nature's own poets, and a master of the Irish tongue. Two generations had rolled over his unmarked grave and his name had all but been buried in oblivion, when as a result of the Gaelic awakening in the quiet countrysides his memory was revived and fame established. This was largely due to the thoughtful act of a noble and gifted woman. At an early age of that literary awakening, Lady Gregory's attention was attracted to certain of Raftery's songs as she heard them sung by the peasantry in her part of the county of Galway. The fruit of the researches and study induced by this interest in an almost forgotten

poet is that charming appreciation to be found in her "Poets and Dreamers," one of the classics of the Gaelic movement, To her kindly interest, moreover, was due the erection in August, 1900, of a suitable headstone bearing an inscription in the old tongue, to mark the grave of the people's poet.

As for Raftery the man, it is but fair to remember in our estimate of him that, besides the irreparable infliction—loss of sight from which since childhood he had suffered, his life was a nomadic one, and he more than once felt the touch of want. Circumstances, as well as temperament, had made him a strolling minstrel and musician. It is questionable indeed whether he would, under such conditions, ever have contented himself to live in any one place, however comfortable domicile there might have been made for him. This proclivity to wander betraying a spirit of vagabondage possibly explains why, when on his deathbed, neither his wife nor son (apparently the only members of his immediate family living) visited him, also why it was said of them that they had not done too well by him. His domestic life does not seem to have been a happy one. Perhaps there were faults on both sides, yet the fact remains that he had no settled residence, but wandered hither and thither, a veritable embodiment of the seagraun.

It is an odd personality, yet a picturesque figure, that Lady Gregory and Dr. Hyde have presented in their separate sketches of Raferty. The careful reader can readily fancy the itinerant bard wnose best work, as well as personality, these indefatigable workers in Irish literature have brought to the surface, thus rescuing from oblivion, perhaps, the last of the genuine bards that the past century has carried unto us from an age already becoming, as far as tradition and oral legend are concerned, dim with the shadows of fading memories. Although Raftery lived until Catholic Emancipation had come and a few years after that event, he was nevertheless a child of the Penal Period, and his impressions and view of life were necessarily more or less affected by its influence. However that may be he remained throughout fervently attached to the Church of his fathers. 'When it was first mooted that the Government were about to found a system of national education for Ireland, he advised the people to have nothing to do with the scheme, which, according to

Dr. Hyde, has in practice contradicted its alleged attributes of national.

We can imagine, then, the effect upon his fellows of such a one as Raftery dropping in, say, of a winter night at a Connaught fireside, taking without question and with a ceud mile failte, the place of honor there, and reciting his poems to an eager and expectant audience, supplementing, if not accompanying, them on his violin, He was, not unlikely, the only one who at that day could tell them aught of what was going on in the world outside of their restricted environment, for the vogue of the now universal newspaper had not yet arrived in remote districts; and his reputation as a poet, which to his average hearer was tantamount to that of an oracle, gave special weight to what he said. That he had influence with those among whom he spent his days, and that on the whole he exercised it wisely, goes without saying. Proverbs are yet current among the peasantry of the county of Galway which owe their racy pith, as well as their popularity, to the felicity of his language or the pungency of his humor. Many a quip and apothegm prefixed by the formula, "as Raftery says," as the present writer heard in that part of the world, the speaker quoting has if from an oracle.

His merits as a poet can be fairly judged only by the medium in which his muse found expression—the Gaelic language and its laws of metrical composition. So far as the first of these tests goes, there is authority for the statement that the purity and aptness of Raftery's diction, and the idiomatic structure of his lines, stand almost unrivalled among the recognized masters of modern Irish. The place he occupies in that connection may be judged by the fact that in the suggestions recently made for the establishment of an Academy of the Irish Language his poems are prominently mentioned among the literary standards to be adopted. Whilst making due allowance for the adulation of a simple peasantry there is doubtless something in what a countryman once told Dr. Hyde on the subject: "Raftery was an inspired man, and that's all about it, and every word of it correct, just as if it was coming out of a dictionary."

As to his work as a poet, the first outstanding characteristic is the simplicity and directness of his style. He spoke from the heart naturally and freely. This quality distinguishes him from his rather pedantic contemporaries. "There is no comparison at

all," writes Dr. Hyde, "to be drawn between Raftery, as a poet, and a man like Owen Roe O'Sullivan or the Munster poets who lived a hundred years ago. They were learned men. Masters of the Irish language, old and new, were they. They had a vocabulary of their own, but it was not a too natural one. It was melody they sought for and melody they found. But they took away too often from the sense to add to their melody. My Raftery never sought out melody at all. He is not without it; but he never went hunting for it. He never used a 'cramp' or hard word in order to increase the melliflousness of his verses. He spoke out the thing that was in his heart, simply and directly, in his own words; but for all that I am mistaken if even a Munster man would not understand him to-day better than he would understand Owen Roe."

Some peculiarities of Irish metre are illustrated in Raftery's verse, as to which his editor has this to say: -- "He who is not accustomed to the poetry of the Gaels will not see or understand the melody and music of this poem ('Lament for Thomas O'Daly,' a famous Connaught piper and contemporary of Raftery's). The English speaker will not understand it at all, for the poetry of the Gaels is altogether different from the poetry of the English. Every boy in Ireland," Dr. Hyde enjoins, "ought to have a knowledge of the two sorts of poetry, but, alas, they have not; and the miserable schools we have do not teach the people an iota about their own literature. For this reason I ask the reader to observe how the stress of the voice falls eight times, at regular intervals, in the first verse, upon the letter A, and I print it large to make the reader understand it after a more intelligible manner." He goes on to explain that the same peculiarity occurs in the tourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh verses of the elegy taken for illustration; that the accent falls eight times npon the letter U in the third verse, and eight times upon the letter E in the last one. Space will permit of only one verse,—the first,—for illustration, and Dr. Hyde's translation of the same stanza. In both the original and translated forms the accent is indicated by a capital letter (A) in each case.

"Is a e Tomas O DAlaig
D'fag fAn agus sgap ar aois oig,
A's o d'imir an bAs air,
Na grAsa go dtugaid Dia do.

Ta an tir seo ar fad crAidte, Ag sior-trAct air, o d'eagar btear-spoirt, Do bearfad an bAire As gac ceArda le breagta a cuid ceoil."

Dr. Hyde's version of the above is as follows:—

"It is Thomas O'DAly

Left Aching in young hearts and old,
And since death has waylAid him,
May the grAces of God be his fold.

This country is Ailing,
BewAiling that fingers of gold

Which made music like Angels,
Should be lAid in the clay and the cold."

That Raftery could also use the English metrical forms and use them cleverly is abundantly evident. Take, for example, that instant and pathetic reply of his to a stranger who had happened to hear him playing and had asked aloud, "Who is the Musician?" It consists of three simple verses in a readily recognised English metre. Here is the first stanza, with Dr. Hyde s English of the same:—

- " Mise Raitteri an file, Lan docas agus grad, Le suilib gan solus Le ciunas gan crad."
- "I am Raftery the poet,
 Full of hope and love,
 With eyes that have no light,
 With gentleness that has no misery."

The felicities of expression, the subtile poetical touch, that indefinable something without which verse is a meaningless jumble of rhyme, the noble use of simple things, the haunting melody of a single line or of a phrase, that union of thought, rhythm, and diction which is the unerring note of "the vision and faculty divine,"—these at his best may be found in this blind poet whom practically a lifelong affliction had deprived of the use of the pen. "Observe," says his appreciative and capable editor "how finely he shapes a word, forge of gold for the mint where the gold pieces are struck, and

words like 'tables a-speckling, i.e., backgammon being played, and 'ivery dice' and a 'calling of the school' and the 'Land of the Fail (i.e. Ireland), and how he brings in names like 'The Hill of Slaughter' (an Ossianic poem), Conlaoch (Cuchulain's son, celebrated in an Irish epic), &c., out of the old literature that was at that time in the month of everyone."

He is free from the mythological jargon so popular with the writers of Anglo-Irish balads, such as "The Colleen Rhue," to quote an example familiar to most readers.

"Are you Aurora or the Goddess Flora, Eutherpasia or fair Vanus bright?"

His love songs, "Brigdin Veasaig," "Mary Hynes," "Nansaid Breathnac," to mention the most widely known, are among those expressions of lyric poetry that live as long as the memory to which they have been committed.

In the tribute, already noticed, to Thomas O'Daly, there are some not easily forgotten touches which even survive the strain of translation, as this, in reference to his dead friend's art, "On the tops of whose fingers lay the pleasantry", and this recalling of the kindliness of his features, "Fairer were his two grey eyes than the dew of the morning on the top of the grass."

"AN T—Atair Uilliam" (a pcem addressed to Father William Delaney who had often befriended Rattery) contains a line likely to recur to one long after he has read it. The poet in praising the priest for hospitable and generous treatment, gives such an explanation of its mainspring as must captivate the mind having any pride of ancestry (and what Celt has not?). The line runs,

"'S ni leanann se act nos a daoine" (i.e., literally, In this he but follows the way of his people). The charm of this, which must be admitted to lie in its subtle appeal to a treasured past, is really lost in the familiar Anglo-Irish rendering, "'Twas the way of the old Delaneys."

The note of true poetry can be found in Raftery in more ways than are here set down. But perhaps enough has been said to carry out the object of this rambling paper,—that is, excite curiosity as to the work of a genuine poet.

E. P. STANTON.

LIFE.



GLIMPSE of light
Ineffable from the empyrean far:
The grace and glory of a new born star
Leading to Bethlehems where Edens are
Fresh from Heaven's height.

A rose of spring
Enfolding in its heart's exquisite bloom
The essence of the world's most rare perfume,
The pearl of love, the gold of hope, pride's plume,
When youth is king.

The golden grain

Scattered by hand divine on fertile ground;

Anon, by glorious harvest fitly crowned,

Or, haply, on perilous wayside found,

A gift in vain.

A wind harp, wild,
Responding with impassioned thrilling tone
To every breeze by joy or sorrow blown,
In music blithesome, or despair's deep groan,
Emotion's child.

The tempest's strife,

Darkness and tears through all the troubled air,

The thunders of God's anger,—penance—prayers

The splendor of a sunset calm and fair—

And this is life.

CAMEO.

"Good=bye, Sweet Day."



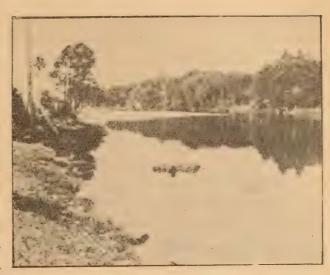
The train that bore us homeward after our holiday trip seemed fairly to crawl, so great was our impatience to be once again in our own dear city, made dearer still by absence. Even the wild beauty of the mountains we had just left was forgotten when, through the window of our car, we caught the first faint

glimpse of the delicate purple hills we loved best of all. Ottawa had looked so enticing in its summer loveliness that it was almost with regret we made our yearly concession to custom and had departed for other scenes. Monotony may be the rust of experience, but our city's growing charms seemed to us very far from the point of becoming monotonous, and to find fairer scenes elsewhere—well, we were rather sceptical. However, absence makes the heart grow fonder of the other fellow, and we thought we'd try what it would do for us. The best part of a journey comes in on the home-stretch, and how are you ever going to experience the joy of the prodigal if you don't wander a little from your own fireside, or your own flower-plots, if it happen to be summer?

A holiday resort of idyllic loveliness charmed us for a while, but a warning chill in the air and the sight of crimsoning leaves brought our visit to a close and caused us to turn our steps whither our thought readily preceded us—homewards. Imagine our surprise and joy to find Ottawa on this late September day of our return almost as fresh and green as on the day we bade a reluctant adieu weeks before! It might have been June but for the mellowness in the air suggestive of a richer season, and here and there a gold or crimson leaf to tell that the great and solemn mystery of the year was working. The law of compensation never fails. Spring had come and gone before we were sure enough of its presence to write

it even a sonnet, but autumn, more beautiful still and far more us, stretched out over wee of glorious sunshine, lingered with us till life itself became a sonnet and the world about us a picture gallery hung with inimitable tapest.ies.

And so we, who had come back with every good intention of settling



down to work, found ourselves embarked on another holiday, for who could resist the fascination of such weather? It was so long since we had seen Rockcliff, that paradise on the banks of the Ottawa for children of all ages, for one must be a child to know heaven even on earth. One ideal October day, whose fragrant memory no east wind can ever dissipate, was chosen for the revisiting of that favorite spot. How good it felt to breathe in once again the odor of those dear pines! We wondered, in the excess of our joy, if earth held any sorrow those pines could not soothe. That was extravagant, of course, and yet how potent they are to chase away the blues, and who knows if the blues are not the root of all evil? Like happy children that we were, we followed again the old familiar pathways beneath those pines or traced new ones deeper into the heart of them. Nature's hand had slowly but steadily done a wonderful transformation within these sylvan depths, and as we noted the pale, delicate greens, the touches of gold and crimson on the elms and maples and beeches, the effect of those lovely colors against the clear blue of the sky or the darkness of the evergreens, we longed for the pen of a poet or the prush of an artist, whoever else might sigh for the wings of a dove.

How inviting the river looked there below, as now and again we caught a glimpse of it through the green tracery of the leaves! By and by its invitation became emphatic and we followed down the rocky pathway that leads to its banks. How peaceful it looked and

calm, stirred only by the motion of the many boats upon its waters. Soon our little skiff was launched and we joined the happy number of those already revelling in the perfect beauty of the day. Sometimes rowing, but oftener still simply drifting dreamily with the current, we surrendered to the spell of that beauty, forgetful of time and place until at last the deepening shadows recalled us to reality. Would that the poet had his prayer, and day might never "end in night"; but so it must ever be on this side of the veil where pleasure fleets and shadows are forever falling. As we rowed homeward the sun was setting behind the church spire of Gatineau Point in a sea of crimson; above Rockcliff bluff the moon was rising in silver majesty, and the waters all about us looked like liquid jewels

from the mingled reflections of sunset and moonrise. The boy was waiting to draw up the skiff, a car was in readiness to take us home, and so we silently said



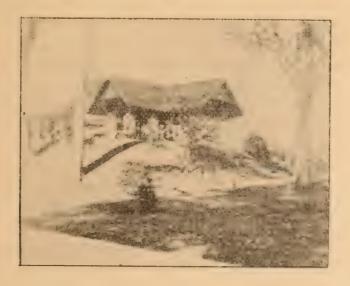
"good-bye"
to our favorite summer haunt,
till the violet
and the daisy lift their
delicate
heads once
more beneath the
shadow of
its stately
pines.

The Government Driveway never looked more charming than on the bright sunny morning we paid it a visit after weeks of absence. On this occasion it was our happy privilege to exhibit its many beauties and attractions to admiring strangers. The residence of His Excellency the Papal Delegate, it, too, was carefully pointed out as one of the attractions, and much admired. And the rustic summer-house! how proudly we exhibited its wondrous artistic design and skilful workmanship. In stifling summer days, what joy it was to leave the noise and dust and glare of the city and wander here among the cool, shaded paths or rest within those pretty rustic houses and feast our tired eyes on the welcome vision of green without, green everywhere, depths upon depths of green!

The big cars looked deserted, so did Britannia-on-the-Bay. Gone were the singers and the players and the funny people who kept the auditorium filled in the good old summer time. Gone were the children—most of them—who filled the air with the music of their merry voices. The flowers were almost faded—sic semper transeunt all things. But the day was beautiful and warm enough for us to sit out on the pier and watch the white sails that dotted the waters of the bay. And as we watched, the brief day drew to a close and those waters became empurpled with the gorgeous tints Nature loves to revel in when she paints an autumn sunset. Then we left.

And Strathcona Park, you little jewel, have we left you to the last? Well, just because you came to us last, you know, but we hardly think we'll love you least. May you live long and prosper and be worthy of your name! Although "the melancholy days" had almost come when we made your acquaintance, yet we anticipate many pleasant hours for he uture beneath the protecting folds of the flag upon your summer-house. A happy choice for such a retreat, where the low murmuring music of the Rideau may soothe our spirits ruffled by worldly cares, and sing to our listening ears a song of peace on its way to the sea.

A. Bug.



Characteristics of Bacon's Essays.

HE most brilliant Englishman who survived Shakespeare was Francis Bacon. He stood, as Ben Jonson put it, "the mark and acme of our language," yet with all his intuition he failed to recognize the trend of the times. He desired an immortality of readers, but he thought that books written in his native tongue could never be "citizens of world," and thus by a futile disregard of his own language he robbed English literature of a great part of its heritage.

It is very strange and indeed sad to think that his Latin works, in literature, philosophy and science, those on which he rested his fame, the books which were to "last as long as books shall last," are now unknown except by a few scholars and that it is the despised "Advancement of Learning" and the "English Essays" which will sustain his reputation as a "master of words" as long as the English tongue endures. Disbelieving in the permanance of the language of Shakespeare, Bacon did not aim at an excellence of English literary style. He continually protested against the "Pygmalion frenzy" of devotion to words. In his estimation it was a snare quite as often as a help, and lordly conscious of his peculiar greatness, he gained the palm of style the more easily because he was indifferent to it.

Abounding in intellectual vitality he desired that his prose should be clear, masculine and apt, and these adjectives may in general be applied to the Essays. The influence of the wonderful age, the fascination exercised by the study of human character shows itself almost as vividly in these philosophic productions as in the drama of Shakespeare.

The first book of Essays was published in 1597 and the completed edition in 1612, "Certain brief notes set down rather significantly than curiously," Bacon himself says of them. The title "Essays" may have been borrowed from Montagu, but the thing itself dates back to Seneca, "whose epistles to Lucilius, if we mark them well, are but essays, that is, dispersed meditations though conveyed in the form of epistles." In the first edition often the subjects are of a simple nature,—Discourse, Studies, Expense, Faction,—

such as do not admit of rhetorical style but more of apt and homely illustration. The astuteness and conciseness of form and matter is very noticeable. The second edition is on a higher level, the theme loftier, and the language more elevated; there is evidence of greater care. The third volume Bacon deemed worthy of being translated into Latin.

None of the Essays attempt anything like a grandiloquent style; they avoid both formal introduction and elaborate close. The opening is often an abrupt maxim or metaphor. "I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue." "Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished." Such phrases are to the whole as the essay to the more pretentious productions. They are the skeins or bottoms of thread which may be unwinded at large when they are wanted." In general they are almost all too short, often mere notes or headings for chapters. The essay on Friendship is one of the few exceptions.

The Essays are not mere "fancies," but on the contrary they are the outcome of the author's observances of everyday life. Full of pithy metaphors and trite maxims, "they come home to men's business and bosoms." They portray the actual rather than the ideal man and endeavor to set up rules of conduct as a guidance towards perfection.

Virtue is enthroned in the highest place. "Goodness of all virtues and dignities of the mind is the greatest, being the character of its Deity, and without it a man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin." But human nature is corrupt and not always favorable to the free exercise of virtue. Most people "understand not many excellent virtues: the lowest virtues draw praise from them; the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration, but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all." Throughout a great number of the Essays there runs this under-current of contempt for mankind.

A knowledge of evil is a safeguard against it. The practical man rises to a place of eminence among his fellows by knowing and taking advantage of their imperfections. Unlike Machiavelli, Bacon does not sanction an indiscriminate use of evil for the advancement of one's fortune but he leans that way. "If you would work a man you must either know his nature and fashions and so work him; or

his ends and so win him; or his weaknesses or disadvantages and so awe him; or those that have interest in him and so govern him." And again in the essays on "Dissimulation and Falsehood," "Certainly the ablest men that ever were have all had an openness and frankness of dealing and a name of certainty and veracity. But then they were like horses, well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop and turn."

Religion is seldom touched upon in the Essays but an important place is assigned it in "De Augmentis" and "Advancement of Learning, "A sharp line of distinction is drawn between matters of revealed religion and matters of science.

Friendship in Bacon's opinion is one of God's greatest gifts. It is far superior to love or to the ties of family affection and to a powerful influence in the bettering of mankind. "I have given the rule where a man cannot fitly play his own part, if he have not a friend he may quit the stage."

They contain also some very good ideas on the polltical questions of the day. Rules for external and internal government are laid down but they are chiefly from the point of view of the King, "Primum Mobile." Able statesman though Bacon was, yet in those days of Tudor and Stuart despotism he looked with genuine dread upon the prospect of an administration conducted by a mass of plebian legislators.

Few men have shown greater adaptability of style. It varies cleverly to suit the slightest change in circumstance or purpose. He had an early tendency to spangle his speech but he gradually succeeded in overcoming this and, avoiding uncommon words and phrases became as he wished "more current in the style." Largeness of vocabulary, a free daring spirit and aptness of illustration are characteristic features of all his work.

It is not however the strength and condensation of thought or the happiness and fecundity of expression which constitute the real merit of the essays. It lies in the power which they apply to human life; they imprint on the memory a number of good practical thoughts and revealing at the same time the author's train of reasoning, they stimulate the reader to follow in the lead of the master mind: "To use his own expression his words are male by which he meant not impotently ornamental, but generative of such thoughts as are potent to produce action. As long as infirm human nature remains what it is, few Englishmen will fail to learn something about their infirmities from the Essays and to rise from their perusal with a quickened contempt for an objectless existence and for those who having an object do not go straight towards it."

Irish Airs and their Associations with Irish History.

(Read before the Gaelic Society.)

HE title of this paper indicates its scope; the old melodies of Ireland have helped to make history on more than one occasion; it is these striking historical episodes and the relation which the old airs in question, many of them now forgotten, bore to them that I desire to illustrate.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

On May 11th, 1745, France triumphed decisively at Fontenoy; she owed her victory entirely to the genius and valor of the Irish regiments in her service. As the broken and routed remnants of Cumberland's army escaped from the field, they heard the pipers of the Brigade play a tune with which after events were destined to make them more familiar. This air passed over to Scotland during the Jacobite rising, and so popular did it become among the adherents of the Stuart cause that they made it their chief rallying-tune. This fact gave rise to the supposition that it originated among the compatriots of Burns; such, however, is not the case. "The White Cockade" is a very old Irish air, to which an Irish song was written during the Williamite period by Maurice Mac David Duff Fitzgerald, a name sufficiently Hibernian in itself to dispel all doubts. He styled his composition "An Cnotadh Ban," in reference to the cockades or topknots of white ribbon which the Irish soldiers of James II. wore affixed to their three-cornered hats. White was the Borbon color; and it was adopted by the last Stuart King, in compliment to his ally, Louis XIV.

It was probably of the poet Fitzgerald's version that J. J. Callanan made the metrical translation included in his published works. The original song is best known, however, through its stirring Scotch variants. Their choruses bear, in most cases, a close resemblance to that of "Siùbhail a-Rûin," also a Brigade ballad, and, as such, introduced by the late Robert Louis Stevenson into his novel "The Master of Ballantrae."

Airs of the Confederate Period.

Now, let us hearken back to 1641—to the period when Confederate and Covenanter were grappled in a death-struggle—a struggle that was only to end with the appearance of Cromwell on the stage of Irish history. We find the northern pipers at Benburb playing "Planxty Sudley," an air which Moore's genius immortalized in after times by his spirited word-setting, "O the Sight Entrancing." They seem to have played it to some purpose, too, for, of the 8,000 Puritans who confronted Owen Roe that day more than 3,000 went down before the onset that followed. Monroe, their general, left behind him his hat and wig, so hurried was his flight from the field of battle; they were afterwards found, and a facetious Ulsterman exhibited them on the point of his pike to his admiring companions as trophies of the victory.

The glories of Benburb were soon obscured. Two years later, the now sadly divided and disunited Confederates vainly struggled to make headway against the overwhelming forces of the Puritan generals in the south. At Knocknanoss, or Shrub Hill, near Mallow, on the borders of Cork and Tipperary, "Murrough the Burner" (as the then Lord Inchiquin is still known in popular tradition) routed. a greatly inferior Confederate force commanded by Lord Taafe. The victor spared neither man, woman nor child, on the warpath; and, as he had out-Cromwelled Cromwell at Cashel a short time previously, so on this occasion he stained his victory with massacre. The gallant Sir Allaster McColl Keitache MacDonnell (known to readers of Scottish history as Coltkitto) was barbarously assassinated by his orders while parleying with an officer. The Irish reverently interred the fallen hero in the ancestral tomb of the O'Callaghans in County Cork; and their pipers composed over his body a wild and spirited pibroch which has come down through the ages under the title,

"MacAlisdrum's March." Other airs there were, of course; of such was "The Red Fox," which drew from Robert Emmet the exclamation: "Would that I were at the head of ten thousand men marching to that tune!"

THE TUNES OF 1798.

Mention of Robert Emmet recalls the modern revolutionary period of Irish history. The armed movement of 1798 produced a splendid series of popular melodies, of which "The Wearing of the Green" is, probably, the most widely known at the present day. Dion Boucicault heard it sung by a ballad-singer in the streets of Dublin, and so impressed was he by the pathetic beauty of the air that he inserted it in his drama "Arrah-na-Pogue," with words of his own setting. John Keegan Casey, a poet of the Fenian period, wrote to the same air his stirring lyric "The Rising of the Moon," which, in the martial vigor of its sentiments, happily supplements the dirge-note of the earlier versions.

The Marseillaise was chanted by the gallant Presbyterian patriots of Ulster, who, under the leadership of Henry Joy MacCracken, marched on Antrim, on the 7th of June, 1798. They dashed through the streets in the gray light of dawn, while the garrison, roused by the sound of approaching feet, turned out of their beds to meet them. They threw themselves across the pathway of the onrushing masses, but all their efforts were in vain. The insurgents dashed in on them, still thundering the Marseillaise, and their long pikes scattered the redcoats like so many sheep. The tide of fortune soon changed, however. Outside Antrim, the fugitives rallied, and, strongly reinforced this time, returned to the attack. The gradual dispersion of the insurgents followed. MacCracken himself, taken a month later, was hanged in accordance with the ruthless military law of the period. With him expired the last hopes of the patriotic party in the North,

Connacht had a memorable share in the events of '98. On August 22nd, the French landed at Killala; on the 27th with their Irish allies they routed the British at Castlebar; on the 8th September, General Lake and Lord Cornwallis surrounded them and forced them to surrender, at Ballinamuck. The celebrated popular song, "Sean Bhean Bhocht" expresses the high hopes of the peasantry on

the eve of Humbert's arrival; what happened after Killala is best described in the vigorous rebel ballad "The Boys of the West," by the late William Rooney, of Dublin, and which I shall take the liberty of quoting, as a fitting conclusion to this article:—

While you honor in song and in story,
The names of the patriot men
Whose valor had filled with all glory
Full many a mountain and glen,
Forget not the boys of the heather,
Who martialled her bravest and best,
When Eire was broken in Wexford,
And looked for revenge to the West.

CHORUS:

Here's to the gallant old West, boys,
Who rallied her bravest and best,
When Ireland was broken and bleeding—
Hurrah for the men of the West.

Killala was ours ere the midnight,
And high over Ballina town
Our banners in triumph were waving,
Before the next sun had gone down.
We gathered to speed the good work, boys
The true men from near and from far,
And history can tell how we routed
The redcoats through old Castlebar.

So pledge me the stout sons of France, boys,
Bold Humbert and all his brave men,
Whose tramp, like the trumpet of battle
Brought hope to the drooping again.
And Eire has clasped to her bosom
On many a mountain and hill
The gallants who fell—so they're here, boys,
To cheer us to victory still.

Though all the bright dreamings we cherished
Went down in disaster and woe,
The spirit of old is still with us
That never shall bend to the foe.
And Eire is ready whenever
The loud rolling beat of the drum
Rings out to awaken the echoes,
And tells us the morning has come.

HUBERT O'MEARA.

The Philosopher.

If reading, as Bacon says, "maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man;" what shall travel teach him? That there is nothing new under the sun; that there were heroes before Hector, philosophers before Aristotle.

* * *

It shall teach him something more—or should. That teaching is one thing, and learning another.

"Send a horse to the water, ye'll no mak him drink;

"Send a fule to the college, ye'll no mak him think:"-

Briefly, that progress depends wholly on the pupil. It is a case of "bonæ voluntatis;" not of discipline: the qualities of teacher and disciplinarian are not always concomitant, or even necessarily so.

* * *

But it shall teach him more: to wit, as the Wise Man says: "Wisdom is the principal thing," but adds: "With all thy getting, "get understanding," which is quite distinct from either wisdom or knowledge. Newman, by the way, says that a man should stand above his acquired information; view it as a traveller views a land-scape from a hill...the higher the better; since the view is wider, and each item assumes its due proportions.

* * *

Lastly—second lastly, as the Scottish preachers say: It shall teach him that "There be many things which to know do but little "or nothing profit the soul:" shall persuade him to "cease from an inordinate desire of knowing" these same "many things," for the reason given. "Knowledge," it is written "puffeth up, but charity edifieth." "Some books," says Bacon, "are to be tasted, others "swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." The trouble is, we misapply the various processes. Whereof, the result is dyspepsia, or worse.

* * *

Lastly, really lastly—it shall cure him of "that narrow provin-"cialism, which is largely the result of ignorance." Josh. Billings, to be sure, says:

"What's good's all English, all that isn't, aint; "And when the vartoos died, they left her heir:"

but the failing, one may say, is not exclusively English, or even British. There are others who

"Think the rustic cackle of their burg,

"The murmur of the world."

"Go east, young man, across the herring pond;

"There in the ancient halls of Oxenford,

"Rub not shoulders with the scholars of the world:

"And b'lieve that there is good "in Nazareth."

I apologize for dropping, Silas Wegg fashion, into poetry.)

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Extracts from "A Pet's Story."

An unpublished Poem.

In Rome I walked with 'bated breath 'Mid monuments of ancient death And modern life; her sacred spell On me in benediction fell. Hers are the treasures of the years, Marvels of Art in all its spheres— Man's fairest work in her appears. The arch and column—the estate Of splendor they commemorate; The temple's architectural poem; The stained window's harmonious bloom: The sculptured marble image rife With grace and beauty—almost life. Paintings sublime of world-wide fame, Harmonies as of heaven's acclaim; All things ornate and exquisite, Evolved from human skill or wit; And, having sense and spirit both, As the saint's crown its subject doth His presence, who in power alone Sits on high heaven's vice-regal throne.

This land of Italy doth seem

The great Creator's special love;
Its beauty is a glowing dream

Of loveliness, below, above.
Its sunlight falls like kisses mild
Of fondest mother on her child;
Earth and the melting heavens appear

To meet and mingle in embrace
Of ecstacy—a radiant sphere

Fit for an angel's dwelling-place.

'Mid ancient Poestum's ruins I stood Beside the purple sea's dark flood, And looked in gloomy reveries Down the dim shadowy centuries To that far age when strong and proud, Its turrets mingled with the cloud. Its sons were bold and gay and wise, Its daughters fond and fair. The rose Twice yearly did its sweets unclose, Fit incense for sublime emprise. Now, Nature mourning o'er the place, It secret holds in her embrace, And weaves a spell of baleful airs That man repels; the while a pall Of lovely flowers she lays o'er all Those buried triumphs and despairs.

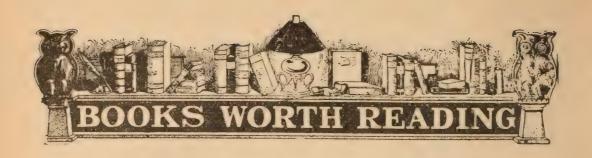
In fairy Florence long we stayed, In its art galleries delayed, Thro' its enchanting arbors strayed.

In travelling thro' those foreign climes The magnetism of multitude Gave me new life; the magic chimes Of music my wild heart subdued: The artist in me gloried in The harmony of splendid ues Of earth and sky; in grace divine Of paintings breathing in each line The beauty heaven alone imbues By hand of Genius; statues fair Of Loves and Hopes, of Gods and men. But they were in repose—in vain I breathed Angel's native air: Like to the dove from Noah's ark Sent wandering over waters dark, Finding no shelter for her breast, I roamed afar, devoid of rest.

Lovely Lake Luzerne charmed my sight, A jewel gleaming blue and bright, Set 'round with many a rocky height. Fair Venice, Adriatic's queen, I viewed, entranced, when sparkling stars Looked at me from her streets serene Where, floating o'er the silver bars Of light, I felt almost as if Midway 'twixt heaven and earth I soared; Beneath I saw the fretted cliff Of palaces, the domes that towered Inverted, to a nether sky. Golden boat lamps went flashing by, From darkness into darkness sent, Like harmless meteors trailing nigh Across the bay the armament Sent up its signal lights in showers Of parti-colored, fairy flowers; Violets of flame, the crimson glow Of gladiolus, and the show Of burning lilies, white as snow. 'Twas not a glimpse of fairyland For mortal music of a band Mingled with voices blithe and clear, And merry laughter echoed near.

Eden of beauty and repose
In Switzer glen and German plain
found—but oft when skies of rose
My gardens flushed, a dream of pain
Came o'er me, and the utter North
seemed to roam—its gloom and frost
Were mine, and pilgrimages vain
To desolations, reaching forth,
A wandering spirit, lone and lost."

CAMEO.



Book Review.

VERGILIUS, by Irving Bachelier. Harpers. N. Y.

This is a tale of the reign of the fatherly Augustus, which brings us to Jerusalem in the days of King Herod the great, and permits us to go over to Bethlehem with the shepherds and the magi to see the "new born King." The undying charm of the wondrous story finds exquisite expression in this attempt of the author of Eben Holden to speak in classic and in mystic words of the great things that came to pass, in those awful days of Roman supremacy and Jewish intrigue. One is forcibly reminded of Ben Hur, and perhaps to the detriment of Vergilius. The descriptive chapters are very glowing and realistic, and the argument compels fullest surrender.

S. N.

* * *

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILFRID CAMPBELL. Toronto. William Briggs.

These poems are classified as follows:

Elemental and Human Verse.

Nature Verse.

Sagas of Vaster Britain.

Elegiac and Commemorative Verse.

Poems of the Affections.

Dramatic, Classic and Imaginative Verse.

Sonnets.

Vapor and Blue. (These are the "Lake Lyrics.")

To be fair in the appreciative note on this collection, one must read the best only of each class, then in strict justice say: Here is sweet music, sometimes deep and true meaning, vivid color, but the soul is still a hungered; the beautiful faith that compels Hope and Love strikes only uncertain chords.

S. N.

* * *

JORDAN'S ELEMENTARY LATIN WRITING, by Clara B. Jordan, Head of the Department of Latin, Hughes High School, Cincinnati. American Book Company, New York.

Jordan's Elementary Latin Writer is planned for the second, third and fourth years' work in secondary schools. It therefore assumes that the pupil has studied Latin one year and is ready to make use of the regular forms of the Latin language. The book aims to teach the student to write good Latin prose. To this end it pays attention to style rather than to form. Great emphasis is laid on the necessity of the student's grasping the feeling of an author's expression and imitating his style without copying his exact words. The volume presents the important rules of syntax and a series of 100 graded English exercises to be rendered into Latin. These passages are both interesting and useful. The first part of the book contains a brief summary of the general rules of syntax, arranged by topics in the order of their presentation in Latin grammars. The second part is devoted entirely to general exercises, which furnish more advanced and connected work than that previously encountered. Latin quotations, presenting in order nouns, verbs, adverbs, pronouns, and numerals, have been introduced for the purpose of providing systematic and mechanical drill in forms. An English-Latin vocabulary completes the book it is very full and contains not only words, but also important phrases, with references to the articles on syntax.

* * *

KNIGHT'S PRIMER OF ESSENTIALS IN GRAMMAR ARD RHETORIC, by Marietta Knight, English Department, South High School, Worcester, Mass. American Book Company, New York.

This primer is the outcome of the need felt by many teachers in secondary schools for a concise and compact summary of the essentials of grammar and rhetoric. It is designed as a guide in review study of the ordinary text-books of grammar and rhetoric, or as an aid to teachers who dispense with such text-books; in either case it

assumes that abundant drill work has been provided by the teacher in connection with each subject treated. The work will also be found to harmonize well with the recommendations of the College Entrance Examination Board, which require that students should be familiar with the fundamental principles of grammar and rhetoric. Inasmuch as entrance examinations to colleges may include questions involving such essentials, it is important that the study of the latter should go hand in hand with that of the texts. For this purpose the present primer will be found admirably well adapted, especially in view of the fact that it is not burdened with many illustrations and comments which are of no value.

* * *

MERRILL'S ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF THEORETICAL MECHANICS, by George A. Merrill, B.S., Principal of the California School of Mechanical Arts, and Director of the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, San Francisco. *American Book Company, New York*.

This book is intended for the upper classes in secondary schools and for the two lower classes in college. Only a knowledge of elementary algebra, plane geometry, and plane trigonometry is required for a thorough comprehension of the work. The book presents only those principles and methods which are of the greatest importance, and thus overcomes many of the difficulties now encountered by students who are looking forward to an industrial career in engineering-civil, mechanical or electrical. While the very nature of the subject requires a liberal application of mathematics, the author has kept constantly in mind the fact that mechanics is one of the inductive sciences. On the other hand, as this is a text-book and not a treatise or a history of mechanics, it is written from the standpoint of the student in the manner that experience has proved to be the one most easily grasped. The few necessary experiments are suggested and outlined, but no effort has been made to include a complete laboratory course. Any good teacher, however, could easily arrange a parallel course of laboratory exercises. The explanation of each topic is followed by a few well-chosen examples to fix and apply the principles involved. Four-place tables of the natural trigonometric functions appear at the end of the book.

CONAT'S ORIGINAL EXERCISES IN PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY, by Levi L. Conat, Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. American Book Company, New York.

This book contains 900 theorems, constructions, and numerical problems designed to supply material for original work in plane and solid geometry. Although intended primarily for reviewing these subjects in the final year in high schools and academies, it can be used with great benefit in supplementing the regular course. The character and great variety of the problems make them admirably suited to that purpose. This collection of problems was made in connection with a course in original work in geometry which the author, a teacher of wide experience, gave for a number of years, and which was always exceedingly popular with his students. The exercises have been arranged in a somewhat promiscuous manner, because in the solution of an original problem the student should be given full liberty to apply any method he can devise. natural method, and the one he is forced to employ when the entrance examination to college is encountered. Original problems are always, or almost always, set, but freedom of choice is always given as far as the method of solution is concerned. Diagrams are occasionally included as a help to the student in the solution of more difficult problems. Ex. * * *

THE DIVINE FIRE, by Mary Sinclair.

This remarkably clever novel from the pen of a gifted Englishwoman, is a decided contrast to the ordinary, light-weight sample of fiction on the market to-day. It isn't exactly the book with which to while away an idle summer's afternoon; it isn't verandah literature. To thoroughly enjoy the story, and appreciate the moral it conveys, one would need bring to its perusal a serious mood, a taste for pyschological problems, and a fair amount of patience and perseverance, for it is a long story and told with a carefulness of detail that many might find tiresome in these days of innumerable interests. The plot—by no means an exciting one—is placed in very recent years, but, with a few changes, it might do for any age, for it is the old tale of battles fought and won for the sake of a lady fair, though in this case, the battles are of the silent, unnoticed kind, being waged

within the hero's soul. The valiant warrior has his reward at last, but it is ten years in coming—ten long years! With a heroine who needs ten years to find out the state of her feelings, and a hero who takes as long to come to the important point, it is little wonder if the modern, busy reader is in danger of losing patience. But Savage Keith Rickman is not an ordinary hero but a strange, wonderful character, and Miss Sinclair has drawn him with a masterly skill and a rare combination of delicacy and power. He is the possessor of the "divine fire," that mysterious, heaven-born gift men call genius; he possesses, too, that inexplicable something termed magnetism, but he is a complex construction,—exceedingly complex, and he is six different things besides a poet. Although having given manifestations of extraordinary genius at an early age, the divine fire burned unsteadily; the poet element was in danger of being crushed by the conflicting forces that went to make up this very interesting human medley. Like many another youthful poet and dreamer, Keith Rickman was inclined to seek for inspiration in strange places, and to offer the incense from his sacred fire on altars by no means divine. But the erring prodigy met his fate, as the prosiest do sometimes, and for him fate brought salvation. The glare of the crowded London streets, through which he was wont to chase the Fugitive Joy, ever alluring, ever eluding, was forgotten in the clear, steady light of Lucia Harden's eyes, magnetic, like his own, but softly revealing the beauty of a soul whose unconscious mission was to lead men "onward and upward"; while the low music of the Variety Theatre, where he had sought for "life," died away forever in the exquisite melody of Beethoven's Sonata Appasionata, played by the woman who had enthralled his soul; even recourse to champagne was no longer necessary, since a cup of innocent black coffee offered by Lucia, and drunk in her company, produced the sublimest kind of inspired intoxication. The wonderful effect on the young poet's life of the entrance into it of this woman, whose chief beauty was "from within," how it transformed him, how it helped him to rise superior to the accidents of birth and environment, how, inspired by it, he triumphed over all obstacles, and even conquered a cockney accent, how he shivered and starved in a miserable garret, repelling all temptations while he paid a debt of honor that separated him from the goal of his desires, how his

genius was forever saved and shone forth resplendent,—this is the story which, with many interesting incidentals, Miss Sinclair enfolds to the reader in faultless English and with a style worthy of a master. When at last we leave the lovers united after their long years of novitiate, we feel no fear for their future happiness; with a love so solidly founded, the cynic has nothing to do. The characters—and they are many and varied and chosen from widely different ranks in life-are portrayed with an amazing knowledge of human nature. We may not love them as we do the creations of the old masters who have found a permanent place on our library shelves, but, they are, nevertheless, true pictures of London life to-day and, in many instances, more's the pity. There are some very beautiful descriptive passages in the book, especially where we are led into wild loveliness of Devonshire scenery, and wherever the author leads ns, we follow, seeing that she wishes us to see, for her pen is a magic wand. Often she lifts the veil from the ugly realities of life and we shudder; generally a feeling a depression is upon us, no doubt because there is so little hint of the spiritual all through the story. Altogether it is a wonderful book; now and then it almost reaches the sublime; here and there is a passage that might afford subject for inspiration tp a master of the brush; not infrequently we seem to hear the strains of the poet's own exquisite music. We lay it down at last with a feeling of awe for the brain that evolved it, for such a brain must surely be lit with a spark of the divine flame itself.

M. D.,

D'Youville Circle.

Among the Magazines.

In his article "Donnas of the Patio" (Delineator, December, 1905), Broughton Brandenburg pays the following tribute to the zeal of Spanish missionaries in Mexico:

"It will never be given to any man or any set of men to see that which is native within the political boundaries of Mexico. There are regions in Chlapas, Campeche, Oaxaca, Guerrero and Sonora, which are practically unexplored, and they are inhabited by tribes o which iittle is known, except that in general they are like their brothers of the better known States. There are seven hundred known dialects, eighty distinct methods of tribal dress and an endless variety of local customs. In every peopled valley one can hear at dawn and dusk the clangor of the small cracked bell of the little church established in other centuries by the Spanish missionaries. How thorough must have been the method that not only wrought the conversion of so heterogeneous and scattered a people, but has perpetuated it even though they have not changed from their primitive state! There are churches and Indian priests where there are no roads but mule paths, and no law but fear of the tete politico, and where the news of the sudden submersion of Great Britain and all the inhabitants below the line of the sea to-morrow would be heard by some possible chance two or three years hence. All the assaults of the 'civilization' of the 'white' man have left little traces except in the matter of religion, and there the wonders have been wrought through the women.

"The most devout creatures in the world are the Mexican women of all classes. On every hand one sees the signs of it, and nowhere more strongly than in the Indian towns. Every hactenda or large estate has its chapel for the people who work on it."

This is the testimony of a Protestant, a man of wide travelling experience, and, as his article shows, of considerable erudition, and one willing to do an act of justice to the much maligned conquerors of Mexico.

Exchanges.

In the Christmas number of the Review, the exchange column was omitted, not on account of the lack of exchanges, but rather through lack of space. However, we shall briefly review some of the most important before we take up this month's work.

The *Victorian* contains an article on Catholic Literature, worthy of comment. A Table with the Boys is very good and well worth reading.

In the St. Ignatius Collegian there contains many instructive

essays. The Jesuits in Chicago, The Causes of the American Revolution. There are also a few short stories and a few verses; which taken with the essays make this number very interesting.

The Fordham Monthly in an article intitled The Eternal Riddle ably reflects Prof. Haeckel's false theory concerning the constitution and the evolution of the cosmos, and the persistence and transformation of substance.

The Agnetian Mohthly contains an article on "Tennyson's Genius as seen in the Palace of Art, in which the writer displays a knowledge of Tennyson. The Agnetian Monthly is always a welcome visitor.

Another exchange whose arrival is always looked forward to with much pleasure, is the *Laurel*. The essays this month are very interesting and instructive, while the poetry is of high order.

The St. Jerome's Schoolman is one of our best exchanges. The articles on Catholic Federation, and Shakespeare's Miranda in particular are worthy of perusal.

From La Grange, Illinois, comes the *Nazareth Chimes*. The essays are instructive, and the poetry, in particular, the Sonnet to Humility, is worthy of comment.

"Should Ireland have Home Rulc?" is the title of an article in the St. John's *Record*. Very strong arguments are brought forth in favor of the agitation for home rule, and the objections against it ably refuted.

The Christmas number of the Notre Dame Scholastic, like the other numbers, contains many well written stories—"A Word on the Chronology of Christmas," "Christmas in Merry England," and "Epiphany in the York Cycle."

In the Fordham Monthly "A Fiasco of Interference" is indeed well written. Not until we had reached the last page were we able to tell that it was not written by the original author of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. A few more like that, Fordham.

The Niagara Rainbow is to be congratulated on the appearance of its Christmas pictures.

Science Notes.

LIGHT

-0-

T first sight it would appear that a definition of light is entirely unnecessary and superfluous-everybody knows what light is. This is true to a certain extent, but the knowledge possessed of it is very vague and indefinite, and when asked to give an exact and scientific explanation of it, many a one is at a loss to give concise expression to the idea which It conveys to their mind. They may, however, console themselves with the fact that great scientists have differed widely in this matter. The definition given by Ganot, a physicist of note, covers the ground fairly well, and will suffice for present needs. It reads: Light is the agent which, by its action on the retina of the eye, excites in us the sensation of vision. The point has been raised whether light would exist had we no sense of vision—but that is another question. As to the explanation of the phenomenon of light, two very weighty theories have been propounded, the undulatory theory and the emission theory. The first would have it that all matter is surrounded by a subtle, elastic medium, called the luminiferous ether, which serves to transmit the vibrating motions of the molecules of bodies, to the eye, much the same as the circular wavelets produced by the dropping of a stone into water radiate in all directions over the surface. The supporters of the second hypothesis contend that particles of light are being continually emitted by luminous bodies which strike the delicate mechanism of the eye. The first theory is the correct one, as proved conclusively by experiments in refraction.

The phenomena of light supply the subject of a most attractive and entrancing investigation. We have all been struck by the magic beauty of a perfect rainbow and have marvelled at the gorgeous splendor of the northern lights, but their explanation reveals to us with tenfold force the wise and perfect ordering of the Creator. We cannot but be ected by the evidence of the perfect harmony

and accord which has existed throughout the universe for ages and ages.

The first law of light is, that it always travels in straight lines. This is a fundamental principle in the study of light, and on it are founded many very important laws. Thus it differs from sound in its method of propagation, for a wall between the eye and the luminous body will prevent it from being seen, while sound may be heard around or over the obstruction.

It is of interest to note the velocity at which light travels. By means of astronomical observations it has been found that light shoots through space at the approximate rate of 190,000 miles per second. This is quite a development of speed, yet even at this velocity it takes years for the light of some stars to reach us, from which some idea of their immense distance may be gained. Experiments to determine the velocity of light have been performed on our earthly sphere but on account of comparatively small distances available they have been none too exact.

Reflection and refraction are two very important and interesting headings under which phenomena are classed. Reflection necessitates the use of mirrors which, according to their shape are divided into plane, concave, convex, spherical, parabolic, conical, etc. The effects produced by their scientific use are sometimes very beautiful and are always in complete accord with certain clear and well defined laws. By the adjustment of plane mirrors at various angles, multiple images are formed, which appear most bewildering to an observer ignorant of these fundamental underlying principles. Concave mirrors are utilized in converging rays of light i.e. bringing them all to a point called the focus. A light placed at this point will produce brilliant illumination to a considerable distance, as is seen in searchlights. Light falling on convex mirrors, is diverged and spread out in all directions. Such mirrors, therefore, can have no real focus. All the varied styles of mirrors are put to many and diverse uses in science and the arts.

We come now to refraction, which may be described as the deflection or bending which rays of light experience in passing obliquely from one medium into another, so, for instance, from air water. The most common example of this phenomen, and one which illustrates it most clearly is that of a stick thrust into water, appear

Ing bent at the point where it penetrates the surface of the water, There are many very interesting experiments to be performed in this department of optics. It furnishes the explanation of how we can see the sun for some time after it has passed below the horizon and in the case of total reflection reduces to a scientific fact the apparently the inexplicable mirage. It is by virtue of refraction that lenses have power of magnifying, thus making the telescope, the microscope and opera-glass possible. Refraction is to be distinguished into single, exemplified by light passing through uncrystallized media, and double refraction, produced by the passage of light rays through such transparent material as Iceland spar and other highly crystalline substances.

In dealing with refraction we take up the study of prisms which form a very necessary part of it. A prism is a transparent medium comprised between two plane faces inclined to each other. A ray of light, striking obliquely on one of the faces, is, by the peculiar property of the material, deflected at the point of entrance and traversing the prism is still further bent on passing out through the other bounding surface, so that its final direction takes a very noticeable change from its original course. The property of the prism is to deflect light rays always towards the base. Lenses are really combinations of prisms, and are of different styles according to the arrangement of the prisms. Thus a double-convex lens, which has the power of converging light rays and bringing them to a focus, may be considered as a combination of prisms placed base to base. A double-concave lens, on the contrary, which diverges rays of light, is merely composed of a number of prisms placed with the apices towards the centre. The double-concave and double-convex lenses are the ones which are most used, but there are four other forms, namely, the plano convex, the converging meniscus-convex, the plano concave, and the diverging concavo-convex. In proportion to the greater or less convexity or concavity, lenses have a greater or less power of magnification. The eye which is the most perfect as well the most delicate of optical instruments is essentially composed of two lenses, a plano-convex and a double convex, and it is to remedy certain defects of these human media that people so affected are forced to make use of lenticular glasses.

Returning to prisms we must remark on their wonderful pro-

perty of dispersing light rays and reducing them into their component colors. A ray of white light, passing through a prism and thrown on a screen, produces a band of seven colors: Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo and Violet, which shade into each other gradually and produce a magnificent effect. These may be again brought together and then produce a white light showing that all these tints really are contained in a beam of light from the sun or any other luminous body. This explains the rainbow which is caused by sunlight striking on rain-drops at a certain angle, which really act as prisms in dispersing the beams of light from the sun. A very ingenious device, called the spectroscope is used in making researches into the light giving properties of various bodies. Of this we may say a word in another issue of the REVIEW. It is but one of the wonderful instruments which have been the means of raising this branch of experimental science to the highest degree of perfection. New inventions and discoveries are continually being made which demonstrate the universal interest which is taken in this subject and rightly so, for it is by means of them alone that we may hope to extend our knowledge beyond the limits of our earthly sphere.

W. P. DERHAM, '06.

The Manufacturing of Paper.

-0--

F all the materials which are used daily by a student, there is perhaps nothing more useful or necessary than paper. There is no other product which has so much benefited man, or which has served so well as a stepping stone to greater things. How many know the story of the making of this wonderful writing material. It was my good fortune during the month of August, to visit a large paper mill in one of our big cities of Massachusetts, and as I was shown from one floor to another, watching the different processes, I became very much interested.

The first thing noticed, was the different materials of which paper is made. As many as twenty or thirty are used, but for the finer grades, linen rags and pulp are preferable

After the rags or pulp had been sorted in regard to color, tex-

ture, and quality, quantities are placed in a large boiler in which bleaching chemicals are used to remove all stains and impurities. After a thorough cleansing they pass into a large vat of water, fitted up with revolving cylinders set with knives by which the mass is triturated. Carried around for several hours in this vat, the stuff is then transferred to another and larger receptible containing a solution of chloride of lime where the material is beaten into a soft white pulp resembling wet cotton. Sufficient water is then poured in to make the mixture thin enough to spread evenly, and it is now ready for the machines which distribute the particles smoothly over surfaces especially constructed. From this the sheet passes on to a felt blanket which carries it through rollers, submitting it to a heavy pressure, after which heated cylinders remove all the moisture. Then the sheet is pressed and hardened, until it reaches further end of the machine, where the paper is completed and delivered on the reel upon which it is rolled.

If desired an extra finish can be put on the paper by feeding it between rollers, the effect obtained is called the coating. If the paper is to be ruled, a special machine is fitted up with large needles and as the paper passes through the machine these needles touch the paper at equal distances apart thereby ruling it exactly.

The different colors of paper are produced by mixing the desired quantity of color with the purple. To-day the paper is fed into a machine made up of as many cylinders as there are colors. Each cylinder is charged with its peculiar coloring matter, and is so arranged as to register perfectly with the feeder. After being dried and carefully dusted the sheets are cut into the desired length and are then ready for the market.

In all papers the method followed is exactly the same, with the exception of preparing the pulp. Although rags are generally used in paper making yet we find that sometime ago wood came into competition for this purpose—pine, spruce and fir are the most important. Cut into slabs about half an inch thick, the raw material is placed in a machine which cuts them up fine, and the fibres are then gathered and pressed into pulp.

Having spoken of the materials used, the different processes which takes place and the result obtained. I think it would be well

to say a few words about the paper machines and the mills themselves.

The first machine was invented about 1800, a very long and narrow contrivance occupying a space of about fifteen hundred square feet, and it is said that for every working day it was capable of turning out from three to fifteen tons of paper.

The first mill established in America was near Philadelphia, about 1700, and served for many years the early printers, among whom was Benjamin Franklin. As time advanced the supply was about to become short, owing to the increasing demand, and at the time of the revolutionary war great difficulty was experienced in obtaining rags for the mills. In the year 1800 the consumption of paper was about 12,000 reams in the United States, valued at 700,000 dollars. But to-day any newspaper in a large city like Boston, Chicago or New York pays more than that amount for the year's supplies.

Although paper mills are situated in many cities of the United States, the best are those in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania. One of the greatest centres is that at Holyoke, Mass., which produces from four to five hundred tons a day.

The Holyoke mill is the plant which afforded the writer the data for the first part of this little article. Visitors are allowed at all times, and are shown through the factory by a man who is there to explain everything to strangers interested in the manufacturing of that precious commodity we so often inadvertently waste, so cheap and universally employed as it is, in this the paper age!

C. F. B.



University of Ottawa Review

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance, Single copies. 10 cents. Advertising rates on application. Address all communications to the "University of Ottawa Review," Ottawa, Ont,

EDITORIAL STAFF.

W. F. CAVANAGH, '06,

G. W. O'TOOLE, '06,

T. J. TOBIN, '06,

G. P. BUSHEY, '06,

T. J. GORMLEY, '06,

T. J. SLOAN, '06,

M. T. O'NEILL, '07, J. K. McNeil, '07,

C. J. JONES, '07,

A. T. POWER, '07,

P. J. MARSHALL, '07, J. D. MARSHALL, '07.

Business Managers: - J. N. GEORGE, '06; W. P. DERHAM, '06.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. VIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., January, 1905.

No. IV

EDITORIAL.

NEW YEAR.

We are getting on, The century is six years old-no fivepardon, we do not wish to introduce the secular conundrum. What concerns us most is that we are growing older, perhaps wiser, perhaps better—perhaps! Here is a good resolution—not to take any, but to keep the one we made last year. It seemed good then, it ought to be serviceable yet, and we have the whole experience of our failures and mistakes to make its realization a sure thing this time.

NIAGARA.

An organized effort is being made by border Americans to restrict the engineering operations which threaten to eliminate Niagara Falls from the list of wonders of the world. It is a concerted howl of virtuous indignation at the betrayal of an international trust, mingled with sundry appeals to the artistic temperament we had supposed was lacking in our neighbors—Let's see. The American fall, which was never of much importance from either scenic or utilitarian standpoint, a mere dribble as it were compared to the majestic Horseshoe, is already perilously near the vanishing point, thanks to tunnels for Buffalo power. Ontario is thinking of tapping her side for Hamilton and Toronto; in fact is at it. Of course water is water, and if reduced in volume, will seek the lower level of the Horseshoe, which means adding new territory to the United States. Very kind of the Canadians, but Jonathan wants to rule the waves. Inde irae—most disinterested, in the cause of art for art's sake.

MR. WILFRID WARD.

The Athenæum says:

"With the January number the Dublin Review will pass into the editorial hands of Mr. Wilfrid Ward. Founded nearly three-quarters of a century ago, this periodical has been the leading exponent of intellectual Roman Catholicism in the English-speaking world. Under Cardinal Wiseman, it was read by the leaders of the Oxford Movement, and played its part in the secassion of Newman. When Dr. W. G. Ward became its editor it had the respectful ear of John Stuart Mill; and in the hands of Dr. Ward's son it is likely enough to enlarge its influence on readers both within and without the Roman communion."

The Dublin Review is issued quarterly, and we trust will again be for its English-speaking readers what the Civilta Cattolica is for the Italians, the Quinzaine and the Correspondant for the French, the Stimme aus Maria Laach for the Germans, what Brownson's was and what the Catholic Quarterly is for our friends across the border.

What of the needs of a high class magazine published in a

Catholic atmosphere in this Canada, which is to be the favorite child of the new century?

From time to time, as issues arise which affect the interests of the Catholic people of Canada, a need is felt of some publication to which the Catholic people could look for calm and scholarly discussion consistent with their religious ideas. There is also a constant need for a magazine which would not only merit the respect and support of the best Catholic writers but which would also inspire and encourage literary minds of the rising Catholic generation. It is universally recognized that the Catholic Press of the country has done much good service along these lines, but its treatment of many important questions is necessarily hurried and the circulation in many cases local.

Judging by the way in which these needs have been filled in other countries, and after considerable inquiry, it is felt that the establishment in Canada of a literary quarterly, Catholic in tone, is desirable,

Such a quarterly, edited by a man of recognized literary ability and journalistic experience, controlled by a board, the majority of whom would be representative laymen, with the approbation of the clergy, should do valuable work for the Catholic cause in Canada.

The publication might be devoted to discussion of all important questions in which Canadians are interested, and might as well contain articles on matters of history, science and art. The tone, while being decidedly literary throughout, might be lightened by the introduction of fiction, poetry, book reviews, etc.

With an able man as editor, it would be assured of active assistance from Catholic writers, and articles on suitable topics might be had from writers other than Catholic.

Athletics.

Following our admission to the City Hockey League, every effort is being put forth towards putting a winning team on the ice. The spacious rink is the scene of much labor those times in battling with the elements.

Owing to the kindness of the weather-man several practices have already been held and everything points to a successful season in the C. H. L.

Many of last year's men are on hand and they together with some promising new material will undoubtedly uphold the honor of the garnet and grey in hockey circles.

At a meeting of the City League held recently, the following schedule was drawn up:—

Jan. 8-Rialtos at New Edinburgh.

Jan. 9-Emmetts at Cliffsides.

Jan. 12-Emmetts at Rialtos.

Jan. 15-Cliffsides at New Edinburgh.

Jan. 17—Rialtos at College.

Jan. 23—College at Cliffsides.

Jan 24—New Edinburghs at Emmetts.

Jan. 26—Cliffsides at Rialtos.

Jan. 29-New Edinburghs at College.

Jan. 31—Cliffsides at Emmetts.

Feb. 2—College at Rialtos.

Feb. 6-New Edinburghs at Cliffsides.

Feb. 7—Emmetts at College.

Feb. 12-New Edinburghs at Rialtos.

Feb. 14—College at Emmetts.

Feb. 15-Rialtos at Cliffsides.

Feb. 19-Emmetts at New Edinburghs.

Feb. 23-College at New Edinburghs.

Feb. 26—Cliffsides at College.

Feb. 28-Rialtos at Emmetts.

The international series is now in full swing and indications are that it will be a grand success. Four teams have been chosen

with Messrs. P. McHugh, R. McDougall, E. Durocher and L. Joron as captains.

A long standing difficulty was done away with at the meeting of the Canadian Rugby Union which was held in the the Russell House on January 13 and now the Ontario, Quebec and Intercollegiate Unions play the same style of football.

The rules adopted were those played by the college teams, with a few amendments. The C. I. R. F. U. rules constitute a medium between the close game of the Quebec Union and the machine-like workings of the Burnside snap-back system and were accepted as a compromise by both leagues. These rules were not accepted in their entirety, however as several alternations were made which change more or less the fine points of the game.

Some of the radical changes are:

"During a scrimmage the opposing players must not be in contact with each other until the ball is placed on the ground and therefore in play. No player shall touch the ball with his hand until it has been put in play with a foot."

The "throw-in" is now a feature of the past and instead of the old-time scramble the ball will be taken in ten yards and scrimmaged. The others rules in this connection still hold.

Other rules as regards penalties were adopted which, though important, do not affect the game to any great degree.

The time and place of the final games has also been decided upon so that there will be no more argument about it. As a beginner of the new round established next year, the champions of Quebec play the champions of Ontario on the latter's grounds and the winners play the winners of the Intercollegiate series on the latter's grounds.

A very desirable state of affairs has been brought about by this meeting and its results are expected to benefit Canadian Rugby. However, the effect of the new rules depends much on the enforcement of them by officials. If the latter are strict, then the game has been much modified, whereas if they go on as they have been going, the game remains that was ployed by the C. I. R. F. U.

9

Of Local Interest.

Christmas Ordinations.

At the Cathedral, Ottawa, by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel. Deacons—Jas. Guy, O. M. I, H. Gonneville, O. M. I., R. de Granpre, O. M. I., Jas. Giguere, O M. I.

Subdeacons—A. Lalonde, O.M.I., W. A. Connor, O.M.I., E. Duret, O.M.I.

At the Grand Seminary, Montreal;-

Priesthood—Louis Renaud, '05.

Subdeacon-Jos. H. McDonald, '03.

Minor Orders-R. A. Carey, '03. Jas. Keeley, '03. R. Halligan, '03.



Each student has an individuality he wishes to preserve.

That individuality is expressed as much in his clothes as his manner.

In ordinary ready-made that individuality is lost, it is often killed in the tailor shop.

Semi-ready tailoring provides for your individual likes and di es in clothes. You judge the garment on you,—you take it only if its fit and fitness suit you.

Call in and see what handsome styles we are showing in Winter Overcoats.

Semi-ready Tailoring

A. M. Laidlaw,

11 Sparks St., Ottawa.

MODERN ESTABLISHMENT — Some Fact About Semi-Ready New Shops in Montreal. (From The Gazette, Montreal, 21st Feb., 1906.)

The Semi-Ready Company has been strengthened by the addition to its directorate of two well known business men, Mr. Charles H. Nelson, who was for many years head of the wholesale house of H. & A Nelson, Montreal and Toronto, has purchased a large interest in the company and is now Vice-President. Mr. Alfred Wood, the newspaper publisher, who recently disposed of the Ottawa Free Press to a group of Ottawa contractors, has also joined forces with the company, and he will be added to the directorate.

The Semi-Ready Tailoring shops in Montreal are models of the modern establishment. A new factory of five floors with a system which ensures high class workmanship is surrounded by every sanitary arrangement. The greater part of one floor is devoted to a dining room where the 350 employees may take their mid day luncheon in comfort. A kitchen and lunch counter can be man-

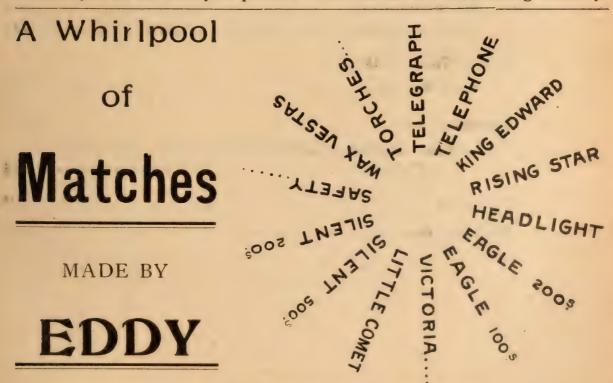
aged by the co-operation of the whole working staff.

Built according to plans prepared by Mr. Beatty, the Semi-Ready tailorey is situate in Montreal far away from the noisome factory district. It is on Guy street, near Sherbrooke, on one of the plateaus from where Mount Royal begins its steep ascent.

The officers of the Semi-Ready, Limited, elected at the annual meeting held a few weeks ago, are; — President, Andrew Mercer; vice-president, Chas. H. Nelson; managing director, Herbert A. Beatty; secretary treasurer, H. A.

Nelson; director, A. S. Laing.

President Mercer was for many years a successful merchant tailor in Peterboro. He was one of the first business men to recognize the possibilities of the Semi-Ready system, and how surely it must displace the cruder custom tailoring methods just as the Goodyear process revolutionized the shoemaking industry.



Be sure you ask for one of the above brands.

CONTENTS.

	PAG	E
Lac	des Chenes	7
Liti	ERARY DEPARTMENT:	
	Cervantes 190	9
, ,	In Sweet Adare	5
	Celtic Lyrical Writers of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth	
	Century 20	5
	Are We Rising or Sinking 21.	4
• ;	Home	7
	Sketch of Characters 218	8
	Sir Walter Scott	I
,	The Fundamental Law of the Diatonic Scale 222	+
Boo	oks Worth Reading:	
	Book Review 22	8
Edr	TORIALS:—	
	Catholic America—Veritas Liberabit Vos—Benefactors	
	to Charities 23	3
Атн	ILETICS 23	5
OF	LOCAL INTEREST 24	2



No. 5

OTTAWA, ONT., February, 1906.

Vol. VIII

LAC DES CHENES.

Oh thou lake: thou beauteous lake:
How the rippling waves o'er thy bosom break,
And joyously dance from shore to shore,
Sweet silvery singing forever more,
While the ruby flame of the sunset glow
Spreads a rosy blush in thy depths below,
And flushes thy opalescent skies
With the wondrous hues of Paradise.

The sapphire heavens above appear
Less deep, serene, than thy waters clear.
So calm they lie in untroubled rest,
A care-free heart in a guileless breast.
Zephyrs waft the white-sailed boat
With trustful hearts, on thy breast afloat,
Who list to the mermaids' sweet refrain,
Singing thy praises, Lac des Chénes.

Ah, thou lake! dark, treacherous lake!
Whence that tempest so quick awake?
Dark with lowering clouds of dread
Are thy heaving depths, and the skies o'erhead;
The angry waves, with mutterings hoarse,
Strike the trembling shore with sounding force,
Smothering the cries for help that break
From thy helpless victims, cruel lake.

Where is the boat that glided by—
A white winged bird in a cloudless sky?
The blithesome hearts a watery grave
Have found, unsought, in thy pitiless wave,
Thy treacherous waters have closed above
A father's pride, and a mother's love;
While the syren song of thy mermaids rise
To drown the dying, struggling cries.

A sunny gleam, and, heartless lake,
Once more your silvery wavelets break,
With dancing ripples your bosom swells,
Though over you echoes the dolorous knells,
For hapless victims, lured to graves
'Neath your crystal depths, translucent waves.
But the laugh of your waters hide not the moan
Of the bleeding hearts, bereft and lone.

S. M. A.



Literary Department.

CERVANTES.

There is a country unfortunately much ignored by those who have the precious privilege of visiting the Old world and viewing the winders it offers to the New. Tourists, content to follow in the well-beaten track, remain for the most part on the gayer, sunnier side of the Pyrenees, unmindful of the interest and charm that lie beyond the dividing-line. An excursion into the ancient kingdom of Spain, once glorious, now decadent, but forever interesting, would well repay the studious traveller, and the fact that it is so often neglected is the reason for the greatest difficulty we meet with it in the study of Spanish literature. It is ignored by those who know not what they miss when they pass it by for more alluring hunting-grounds.

Spain has a charm all her own as peculiar as her history and her character. Though fallen from greatness and power, she still retains that character unchanged as in the days when she held sway as the richest province of the Roman Empire and the sun never set on her dominions. Haughty, exclusive, reserved, grandiloquent, such is the Spaniard of today, such was the Spaniard of the proud centuries past. The beggar in his rags accepts your crust or your coin in a way that makes you feel that HE, not you, bestows a tavor. Time has changed his country from a vast world power to a crumbling dynasty but has left his quiet dignity untouched.

Intensely interesting as this strange land has ever been, its chief glory lies in the fact of its being the birth-place of one of the world's immortal geniuses, Don Miguel Cervantes, the Shakespeare of Spain. Spanish genius reveals itself more in literature than in any other line and has found its highest expression in those two great romantic works, the Cid, representing chivalry in its brightest flewer, and Don Quixote, its melancholy counterpart showing its decline. In another paper this famous novel will furnish material for pleasant study, but as the artist is ever greater than his greatest work, we shall first consider the author, Cervantes, one of the noblest and most beautiful characters the world has ever known and learned

to love too late. In studying Cervantes we find that his place is with Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, the world's highest authorities outside the Scriptures, the indirectly inspired writers for all times These are the four names the world can never forget; all the rest might well be lost while these remain. markable as was Cervantes' genius, he has a still deeper charm for us and a stronger claim on our love and admiration as a man and a hero who lived out his own tragic life and made no fuss about it, called no attention to it, never blamed himself or others, and preserved through all the saving grace of being able to laugh at his In those days of too much pessimism and cynicism, it is refreshing to think of this ignored but illustrious scholar whose hard fate failed to embitter or make censorious, who ever looked on life with wistful yet tolerant eyes, forgetting how to whine or sneer? who, in his own words "was content with little though desiring more."

Don Miguel Cervantes was born in Alcalla, near Madrid, in the year 1547, a few years after the close of that magnificent era of Ferdinand and Isabella during which Spain had become emancipated from the Moorish voke. His parents were poor and little is known of his He says himself that he always loved poetry for its own sake and his career as a writer was really opened by eulogy written on Oueen Isabella, that noble woman to whom not only Spain but our own America owes such a debt of gratitude. vantes had other ambitious outside the literary line; those were fighting times and he longed to be a soldier. His opportunity came in the reign of Phillip II. when a League was formed against the Saracens, the Christian's ancient enemy. Our young writer joined the League and prepared with great ardor to take part in the battle of Lepanto (1571). When the grand day came it found him alas, condemned to bed, ill with fever! But when the signal for battle was given his spirit triumphed over physical weakness, and rising he rushed on deck exclaiming: "I would rather die fighting for God than think of my own safety and remain under cover." The story of that famous victory, one of the most decisive in the world's history, is too well known to need repeating; it was the last great battle between Turk and Christian and when the day was done the sea-power of the Saracen was broken for ever. vantes took a noble part in the struggle, so bravely and desperately did he fight that although wounded in the breast and with his left hand crushed, he still fought on unconscious of pain, till at last he

fell fainting and exhausted amid the cries of victory. Speaking afterwards of this great day he would say:: "I lost my left hand for the glory of the right." The Battle of Lepanto was followed for him by six years' hospital service in Italy. Here he made the acquaintance of many famous Italian writers, among them Dante and Tasso, and here he conceived the idea of writing his greatest play. his six years' service ended in his being captured by the Moors and taken prisoner to Algiers where he spent nearly five years amid the horrors of the galleys. This was a dark time for the brave soldier who had fought so well for his king, for that gloomy and ungrateful monarch had forgotten him and paid no attention to the petitions presented to him on behalf of the captive. Cervantes' family was too poor to pay the ransom demanded and two attempts to escape ended in failure, and so he had to bear the yoke and possess his soul in patience. But dark though it seemed, there was a bright side even to this heavy cloud. The Moors, fascinated by the unmistakable charms of their prisoner, treated him with much kindness, and he in turn entertained those lovers of plays and pleasures with many exhibitions of his dramatic skill; thus the time was not lost for it helped him to discover his real dramatic ability and did more besides.

The day of freedom came at last won by the sacrifice of his mother and sister. It is interesting to note that the ransom was finally paid by the needle-work of those devoted relatives and the kindness of their old parish priest. When Cervantes returned ransomed to Spain he was still a young man and more ambitious than ever. But in spite of his wonderful energy his health was delicate and his experience at the battle of Lepanto had left him partly disabled yet his hopes were high and he came back thinking of the great things he would do for his beloved country. Algiers he had seen and learned many things and had employed what time he could in preparing a memorial to the king who had ignored him, which he presented on his return. "With the characteristic imbecillity of kings" it was promptly consigned to the Limbo of the Archives where it lay in oblivion until long after the death of the gallant soldier who wrote it when it was at last given to the public. And thus, forgotten once again by those who owed him the most, he was obliged to begin a hard struggle for life, and he began it cheerily. Where a weaker or less noble spirit would have given up in despair, he simply set to work to make literature for the world and win the admiration of all times.

Cervantes' supreme hope was to arouse the slumbering spirit of his country which 800 years of bondage had almost crushed, and to convince her that that spirit was high and noble and that her mission in the world was a great one. This he meant to do by his dramatic writings. He found the Spanish stage in a very low state, its chief feature being the Spanish dance, a wonderful thing in itself but not very inspiring. Taking it as he found it, he soon transformed it into a great romantic stage worthy to be compared to that of England's although more limited. Thus he became the creator of the Spanish stage and succeeded at the same time in awakening the enthusiasm of his countrymen and inspiring them with the courage to rid themselves of the last of their Moorish oppressors. Some years later this was finally accomplished and the fetters were struck from 20,000 captives in African prisons, but the credit is due chiefly to Cervantes, and his stirring dramas. The charm for us in these plays is that the writer brings in his own story. In this he differs from his renowned contemporary, Shakespeare, whose impersonality was so remarkable. But Cervantes does not parade; he simply appeals to the feelings of his audience and seeks to give a direct lesson. In his "Treaty of Algiers" he makes one player say: "I have been a soldier many years; I have been in captivity for five years, and one thing I have learned—to be patient in adversity."

Cervantes' favorite work was a pastoral, calling Galatea which was dedicated to the future Senors Cervantes, and at which he labored lovingly for many years. It was begun at Lisbon shortly before his marriage, which took place when he was 37, but was never completed; only six books (a mere fragment) ever having been published. The busy world today has no leisure for such "linked sweetness long drawn out" but Galatea has many beauties and was written in the style in favor at the time. The author always held hopes of seeing it finished and often spoke tenderly of it. The wife of Cervantes brought him no fortune. She could boast no riches save the possession of Spain's blue blood, a beautiful character and a wonderful string of names. She was Donna Catalina de Palazos y Salazar y Vozandiano! Their married life was pathetic in its poverty. Literature did not pay then as it does now and \$40 was the price received for one play and so, although Cervantes wrote some thirty or forty, his income was not large. And besides there appeared in the dramatic firmament at the time a bright particular star in the person of Lope de Vega who became the greatest of Spanish dramatists, and Cervantes wisely saw that he had better leave the field to him. Like Scott on the appearance of Byron, he realized that he was eclipsed as a poet and turned his atteniton to prose writing, and all who have read Don Quixote must be for ever thankful that he did so.

It is a pitiful thing to see a great man beg, but his poverty was pressing and Cervantes, who should have lacked for nothing, was obliged at last to solicit aid in finding work and the result was that he obtained a position in the government. Phillip II. was at that time preparing his Invincible Armada for its mighty attack on England and our poet was commissioned to go through the country gathering corn and supplies for the fleet. A poet in a government position is a most pathetic spectacle and we perhaps feel more sorry for Cervantes than he even did for himself. Hawthorne in the Custom House at Salem, Charles Lamb at his desk in the dry dusty Custom House in India, wearing his life out for the little money that was necessary for himself and his sister, Cervantes trying to keep track of every bushel of corn that went on board,—these arouse not only our pity but our indignation at the systems that made such outrages possible. It was not to be wondered at that Cervantes should fail at his uncongenial task and make an error in his reckonly,—the surprising thing would be if those who judged him could have understood. They did not, of course, and in spite of the fact that his devoted wife came to court and swore that he was honest, he was condemned to prison. There is no more startling instance on record of the world's blindness as to merit and greatness, than Spain's treatment of this genius. No writer was ever deemed so insignificant by his country, and yet it was from his brain that Spain received the work that authorizes her to challenge all the other nations in literary competition. It compels us to regret that she had no Alexander Pope to write a Dunciad. But the beauty of it all was that his trials did not make him angry or unhappy. In prison he began the Don Quixote and thus saved himself from despondency. He gathered rich material for this work while travelling through Seville and other parts of Spain in search for provisions for the Invincible Armada, and thus we see the providential trend of things in his life, and how, after all, it may have been a blessing in disguise when Phillip II. laid he ransomed slave's memorial away in the Archives. Had he not done so we might never have known Sancho Panza! Nor should we have known Old Spain with all its good and evil, is folly and wisdom, its wit and humor, so deep and rich and yet so peculiarly simple and unlike that of any other time time or

place, its high-flown sentiment that can never be confounded with sentimentality. To know Cervantes is to know Spain; to understand him is to understand chivalry. He sums up his country as Dante does his, for all time.

Cervantes could never forget that he had been a prisoner and declared that he could always feel the pressure of the irons, although his nature lost none of its sweetness. In the years that followed his release from the confinement to which his poor knowledge of book-keeping had condemned him, he managed to write some more comedies, a few stories and the second half of Don Quixote. last work, The Great Persilies, is no very well known and is chiefly admired as a Castilian study. All his works are good pictures of the times and his character studies recall those of Victor Hugo and Walter Scott. We know that these two writers borrowed from him, especially the latter in his Fortunes of Nigel. Cervantes had many works planned at the time of his death. Not the least interesting of all he has written are dedications. In the last one which was written a few days before his death he says: "Farewell wit, farewell pleasant jests, farewell my friends. Dying, I carry with me the desire to see you soon again, with joy in the other life." The illness which ended his life was borne with Christian patience; he received the last sacraments of the church with full consciousness and passed peacefully away on the 23rd of April, 1613, after sixtysix years of labor and neglect and trouble. He belonged to the third order of St. Francis and was buried in the Convent of the Trinity where his only child, Isabel, was a nun. When, some years later, the nuns removed to another convent, they took his remains with them, not because he was the immortal Cervantes but because he was the father of "Sister Isabel." It is only of late that Spain has raised a monument to this man who is her greatest glory. It is worthy of note that the date of his death (23 April) is the same as that on which Shakespeare's death occurred a few years later. The illustrious contemporaries did not know each other but they were kindred spirits, and both took life much the same, easily but seriously. Both, too, found a resting place in a church-yard called 'The Trinity.'

Cervantes is the impersonation of Spanish character and genius in their highest form. He is the pefect type of the Spanish writer, soldier and gentleman. Unlike the author of The Divine Comedy, he did not think it necessary to go through Hell and Purgaory and Heaven to understand this life. He found his university in the inns and streets, the hamlets and quiet country places of his native land, at fairs and weddings, as Charles Dickens found his university in the east end of London. And the immortal Don Quixote, the book that after four centuries still holds its place in the hearts of humanity, was the result of this face-to-face study of life.

(To be Continued.)

M. D. D'Youville Circle.

IN SWEET ADARE.

In sweet Adare her youthful feet Travelled the rose fringed street: Dear heart, pure gold was she, and they Who met her on the way; The thrush and blackbird sang for her, Of old, in sweet Adare.

But fate ordained that she should roam
The ocean's fields of foam
Whither a land in glory shone
Beneath the setting sun;
A long farewell—a parting prayer,
That day, for sweet Adare.

Long laid in consecrated rest, Slumbers her faithful breast, But when remembrances dreams of thee, Dear isle far o'er the sea, Methinks I see her young and fair, Again in Sweet Adare.

Ah! not in sorrow does the fay Of memory steal away; To walk with her in visions vague Beside the pleasant Mague, Nay, for we are a happy pair, Today in sweet Adare.

Celtic Lyrical Writers of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

The Jacobite period in Ireland gave rise to some of the most beautiful lyrics to be found in the literature of any country. Irish poetry at that period was, indeed, almost exclusively lyrical. Seldom, if ever, do we meet any specimens in the style of the remantic ballad, which, in other countries, particularly the Scottish Lowlands, reached such a high degree of excellence and popularity. The days of the Tain Bo Chauailgne and the other great epics of the Heroic Era had long since passed away. The Ireland of the Penal Days, with her back to the wall in a last struggle for faith and freedom, had but scant leisure for literary cultivation.

THE "FAREWELL TO PATRICK SARSFIELD."

It was in 1691 that the Wild Geese set sail from Limerick. The feelings of the people, thus deprived of their natural defenders, may be judged from the "Farewell to Patrick Sarsfield," the composition of some unknown bard, best known to the modern world through the genius of that gifted and unfortunate poet, James Clarence Mangan, who, even more than Moore, struck a truly national chord on the long neglected harp of Gaelic Ireland. Here are the first lines of Mangan's version:

Farewell, O Patrick Sarsfield! May luck be on your path! Your camp is broken up, your work is marred for years; But you go to kindle into flame the king of France's wrath, Though you leave sick Erie in tears.

He recapitulates the episodes of the Williamite war-episodes so disastrous, and yet so glorious, for Ireland:—

I saw at royal Boyne, when its billows flashed with blood; I fought at Graina Oge, where a thousand horsemen fell; On the dark, empurpled field of Aughrim, too, I stood, On the plain by Tubberdonny's well.

And again:

On the bridge of the Boyne was our first overthrow;
By Slaney the next, for we battled without rest;
The third was at Aughrim. O Eire! Thy woe
Is a sword in my bleeding breast.

The writer, evidently a participant in the scenes he describes, concludes his poem with a promise of vengeance on the victors, the O'Kelly whom he mentions being probably some famous Rapparee leader:

But O'Kelly still remains, to defy and to toil!

He has memories that Hell won't permit him to forget,
And a sword that will make the blue blood flow like oil

Upon many an Aughrim yet!

The strength and expressiveness of the original Celtic—emphatic almost to the point of exaggeration—will be noticed in the following stanza:

I clomb the high hill on a fair summer noon
And saw the Saxon muster, clad in armor blinding bright,
Oh, rage withheld my hand, or gunsman and dragoon
Should have supped with Satan that night!

"THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE O!"

The heart longings of the exile, separated from his native country by leagues of ocean and penal laws more deterrent still, were humanly expressed by Donnchadha Ruadh MacConmara in a lay included in most Irish anthologies under the title "The Fair Hills of Eire O!" It would be difficult to imagine a more perfect example of the melodious Irish, metre, with its constantly recurring vowel-sounds and interweavings of rhythm:

Beir beannacht o'm chroidhe go tir na h-Eirionn,
Ban-chnuic aoibhinn Eirionn,
Chum a mairion do shiolrach Ir is Eibhir
I m-ban chnuic aoibhinn Eirionn.

An ait ion ar bh' aoibhinn binn guth ean,
Mar shamh chruit chaoin ag cuimhne Gaodhal;
Se mo chas a bheith mile mile a g-cein,
O, bhan-chnuic aoibhinn Eirionn.

Edward Walsh, in his metrical translation, follows closely both the sound and meaning of the original:

Take a blessing from the heart of a lonely griever,
To fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland,
To the glorious seed of Ir and Eivir,
In fair-hill'r, pleasant Ireland,
Where the voice of birds fills the wooded vale,
Like the mourning harp o'er the fallen Gael,
And, oh, that I pine, many long days' sail
From fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland!

The second stanza has Rossetti-like touches in its comparisons and imagery:

On the gentle heights are soft, sweet fountains,
In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland!

I would choose o'er this land the bleakest mountains,
In fair-hill'd pleasant Ireland!

More sweet than fingers o'er strings of song
The lowing of cattle the vales among,
And the sun shining down upon old and young,
In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland!

I borrow J. C. Mangan's version for the concluding stanza:

A noble tribe, moreover, are now the hapless Gael,
On the fair hills of Eire, O!
A tribe in battle's hour unused to shrink or fail,
On the fair hills of Eire O!
For this is my lament in bitterness outpoured,
To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword;
O woe of woes! to see a foreign spoiler horde,
On the fair hills of Eire O!

"BAN=CHNOIC EIREANN OGH!"

Another song of the same period may be considered companion to the foregoing. I may be permitted to quote a stanza or two, using the late Sir Samuel Ferguson's beautiful translation:

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer, Uileacan dubh O!

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear,

Uileacan dubh O!

There is honey in the trees, where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noon-tide there, and streams i' the yellow sand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

The following is a characteristic example of the Gaelic word-melody:

Is bachallach, buachach, dualach, dreimnach, Uileacan dubh O!

Gach faraire a ghluaiseas o chuantaibh no h-Eireann, Uileacan dubh O!

Rachadsa ar cuaird, ma's buan mo shaoghal bheidheas, Go talamh an t-suairceas mar ar dual do shaoghal bheith, Do b'fhearr liom na bhur ndualgas gidh mor le muidheamh bheith,

Ar bhan-chnoic Eireann ogh!

The stanza just quoted Edward Walsh renders as follows:

How clustering his ringlets, how lofty his bearing, Uileacean dubh O!

Each warrior leaving the broad bays of Erin, Uileacean dubh O!

Would Heaven grant the hope in my bosom swelling, I'd seek that land of joy in life's gift excelling, Beyond your rich rewards I'd choose a lowly dwelling On the fair hills of Eire Ogh!

"THE VISION OF JOHN MacDONNELL."

The Celtic writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries used the fairy mythology as a fanciful, but highly classical, medium for keeping before a sympathetic public the cause of the exiled Stuart. Thus the poet, John MacDonnell, wrapped in slumber, finds himself visited by a queen of the Sidhe, who commands his attendance at her court to learn the destinies of the nation. To reach it he traverses the principal haunts of the fairy host:

Tighim go sith Mhic, Lir, na gruach,
Go Graoibh Ruadh, 's tighim go Teamhair;
Go sith Chnoc Fhirinn, aoibhinn, fhuar,
'S Aoibhill Ruadh re taoibh na chaige;
Bhi cead bean og, ba seimhe clodh,
Ag eisteas ceoil 's ag deanamh astighe,
A bhfochair Aoibhill 's riogradh Thuadh-Mhumhain,
'S mile gruagach gle le gaisgidhe!

Mac Lir, I sought thy proud abode—
Through Creeveroe my question sounded,
Through Temor's halls of state I strode,
And reached Cnoc-Fhirinn spell-surrounded.
By Eevil-Roe, 'mid wine-cups, flow,
A thousand maids' clear tones were blending,
And chiefs of the Gael, in armed mail,
At tilt and tourney were contending!

"THE MAGIC MIST."

One of the sweetest singers that ever drew his inspiration from Irish legend—Alfred Percival Graves,— embodied the same legendary beliefs in fairy influence over mortals in his poem "The Magic Mist," wherein he imitates with felicity and success the Celtic vowelrhythm and the Celtic imagery:

"Thine eyes like a seer's star-bright?"

"Dread Bard out of Desmond deep-vallied,
"Whence comest thou chanting tonight,
"From thy brow to thy bosom death-pallid;
"Thine eyes like a seer's star-bright?

"And whence o'er thy guest-seat allotted "These strange, sudden eddies of air?" And why is the quicken-flower clotted, "Like foam in the flow of thy hair?"

"To and fro, in high thought, on the mountains,
"I strode in my singing-robe green,
"Where Mangerton, father of fountains,
Starts sternly from lovely Loch Lene,
"When around me and under and o'er me,
"Rang melody none may resist;
"For rapture I swooned, while before me
"Earth faded in magical mist.

"And there my dull body sank sleeping
"Neath quickens of quivering sway—
"My soul in her song-robe went sweeping
"Where Cleena holds court o'er the fay,
"The land where all tears are with smiling
"The land where all smiles are with tears,
"Where years shrink to days of beguiling,
"Days yearn into long, blessed years."

"Arch minstrel of Desmond, we dread three,
"Lest, lifted tonight in our hall,
"The spell of lone music that led thee,
"To Faery have fettered us all."
"Nay, fear not! though Cleena be calling,
"I only her clairseach obey."
To earth the dull body is falling—
The soul soars exultant away.

"THE LAP FULL OF NUTS."

But, after all, it is in the love-songs of a people that we should seek its most truly characteristic expression of poetic feeling. Of the translations which the late Sir Samuel Ferguson has left us few surpass in refinement and chivalry of sentiment, the Jacobite lyric that follows:

Whene'er I see soft hazel eyes,
And nut-brown curls,
I think of those bright days I spent
Among the Limerick girls;
When up through Cratla wood I went
Nutting with thee,
And we plucked the glossy clustering fruit
From many a bending tree.

Beneath the hazel boughs we sate,
Thou, love, and I.
And the gathered nuts lay in thy lap
Beneath thy downcast eye:
But little we thought of the store we'd won,
I, love, or thou;
For our hearts were full, and we dare not own
The love that's spoken now.

O, there's wars for willing hearts in Spain,
And high Germanie!
And I'll come back ere long again
With knightly fame and fee.
And I'll come back, if I ever come back,
Faithful to thee,
That sat with thy white lap full of nuts
Beneath the hazel-tree.

Paistin Fionn is ruder in sentiment. It has a rollicking chorus:

Is tusa mo run, mo run, mo run,
Is tusa mo run is mo gradh geal,
Is tusa mo run is mo choman go buan,
Se mo chreach gan tu agam o'd mhathairin!

The ideas it expresses are familiar to all the love-songs of its day and class:

Cara mochroidhe mo Phaistin Fionn,
Bhuil a da ghradh air lasadh mar bhlath nag-crann,
Ta mise saer air mo Phaistin Fionn.
Acht amhain gur olas a slainte.

"CLEANN DUBH DILIS."

I may here be permitted to quote an exquisite lyric, Ceann Dubh Dilis. The Dear Black Head, clothed in the English garb devised for it by the late Sir Samuel Ferguson:

Put your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above;
O mouth of honey with the thyme for fragrance,
Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love?
O, many and many a young girl for me is pining,
Letting her locks of gold to the cold wind free—
For me, the foremost of our gay young fellows,
But I'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee!
Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above;
O mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
Who, with heart in breast could deny you love?

Beautiful though the verses are, their author does not seem to have been specially gifted with modesty—if we may judge him by the stanzas relating to "the other girls" which, probably, was the reason why he chose to remain anonymous. It is to be hoped that the fair object of his verses was able to appreciate his devotion, so ardently expressed, and that "the other girls" did not pine away completely at his indifference.

Aubrey de Vere puts the following soliloquy in the mouth of an Irish soldier, after the fall of Limerick:—

I snatched a stone from the bloodied brook,
And hurled it at my household door!

No farewell of my love I took:
I shall see my love no more!

I dashed across the churchyard bound;
I knelt not by my parents' grave:
There rang from my heart a clarion sound,
That summoned me o'er the wave.

No land to me can native be
That strangers trample and tyrants stain:
When the valleys I love are cleaned and free,
They are mine, they are mine again!

Till then, in sunshine or sunless weather,
By Seine and Loire and the broad Garonne,
My warhorse and I shall roam together
Wherever God will! On! On!

Two centuries only have passed since the green flag was lowered from the steeple of St. Mary's church in Limerick, and already the Gaelic League and the National Party have effectually undone the work of the Williamite conquerors. We are about to witness the final cleansing and freeing of the valleys in the establishment of an Irish Parliament in Dublin. So much, at least in spirit do we owe to the poets of the Penal Times who kept the Celtic language and the Celtic tradition alive in days of difficulty and danger, teaching the nation to live up to the motto composed for it by Geoffrey Keating:

HUBERT O'MEAR'A.

* Muisceal do mhisneach, a Bhanba.

Are We Rising or Sinking?

This seems to be the underlying question in Henry Van Dyke's latest volume: 'Essays in application,' of which he says himself, that he has tried in these theories to touch on certain points in education, in politics, in literature, in religion, in the conduct of life, from the standpoint of one who wishes to be guided in every-day judgments and affairs by a sane idealism. The book makes no attempt to be a defense, or even a statement of a complete system of philosophy of faith, it is simply a collection of essays in application. Some of the most interesting of these essays compel deep thinking and as one happens to be either pessimist or optimist or meliorist,

^{*} Awaken thy self-confidence, O Banba.

might provoke some controversy; for instance, could we simultaneously answer either yea, yea, or nay, nay, to this one: "Is the world growing better?" and what a deal of talk might flow from the reading of: "The Heritage of American Ideals!" and how far and wide might we not wander on the trail of "Christianity and Current Literature!" as for "The Powers That Be," who is not set on fire for them or against them. Judging by contemporary history the present writer purposes to limit these remarks to the essay that seem most in harmony with his own views and theories: "The Creature Ideal in Education." In the essay "The Creature Ideal in Education," one is forced to agree with Mr. James Bryce, who in his admirable book: The American Commonwealth, places his study of the colleges and universities next to the chapter on Wall street. One likes to believe the American colleges and universities will always keep the balance, and perhaps sometimes lead in national reasons for security, and that we may always look to education for protection against "raw haste,"—against the fearful temper If the newspapers are good reflectors how earnestly gigantic will the educators have to be:--and is it education that will help destroy the idolatory of mere riches, and are all the "silly rich" and "sinful rich" as the fashionable journals are exposing them, lacking education? It is good to believe that education can and will clarify public opinion, steady the feverish energy dispel narrow prejudice and strengthen the ties that should bind a people together, but what must the basis of that education be? Here's the place for the defenders of the faith, the crusaders of today to rise and say their act of faith and hope. Mr. Van Dyke's gentle sarcasm justifies a lesser light in daring to doubt that by dint of steadily improved ways and means, one may hope to gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. He makes a powerful plea for the decorative ideal in education, but finds it short in results, he is also eloquent in pleading for the marketable ideal, or rather in pleading against this "cash value" of education—and who will not, who is not sold to Mammon, protest against running the child through a mill, cramming him with rules and definitions, while ideas and feelings are left to take care of themselves! And who is not glad to hear a mighty voice protest against leaving the child's imagination to feed on the weekly story paper? Judging by the frequent signs in the higher institutions to put the humanities aside, one is forced to realize how for the marketable ideal has been allowed to creep into the academic hall. Is the importance of studies to be measured by the direct effect upon industrial or professional success? is best—educate the boy to live or to make a living? educator bear first in mind that he is to help the boy find himself a man? or turn out a journalist, a chemist, a lawyer, a physician, an engineer? If the trade or the profession be the chief aim, then how much itme need be given to literature and philosophy. the use of a library? The trade and industrial schools are not despised by this earnest essayist. He simply wants to show in what sense they can never take the place of the broader and higher education. "They mean business, but business is precisely the one thing which education does not mean." True education should make the shoemaker go beyond his last, the clerk beyond his desk, the surveyor beyond his chain, the lawyer beyond his brief, the doctor beyond the prescription and the preacher beyond his sermon, Verily it looks as is we could twit Mr. Van Dyke with some of our educational reforms.

Have we not all come to groan over the enormous productions from the press that most certainly are not adding to the world's literature? Listen to Mr. Van Dyke: "If our education would but create a race of readers, earnest, intelligent, capable of true imaginative effort, then the old writers would not be forgotten and the. new ones would get a wiser welcome when they arrive." Is it not true that we read too many books and papers to be what our elders called, "Well read?" When reading becomes "as passive as massage," is there any mental emancipation possible? Can these devourers of books say: "My mind to me my kingdom is?" And must we with all our boasted freedom from authority be forever dependent on our daily paper's editorial for an opinion on the world stirring events? The noble conclusion of this essay is that the final result of education is not a selfish scholar, nor a scornful critic of the universe, but an intelligent and faithful citizen who is determined to put his powers to the service of his country and mankind, and that we do not need more colleges but more power in the colleges to make men.

T. N.

HOME!

Home is that loved spot where the heart finds rest, where the wandering thoughts and restless mind turn to seek a sweet repose. If the heart nowhere finds rest then it has no home, and its owner is but a wanderer,—a being without earthly aim or heavenly hope. But is everywhere the soul is content, and the heart at rest, and the willing hands find fitting work to do, then such thrice happy mortal has found the highest, and holiest destiny, for his end, his aim, his love is God.

Not to all souls does God reveal His entrancing beauty with a charm strong enough to enable them to break every earthly chain, and choose Him as portion forever. This is the great pearl beyond price—the secret He imparts only to an elected few. The great crowd catches but a glimpse of His absorbing loveliness, and is content to follow Him afar off. They have not the courage to rtample the good things of this world under foot, and use them as a ladder to attain the heights where angels love to dwell.

Priceless gifts have been lavished on us by our Creator but none is so precious to our hearts, so profitable to our souls as a happy home. A home where mother, wife, or sister reigns supreme, a blissful Utopia where the scepter of love holds sovereign sway, wielded by the firm hand of a gentle woman. There the sweet fire-side virtues bloom in perpetual loveliness, and permeate the atmosphere with delicious fragrance; kindness, candor, gentleness, gaiety, forethought, deference, and a host of others, sowed and fostered by that tender love which binds those that draw their blood from the same fountain. To such a home the tired father, or husband, or brother returns eagerly at eventide, and feels, at the charmed threshold, his worry, anxiety, or ill-humor fall from, exorcised by the magic of love in the tender eyes that welcome his coming.

Fair young mother, with your child nestling on your bosom; it is for you to make such homes. Yes; for you and you alone. Men can build houses, houses they cannot make. That is the sacred right, and glorious privilege of woman. But the edifice must have for cornerstone self-sacrifice, and must be ornamented with what is richest in a womanly woman's head and heart. It must be her life work, the end and aim of her every earthly aspiration. Still will she fail if she shows not how to sacrifice self to her devoted love

for husband and children. If you recoil from this constant selfabnegation, if love make it not so sweet that you feel it no longer a duty but a pleasure, you are no true wife or mother. You love only for your own gratification; in other words it is yourself you love in others.

"But will it pay such cost?" you weakly cry. Will it pay the cost to save your manly sons from gambling dens and drinking salcons? Will it pay the cost to keep your young daughters off the streets at night, or from places of dangerous amusement, and guard around these fair brows the auriole of purity? Will it pay the cost to present to their God, at the last, the souls confided to your care, and be able to say, "I have not lost one of these you gave me." Pay the cost! Yes; ten thousand fold even in this life; for you would soon find the thorns of such a pathway turn to roses where sweet perfume would embalm your middle life and old age with the redolence of love returned. In the beautiful words of Holy Writ, "Your husband shall extol you in the gates, and your children they shall call you blessed."

S. M. A.

Sketch of Characters.

In the Play Coriolanus.

The central figure in Shakespeare's Coriolanus is Caius Marcius who, after the battle of Corioli, was named Coriolanus, in honor of his great bravery. Another strong character in the play is the hero's mother, Volumnia. Many of the characteristics of the mother are easily recognized in the son. Besides these, there the two tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, who are an entirely different stamp of men from the hero of the play. Tullus Aufidius and Menenius are two characters less important than those already mentioned.

Coriolanus' chief mark was pride. He was descended from a noble family and one which had performed many services for Rome. He had associated with nobles and senators all his life, except when in the wars; his continual intercourse with the higher class of society produced in his mind the idea that the lower class were inferior beings, fit only to be the tools and slaves of the nobility. His contempt for the common people is shown in the opening scene of

the play. A mutinous crowd are clamoring against the senate, and against Caius Marcius (Coriolanus) in particular, who, they say, is no friend of the common people. That they have reason to believe him their enemy is evident from his words. He calls them "dissentious rogues," "scabs," "curs," "cowards." His pride is manifested again when the senate calls him to be consul. According to custom a man had to beg the voice of the people before being elected to the consulship. Coriolanus was very unwilling to submit to this humiliation; and it is probable that, had not his friend Menenius urged him to submit, he would not have asked the people for their voice. As it was, he insulted those who came before him, and intimated that he did not seek the consulship, but that the consulship sought him. His pride was so great that he thought his will was strong enough to resist the entreaties of even his wife and mother to spare Rome. In this he erred; he remained obdurate for a time, but finally nature prevailed, and he sacrificed his one desire for the sake of those who were nearest and dearest to him.

A humble man is not offended when he is slighted, but a proud man is always very sensitive and, if he is contemned or humbled, he seeks to avenge himself on his humiliators. as proud as that of Coriolanus. expect to find revenge and our expectations are not false. great man, having defeated the Volscians, eturned triumphant to Rome, and was about to be chosen consul, when, by the plottings of his enemies, he was deprived of the honor, and, instead of receiving a reward for his services, he was ignominously banished from his native city, which he loved so much. This was a great blow to his pride, so he went to his deadly enemy, Tullus Aufidius, "I come not out of hope to save my life: but in mere spite, to be full quit of those, my banishers. Make my misery serve thy turn; so use it that my revengeful services may prove as benefits to thee: for I will fight against my canker'd country with the spleen of all the under fiends." No stronger words, expressing the intention of revenge, could be imagined.

Coriolanus was extremely merciless. Before Rome, he refused to give ear to the prayers of the people for pardon. His best friend, Menenius, was turned away so coldly that he imagined Volumnia would have no influence on her son. Menenius says: "I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger.

The bravery of Coriolanus was remarkable. This bravery, not being tempered by reason, finally cost him his life. That cowardice was unknown to hm is shown by the manner in which he addressed the Roman mob on several occasions. He called them abusive names, and, although practically alone, he offered to fight the entire crowd. His challenge is: "No! I'll die here! There's some among you who have beheld me fighting. Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me." In the battle of Corioli he entered the enemy city alone and fought the citizens single-handed. Again when he returned to Antium, after the treaty of Rome, he was falsely accused by Aufidius. This he resented in very strong language, although he was alone, while Aufidius was surrounded by his soldiers.

Coriolanus was a born soldier, and general. Whenever he was leader his forces conquered. First, the Volscians felt his power at the battle of Corioli, which would have been a victory for them had not the bravery and appeals of Coriolanus inspired the Romans to fight like demons and finally conquer. That the Roman victory was due to Coriolanus is seen by the fact that, when he joined the Volscians, the fortunes of war were reversed, and instead of the Romans being the victors, they had to humbly beg for peace. Lartius, who was Coriolanus' general, speaks of him thus: "Thou wast a soldier, even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and the thunder-like persecution of thy sounds, thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world were feverous and did tremble."

Wth the character of Coriolanus is closely connected that of Volumnia, his mother. The traits of character in her are discernible in her son. She was ambitious that her child should win fame. To Virgilia she said: "When he was tender-bodied, I, considering how honor would become such a person, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. Patriotism was another marked characteristic of Volumnia. She said: "I had rather have eleven sons die nobly for their country than one surfeit out of action." Though the Romans treated her son disgracefully, her patriotism was so great that she begged him to spare her native city when it was in his power to destroy it. She held honor highly, and used it as the subject of one of her entreaties to Coriolanus, when she said: "Think'st thou it's honorable for a noble man still to remember wrongs."

In contrast with Coriolanus we have the two tribunes,, Sicinius

and Brutus. Jealousy was their distinguishing mark. They envied the fame of Coriolanus. While he was away shedding his blood for his country and making her feared by her enemies, the two tribunes were arousing the people against him, telling them he was no friend of the common people. By their intrigues Coriolanus was deprived of his just reward, the consulship. They were only too glad, to insist upon the people seizing him, and casting him off the Tarpeian rock. They were cowards. While Cariolanus was in Rome, these two tribunes abused him whenever possible. But when his conquering Volscians appeared before the city, the tribunes were most earnest in obtaining petitions to go to the camp of Coriolanus and ask him to spare the city.

Tullus Aufidius is an example of an ungrateful wretch. He fawned upon Coriolanus while the latter was humbling the Romans and making the Volscians feared. But, when peace was made, Aufidius cruelly murdered his general, for fear he would become too popular with the people.

An examination of the character of this play shows us that men have already been the same. The really noble man and the one who deserves reward receives, instead rebukes and insults, on account of some whim of the people. On the other hand, the flatterers and intriguers work themselves into the confidence of the people, and receive the places of honor. This was so in Coriolanus' time, and it is so at the present day.

J. N. G. '06.'

Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Wilter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771. His father was a writer to the "Signet," and his mother the daughter of an eminent Edinburgh physician. When an infant he was rendered lame through a fever, and during his early years, his health was very poor; so much so, that he was sent to reside at his grandfather's farm-house, near Melrose. He received his primary education at the Edinburgh Grammar School. Later on he attended the High School and University there. During this time, however, he does not seem to have been distinguished for his scholarship. Though a fair Latin scholar he was averse to Greek—a circumstance that he bitterly regretted in after life.

In his youth Sir Walter was fond of athletic sports, gievn to miscellaneous reading, and a general favorite among his fellows on account of his great gifts as a story-teller. Concerning this he himself says: "The chief employment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise." Thus even while he was yet a boy, we see asserting itself, that brilliant imagination which, later on placed him among the most distinguished writers of the early part of the nineteenth century. In deference to the wishes of his father, young Walter studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1792. As, however, the lawyer's profession had little attraction for him, he soon abandoned it for that of the writer, to him a congenial occupation.

Though Scott's literary career dates back to 1796, it was not until 1802 that his first publication of any note appeared. This was was entitled "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." In 1806 his first great poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," was published. It is a border tale of the sixteenth century, related by a minstrel, and is intended to describe the scenery and also the manners and customs that prevailed on the borders of England and Scotland at that time. The principal characters—the minstrel, the border chief, and Margaret—are well drawn ,and the author's power of description are everywhere evident.

In 1808 "Marmion" appeared. It is considered by many the best of his chivalrous tales. The story of this poem turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character, Lord Marmion. It is called, also, "A Tale of Flodden Field," because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it.

His "Lady of the Lake," written in 1810, is, probably, the best known romantic poem in the English language. It has been called his "fairest creation," and is more richly picturesque than either of the above poems. The basis of the poem is historical, but the characters are creations of the poet. The hero is supposed to be the Scottish monarch, James V., and the subject is one of the common Highland revolts, but the scene is laid in a locality where the surroundings afford unrivalled feats of description. The wild clans are so near the court, that they are connected intimately with the romantic adventures of the disguised king.

The above are generally considered the best of his longer poems,

but he gained, moreover, a "considerable" reputation as a writer of prose, particularly in his series of novels under the title of "Waverley." Among his more important prose works are: Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob Roy, Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, Redgauntlet, Woodstock, and Tales of My Landlord.

Both as a poet and as a writer of fiction, Scott is beyond doubt, one of the greatest authors of the nineteenth century. The novelty and the originality of his style of poetry formed his first passport to public favor and applause. His perfect clearness of style and beauty of conception are among the distinguishing features. His landscape characters and situations were all real delineatons. None of his contemporaries had the same picturesque fancy. None were so graphic in painting manners and customs; none so fertile in inventing incidents, and none so fascinating in narrative nor so powerful in description. He could portray vividly the contrasted effects of passion and situation. The suffering and sin of Constance, the remorse of Marmicn, the knightly grace of Fitz-James, the rugged virtues of Roderick—all these are fine specimens of moral painting. in aword, then, Scott's great strength lay in the richness of his conception, and in the abundant stores of his memory. wrote his longest and best poems in the romantic measure, iambic tetrameter, in rhyming couplets, and to him, mainly, is due its popularity.

As a rule, the moral tone of his works is good. We find in them many types of all that is honest, true, and, morally as well as physically beautiful. For these reasons, they are well adapted for educational purposes. They are in places, however, very disagreeable to Catholics. On this point T. M. Marshall says: "We cannot say that Scott is licentious, but he is offensive and unjust to Catholics. He misrepresents their belief, perverts their intentions, and caricatures their practices. His saints are madmen, his monks are half fool and half beast, his lay Catholics scoundrels or pretended heritics. More than once he speaks of what he calls 'a hunting mass,' purposely abbreviated for the convenience of hasty worshippers, being totally ignorant that no ecclesiastic has power to suppress a single word of the missal."

In 1820, the title of baronet was conferred on Scott by George IV., but in 1825 he became a bankrupt through the failure of the firm of the Ballantynes, in which he was a partner. The liabilities of the firm were £117,000; and unwilling to let his creditors lose

anything, he set to work, very much like Jenkins, to pay off the debt. The undertaking was, however, too great for him, and hurried his death. He died at Abbottsford, in 1832, from the effects of a paralytic stroke.

Carlyle says of him: "No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott: the good and the not so good which all Scotchmen inherit ran through every fibre of him."

J. E. McNEILL. '06.

The Fundamental Law of the Diatonic Scale.

--0--

Every manual of music treats of the diatonic scale; but most of them, if not all content themselves with the mere statement that there is such a scale—at best they declare only the proportions of the several notes of the scale to the tonic and to one another. There is scarcely a work that gives an answer to the natural query "Why it is so?"

Nevertheless the knowledge of these fundamental reasons is to the musician, of as much importance as the knowledge of first principles to the philosopher, because these are natural laws, and indispensable conditions of the beautiful in music. Without doubt there is a certain beauty in the diatonic gamut, and it is equally evident that this beauty is not accidental. Art indeed is but a further perfection of nature and as such can not arbitrarily go its own way; in order to be pleasant and agreeable it is bound to remain A few lapses here and there, exceptions as it were, do not seriously prejudice the effect,, but to ignore rule on principle is most disastrous from an artistic point of view. Surprising, astonishing, bizarre effects may be produced, but there cannot be question of real beauty. The tendency of such malpractice too is to corrupt artistic judgment—points we shall dwell on later. present, however, let us answer the question.

Taken singly we may employ in music any tone which attains a determined minimum of vibrations and does not exceed a fixed maximum. In order to employ these notes successively or synchronously they may be grouped with reference to vibration proportions and in these proportions is to be found the fundamental law of the diatonic scale.

According to careful experiment the tones of the diatonic scale are to one another in the following proportions:

C 24, D 27, E 30, F 32, G 36, A 40, B 45, c 48, d 54, e 60, f 64, g 72, a 80. These numbers are used to avoid fractions. The notes have the following ratio to the tonic i.e. C.

D:C eq. 9:8; E:C eq. 5:4; F:C eq. 4:3; G:C eq. 3:2; A:C eq. 5:3; B:C eq. 15:8; c: C eq 2:1.

Other proportions may easily be found by invertion. Thus:

D:c eq. 9:16; E:c eq. 5:8; F:c eq. 2:3; G:c eq. 3:4; A:c eq. 5:6; B:c eq. 15:16.

If moreover we compare the tones to one another we find besides those already given the following:

D:E and G:A eq. 9:10; D:F eq. 27:32; D:A eq. 27:40; F:B eq. 32:45.

The inversion of these last intervals gives other proportions as follows:

E:d eq. 5:9; F:d eq. 16:27; A:d eq. 20:27 and B:f eq. 45:64. To sum up we have the list as enumerated in order.

Perfect octave, when the ratio is 1:2.

Perfect fifth, when the ratio is 2:3 (D:A.)

Perfect fourth, when the ratio is 3:4 (A:d.)

Major third, when the ratio is 4:5.

Major sixth, when the ratio is 3:5 (F:d.)

Minor third, when the ratio is 5:6 (D:F.)

Minor sixth, when the ratio is 5:8.

Major second, when the ratio is 8:9 (D:E and G:A.)

Major seventh, when the ratio is 8:15.

Minor second, when the ratio is 16:16.

Augmented fourth, when the ratio is 32:45.

Diminished fifth, when the ratio is 45:64.

It is to be noted that the perfect fifth and fourth, the major second and sixth and the minor third and seventh are not perfectly equal. Between the major second C:D, F:G, A:G and D:E, G:A is a difference of $\frac{81}{80}$ (9/8:10/9=81/80) which explains why the other intervals mentioned are inequal. The fifth D:A contains two seconds of the second kind D—E and G—A, and its inversion second does not contain any. The minor third D:F contains also a major second of the second kind, while the other minor third contains a major second of the last kind, while the other major sixths contain two.

The minor sevenths are not equal, since they are the inversion of the major second. The difference 80:81 is called the syntonical comma.

The question arises, "Why is the diatonic scale constituted by these proportions? Because of their simplicity. The few complicated ones cannot be omitted without sacrificing simple ones with which they are inseparably connected.

The simplest proportion is that of an octave, viz. 1:2. The next in order is 1:3, but it cannot be used since it exceeds the gamut scale. Then follows 2:3 the perfect fifth, then 3:4 the perfect fourth, then 4:5 the major third, then 3:5 the major sixth. So that we have the following relations:

C 1, E 5/4, F 4/3, G 3/2, A 5/3, c 2.

The inversion of these gives the minor sixth and the minor third, c:E eq. 8:5 and c:A eq. 6:5 and also c:F eq. 3:2, c:G eq. 4:3.

Again E:F eq. 15:16 (minor second) and E:G eq. 5:6; E:A eq. 3:4; F:G eq. 8-9, (major second) F:A eq. 4:5; G:A eq. 9:10. We find also that the distance between C and c is divided in two equal parts separated by a major second C:F eq. 3:4; G:c eq. 3:4, these parts are called tetrachords. Furthermore the simplicity of the proportions requires that their number be not augmented arbitrarily, and therefore we are obliged to use for new divisions of the intervals, proportions found among the inter-The distance 4:5 is found between F and A vals already obtained. and there it is divided by the note G in the following proportions: F:G eq. 8:9; G:A eq. 9:10. If we divide C—E in the same vay we obtain C:D eq. 8:9 and D:E eq. 9:10. Again the distance 5:6 is found between E and G and there it is divided: E:F eq. 15:16, F.: G eq. 8:9. This division will also be used for the distance A—c.

But in this case the simplicity of the disposition requires the displacing of the intervals so as to give the first 8:9 eq. A:B then 15:16 eq. B:c. The reasons are first to divide the two tetrachords as evenly as possible, secondly to obtain a leading note to the octave. In this way we obtain the intervals as follows:

C 1, D 9/8, E 3/4. F 4/3, G 3/2, A 5/3, B 15/8, c 2.

It may be objected that the division of the first two tetra chords must be perfectly equal, which is not the case, for when between C and D the interval is 81 and between D and E 80, while between G and A is 81 and between A and B 81. But the objection is not

to be considered; for it would be a fault to introduce a more complex proportion from the first to the second note than that between the second and the third, especially since the tonic as the starting point is the all important note and the tetra chord naturally remaining subject to the whole scale.

It may be asked too why the proportion 5:8 and 5:6 which are simpler than for instance 8:9 are not combined with the tonic, upwards. The reason is that the intervals would be too crowded and the scale as a whole overburdened and disfigured. On the other hand to avoid monotony it is quite natural that several exceptions occur.

Let us discuss the question whether simplicity of proportions generally and these simple proportions as above, particularly are necessary for true musical beauty.

Here is the place to define once for all the general notion of the beautiful. Philosophy exacts three conditions—integral perfection or completeness, suitable and adequate proportions, clearness outline. In the matter under discussion the first and third conditions concern us, but indirectly as much as they affect the second element. What then are these just and adequate proportions? They vary evidently for different things, depending on the nature and properties of these things and their relations one to another. Objects closely allied in nature and properties have other due proportions than things widely divergent. Now the constituent parts of the diatonic scale are closely allied, all depending on sound vibrations of varied frequency, and in this class of phenomena, it is a fact that the most pleasing proportions are the simplest, forming a more symetrical effect than complex combinations. Of course from an artistic standpoint the latter are not excluded entirely, but they are admitted only to modify the simpler proportions while remaining subordinate to them.

Overburdening of the proportions must be avoided, as it seriously prejudices a beautiful succession of intervals, in which the charm of music consists. In the moods of the Gregorian plain chant however, we find another arrangements of intervals, yet the disposition of the diatonic scale must be regarded as the best, since it is the simplest and is more apt to form harmonics without recurring to modifications for the intervals.



Book Review.

-0-

A Double Knot and Other Stories.

Benziger Bros., New York.

A Double Knot is a very interesting little tale by Mary T. Waggaman, who also contributes four other good stories to this book. Others are written by T. Sadlier, Maurice F. Egan, etc. This book contains twenty-nine stories in all, suited to please both the old and the young. Price \$1.25.

One Afternoon and Other Stories.

Benziger Bros., New York.

One afternoon is a fascinating short piece of fiction by Marian Ames Taggart. This book contains twenty-one stories, all by the same author. They are written in an easy and a pleasing style, and contain a moral, by which the reader may be benefitted. Price \$1.25.

W. H. V. '07.

With permission of the London C. T. Society, the International Catholic Truth Society, Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y., has just published the interesting and timely little pamphlet by Right Rev. Mgr. Canon John Vaughn entitled "Is There Salvation Outside the Church?" There is a special need nowadays that the correct doctrine of the church upon this subject be thoroughly understood. Mgr. Vaughn has in the compass of a few pages showed how untenable on the one hand is the view that it matters not to what church one belongs and on the other hand he makes it clear how

those who are innocently outside the visible fold may be saved. The price of the pamphlet is five cents.

* * *

Life of Mrs. Fitzherbert, W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A., \$5.00. Longmans, Greene & Co., London, New York.

Those who believe in Mary Tudor's maxim that "Time Reveals Truth," must be pleased to have the true story of this good woman, whose fate it was to be truly loved and won and wed, and for a while set aside by the "First Gentleman in Europe." Her long and chequered career shows her as a lovable, honorable and clever woman, very dear in her old age to the young Queen Victoria. The story of her royal suitor and husband is well told and thanks to the publication at last of some letters and especially of his last will and testament, it is possible to think more kindly of the man who has been more in our minds under less flattering epithets than the one quoted above.

This cleverly and chivalrously telling of that tragic romance is in great part due to the kind permission of his majesty the king to use the correspondence and official documents, until now kept safe Mrs. Fitz-Herbert who was first Miss in the royal archives. Smythe, then Mrs. Weld, then the wife of George Fourth, died in 1837, at the age of 82, and to the end of her life Mrs. Fitzherbert was an exemplary Catholic, and even if she must marry the king of England, head of the Established Church, she will not forswear her religion. She bore her troubles as nobly as she bore her favors, and one can understand why George the Fourth could never lose her love, though he might forfeit her respect and outward abhorence. His last will is an exceedingly interesting study; it helps to redeem the character of the chum of Beau Brummell, the sad story of Queen Caroline is well told in this book, and one is pleased to learn many things that the official historians have deemed fit to omit in their study of the opening of the nineteenth century.

T. N.

* * *

Though "Cecilia of the Court," by Miss Isabella Hess, is about a colony of little Sweeneys, Flynns, Dalys and McGuires, needless to add, not inhahitants of the Italian quarter, and one red-headed little musician in particular, very boastful of her saint's name, it is not the children but the grown-ups who derive most pleasure from reading it. It is a pathetically beautiful story of one of the poorer

tenement districts of New York, told if not with the true Dickens touch, certainly with all his sympathy, for the poor half-frozen, halfstarved little waifs, told directly, simply, in a way to grip the heartstrings, and to make the tears come in spite of one's self. Though it is a slum story and all the misery, all the poverty, the seeming hopelessness of life under such conditions, are convincingly put before us, to the author's credit be it said, she has made it a clean one. It seems as if drunkenness were the most deplorable evil she could point out in an Irish slum. Another thing to be noticed is the absence of the priest in the houses of trouble, at the bedsides of the sick and the dying; we all know that in any poor district, in an Irish one particularly, he is the first one to be sent for—always to be relied upon for help and comfort. Miss Hess, though she does not possess an Irish name, certainly knows the Irish character. In her book she gives the natural little touches of Irish humor, the sharp, jealous speeches of the women, which irresistibly suggest the idea of noses being elevated much higher than nature originally intended, and the warm-hearted Irish generosity, bringing painfully home to us the truth of the old Cockney's saying, "Lor Sir, its always the poor what helps the poor." These people of Miss Hess had only half a crust to give, yet they gave that same willingly. cheerfully, with a "sure what would I be doing with it. sure take it I'll never be wanting it, at all at all."

The characters are all well and truthfully drawn, the making of two in particular seems to have been with the author, a labor of love. The fiery-headed, fiery-tempered little Cecilia and her guide, philosopher and friend, James Belway, are certainly worth knowing. quiet; gentle, proud old Jim, whose eyes were young and whose heart was a flower garden in spite of the surrounding wilderness. Jim who loved the children of Flanery Court, loved to gather them in his little box of a shop, for be it known that he was a shoemender to the little Court, where dimes and dinners were equally scarce, and his fire was the only bit of cheer in the whole place, to which they were welcome. Jim who went without enough to eat that he might hoard up apples and candy just for the pleasure of seeing the brightening eyes in the childfaces, and the eager, clutching baby-fingers. Jim who played the flute for them and told them

stories, the right kind of stories too. Jim who, as the Doctor said, had led "the clean life you can't buy; and a clean life in that Godforsaken Court is a finer achievement than anywhere else. Cecelia's character is just as beautifal, in its way, as Jim's. She wanted to be good so good, but how could she in Flanery Court, with no father, a drunken mother, and not enough to eat; and above all, not to have enough for "Puddin" (her little brother) whose love for her was the one bright spot in her life? Jim had been through it all; she had still to face the struggle; no wonder it seemed worse than hopeless to her young eyes. Jim took hold of the poor starned little body, helping the starved little soul, teaching her lessons of charity towards. and patience with, all men. Then her prayers became that God would let her grow up a woman to take carc of "Puddin," only not a woman like her, Lord, meaning her mother; and that He never let "Puddin" know his father died in the Penitentiary."

We cannot close the book with the thought that these are exaggerated cases; we know they are not. The fact that this story ends in general joy and thanksgiving makes the heart ache all the greater, for we know too that the life of these people is one long struggle with the Giant Despair, and seldom if ever, do they receive the reward of virtue this side of the City that lies over the Hill. The book is productive of sadness of a healthy kind; makes one long to be up and doing for the poor we have at our doors. The story too in a negative way, than a whole series of sermons on Contentment, the sense of contrast rendering the daily prayer, "For what we have O Lord, we are truly thankful," more real and earnest.

E. M. M.

d'Youville Circle.

* * *

The city librarian of Camden, N. J., has founded an organization of boys under the title of the Reading Fraternity, for the purpose of decreasing the percentage of fiction read by the patrons of the free public library of that city.

Every member of the fraternity, and it now includes a member-ship of 300, has signed this obligation:

"I do solemnly promise that for every volume of fiction

shall read hereafter I will read two "class" or non-fiction books. I also promise that I will respect the work of the free library and protect its property, and I will urge all other persons to do the same. To all the foregoing I pledge my sacred honor."

* * *

Since reading habits, like most others, are formed in youth, this is a most enlightened work, and should reflect much credit upon the city of Camden and result in a vast improvement of its citizenship. Reading fiction is generally to be regarded as a relation, and while there are many important benefits from it, nothing is more deteriorating to memory, to the faculty of sustained effort, and to mental habits than to read nothing but fiction. This is true of the best fiction, and of course, if possible, none but the best should be permitted to come into the hands of the young people.

There are few things in which there is more satisfaction than a nice taste in reading, and a liking for the best things in literature. The constant reading of fiction tends to dull the fineness of this taste, just as the constant abuse of a liking for sweets will spoil one's taste for solid, wholesome food. Mental indigestion is as common as physical indigestion, and infinitely more harmful.

Nobody should advise the elimination of fiction, but in order to cultivate in the young a satisfactory taste for literature, one that will bide with them and make them better men and women, it is necessary to place light readily in its proper relation to the rest, that of dessert and relaxation. As a steady mental diet it is worse than useless, leading to poor memories, slovenly mental habits, and superficiality. The proportion of one part of fiction to two parts of solid reading is well advised.

There are hundreds of the world's best books that omnivorous fiction readers shun like the plague, because their tastes have been poorly formed, or vitiated by a too constant diet of fiction, but which are a constant and never-failing source of pleasure and delight to those with normal literary tastes.—Ex.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance, Single copies, 10 cents, Advertising rates on application. Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

W. F. CAVANAGH, '06,

T. J. GORMLEY, '06,

C. J. JONES, '07,

G. W. O'TOOLE, '06,

T. J. SLOAN, '06,

A. T. POWER, '07,

T. J. TOBIN, '06,

M. T. O'NEILL, '07,

P. J. MARSHALL, '07,

G. P. Bushey, '06,

J. K. McNeil, '07,

J. D. MARSHALL, '07.

Business Managers: - J. N. GEORGE, '06; W. P. DERHAM, '06.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. VIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., February, 1905.

No. V

EDITORIAL.

CATHOLIC AMERICA.

The Review has just received a most elaborate prospectus of the Catholic Encyclopedia, about to be published by the Appletons. The Board of Editors is as follow: Charles G. Hebermann, L.L.D., Edward A. Pace, D.D., Condé B. Pallen, L.L.D., Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., John J. Wynne, S.J. These names and the imposing list of collaborators are sufficient to assure the success of the giant task. Orthodox, up-to-date, artistic, are adjectives that apply to every sample page and the schedule of topics is comprehensive and exhaustive. The fifteen volumes will form an effective arsenal for the militant Catholic and no doubt be responsible for many a conversion.

VERITAS LIBERABIT VOS.

That the Catholic idea is coming to the fore in the great Republic is becoming quite evident to a peruser of the more serious periodical literature. A late number of the North American Review, a publication which has the ear of the more enlightened class, contains an article on "Lynch Law and its Remedies," by Jas. Cardinal Gibbon, another entitled, "Is Catholic Education a Menace to American Institutions," by Rev. Dr. J. G. Mullany, and a study of the reduction of congressional representation by Emmet O'Neil. Evidently the policy of the church on the West is to court public opinion on matters of human interest after the example of Pius X, whose belief in the leverage of public opinion is tacitly expressed in the exposures of the White Book of the Vatican.

BENEFACTORS TO CHARITIES.

Among the notable benefactions of the past year to Catholic institutions were the three gifts of \$10,000 each made to the Catholic University in Washington by J. Pierpont Morgan, Senator W. L. Elkins and Senator N. W. Aldrich, respectively. Others were \$5,000 from Adrian Iselin to the New Rochelle Hospital; \$40,000 to Italian settlement work in New York by Miss Annie Leary; for Catholic charities in Philadelphia, \$44,300 from Miss E. Brasier; Thomas F. Byrne, for church at Phoenixville, \$50,000; Mrs. J. L. Standford, Notre Dame University, \$10,000; Miss H. T. Gardiner, Catholic University, \$100,000; Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, Georgetown University, \$125,000; Rev. Frederick Bender, \$50,-for Denver church; Nicholas Walsh, St. Mary's Cathedral, Covington, Ky., \$100,000; Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, memorial chapel at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., \$100,000.

Athletics.

February, 1906.

The Annual Intramural Hockey League should have finished on February 3, if the schedule had been followed out. However this was too much to expect in a winter such as the present one. Rainstorm followed snowstorm, and decidedly cold weather gave place to warm, so that our series yet remain unfinished (Feb. 19.)

A single schedule was drawn up, starting on Jan. 17, when Captain McHugh administered a defeat to Capt. Durocher by a score of 4 to 3. Saturday, January 20, saw Captain Joron and his men down Captain R. McDougall's braves by a score of 4 to 1. This was followed by a defeat for Durocher at the hands of McDougall by a score of 3 to 1. On Jan. 27, McHugh won from Joron by 5 goals to 1 and on Feb. 17, McDougall won from McHugh, the score being 4 to 3. At the time of writing there remains one game to play, and everything points to a three-cornered tie in which the contestants will be Captains McDougall, Joron and McHugh.

Although the league this year has proven a success, it cannot be said that it has equalled those of former years neither in the interest it has aroused among players and spectators nor in the quality of hockey played. Evidently there is a falling off in good hockey material around the University, and the reason is hard to find. With the possible exception of a dozen who play good hockey the players go into the games with the intention of beating their opponents off their feet, and as a consequence the officials have to keep open eyes on the whole two teams at once.

The lack of interest may be attributed to the presence of our senior team in the City League, but from the present state of affairs, it is hardly probable that the attention of the hockeyists will be turned in that direction for some time to come.

CITY LEAGUE HOCKEY.

On January 17, the College Hockey Team made its debut in City Hockey Circles. The game was played against Rialtos on Rialto Rink and resulted in a defeat for our team by a score of 4 to 3. The ice was in first class condition and the game developed

into a good exhibition of hockey. Our team suffered inasmuch as they were not acquainted with the rink and its surroundings, nevertheless, they had the game well in hand and in fact it was a tie until the last two minutes of play. At this juncture, Duffus, the star rover of the College team was hurt and Rialtos scored the winning game while College played six men against seven. The College team was: Goal, Lamothe; point, Filiatreault; cover, Dunne; rover, Duffus; centre, Byrnes; right wing, Joron; left wing, O'Neill.

Our game with Cliffsides, scheduled for January 23, was postponed as the grass was beginning to grow in Rideau Rink about that time.

On January 29 the College sprang a surprise on New Edinburgh' by defeating them by the good score of nine to three. The weather was all that could be desired for good fast hockey, and such was the game, for, from start to finish a pace was kept up that would remind one of the exhibitions of the Stanley Cup holders style of play. The whole college team played well, especially Lamothe in goals. He undoubtedly showed himself to be the equal of any goal-keeper ever seen playing in Ottawa. Although New Edinburgh team were and are still aspirants to premier honors in the C. H. S., they could not stand the pace set by our boys and as the score indicates, they were outplayed in every point of the game.

RIALTOS 4—COLLEGE 4.

This game with Rialtos on Feb. 2 was not up to the standard of City League Hockey. The weather was exceedingly cold and the ice on the Rialto Rink was as hard as diamond. The players could not stand on their feet and consequently the game proved to be a very ragged one. The game ended in a tie and although the College team begged for a settlement then and there, Rialtos refused to play off, for financial reasons, we suppose, and for the sake of victory also.

Emmets 7, College 1, was the score in the now famous game of February 7, which for more reasons than one we wish had never been played. The play started off with a rush, minutes had elapsed College after ten scored great cheer went up form the gathered round but within a short time the rejoicing gave place to

silence, for Duffus, the clever cover point of the College team, dropped to the ice seriously injured. This was the first unpleasant feature of the game and owing to the seriousness of the injury, it cast a gloom over the College contingent which was slow to disappear. The injured player was carried to the dressing room where it was found that he had been struck on the eye with a hockey stick. The injury caused him great pain and although every efort was made at the time to alleviate his suffering means at the disposal of those around were inadequate. In the meantime the game went on, each team playing six men aside. About twenty minutes elapsed when Duffus, although still in pain, determined to get into the game again, so, bandaging up the injured part and pulling a cap down over it to protect it from the cold, he stepped on the ice again to the great surprise of the spectators.

With admirable pluck and pertinacity the resolute college man played his position as best he could, but with all due recognition and consideration for the difficulties under which he labored, the fact still remained evident that the Emmett slugger, whether intentionally or otherwise, had done his work so far as the College cover-point was concerned, for Duffus was no longer the stonewall he had been before the injury. Nor could it be expected that he would, for time and again the puck dropped beside him and he could not see it.

The score stood two to one for Emmetts at half time.

In the second half the college team went out to win. Every man played for all that was in him. Bawlf, Byrnes, O'Neill and Joron on the forward line worked like Trojans, while Dunne and Lamothe guarded the College goals in a manner worthy of praise. All was of no avail for as time went on, the College team went down before the terrific pace set by the greenshirts who were in the best of condition. As playing time drew to a close shots were sent in thick and fast on the College goal until the score of seven was reached. Thus ended the last game that the Ottawa College Hockey Team played in the City Hockey League.

OUR EXIT FROM THE C. H. L.

The direct result of the accident in the above mentioned game was our reluctant withdrawal from the City League. On the very day following the match came the order from the Rector that the Athletic Association Executive should sever all connections with the

League. The order was received with regret, for it was hardly thought that the accident would have such an effect as to deter the College team from continuing to play. The statement given out by the learned practitioner, under whose care Mr. Duffus was placed, was that the injury consisted in a broken nose, an injured eyeball and a serious hemmorage in the socket of the eye and that the results would be such that the injured player would have to wear glasses during life.

His evidence in the police court, however, was that the injury was nothing more than an "ordinary black eye."

OGDENSBURG VS. WATERBURY.

The septet of hockeyists representing the little village of Ogdensburg, N. Y., recently met and defeated in a series of three games of puck-chasers, who have the misfortune to hail from Waterbury. Conn. The first game went to the Ogdensburg outfit by a score of 7-1. Waterbury captured the second spasm after a hard struggle. The score was 1-0. Then came the saw-off or rather kill-off.

Waterbury sent a 'special' to New York, and brought on J. E. O'Keefe, of Clinton High, to help their team to victory. meantime the wise ones from the 'little village' caught wind of what was going on, and by way of counteraction offered a healthy roll of greenbacks to Coach Hatch, of Pottsdam (N. G) who, after a week's faithful drilling, sent his braves to victory. The score read 6-1. Ogdensburg now holds the championship of the United States, and the title to an oyster supper. We regret exceedingly that we are unable to give a detailed account of the games, but are forced to limit our matter to a few general remarks. rule that obtained in all three matches was of the Eddie King type, "dig in, duck your head and smash." Needless to add, the rules were observed to the letter and that the series was the greatest burlesque on hockey ever witnessed on the senior rink-barring of course those days when Carney, Cox and Killaloo amused the spectators with their never-to-be-forgotten serpentine movements. In speaking of the first match, a word of praise is due to one, Mr. Gallagher, who stuck to his position like a man. Some claim that he never budged, and had to be pried off the ice at half time, and sent to the boiler room to thaw out. As lovers of clean hockey, we are obliged to upbraid Mr. Hollis Burns for his rude tactics in

all three matches. Despite the repeated warnings of the officials, and the entreaties of his friends, he was wont to grind his teeth and threaten to do things. We are, however deeply grateful to him for not carrying out any of his threats. Be it said to in his behalf that he was at all times quite graceful in his movements. In direct opposition to the above named gentleman, was Mr. F. Edgar Smith, the Waterbury goal tend. They were indeed fortunate to have so gentlemanly a player on their team, for, although he doesn't know the first rudiments of hockey, and at times lost his equilibrium, let it be carefully noted that he never, even once, lost his temper. We congratulate Mr. F. Edgar. Besides Duty's high dive for the small yard rink, Deahy's Johnson's and Rock's clever footwork, we must mention the efforts of Messrs. Guilfoile, Golden, Marshall, McCaffrey, and McCarthy, who gave a splendid mixture of hockey, waterpolo, assassination football and fists. From the expressions on their faces, and from the way in which they slashed and chopped, one would judge them advance agents for the undertaker. Considerable praise is due to Messrs. Sloan and Filiatreault, who refereed the matches, for the fearless manner in which they performed their difficult tasks. Stationed on the roof of the Science building (for safety sake) they were equipped with megaphones and field glasses. Whenever a player was ruled off, they shouted their orders to the 'bouncers' below who quickly lassoed the culprit and with the aid of the College's piebald pony dragged him off, vowing vengeance, a la Holis. Now that the war is over, we wish to congratulate the victors and offer our sympathies to the vanguished tem, who, by the way, attribute their defeat to their coach, Mr. Louis O'Grady, who, they claim, gave them instructions to "rough it." (Waterbury "Bubble," Ogdensburg "Sidelight" and Chesterville "Thunderer" papers please copy.)

LINDBORO" VS. "UP=THE=CRIK."

The Up-the-Crik" representatives can no longer boast of their prowess at hockey. They were defeated in a close contest, by a Lindsay-Peterboro aggregation, the score-board reading 3-2. The game took place on Varsity Arena before an immense crowd of spectators—not only students, but also the entire population of Sandy Hill, witnessed the slashing match. Yes, it was a slasher! Everybody slashed! Even the otherwise clean Central Ontario boys had to use their weapons after the example of the Ottawa Valleyites,

and, as a result, for many days quite a number were seen "limping their weary way" to class.

Duffus, the spunky senior College cover-point, was by far the best player on the ice. His style of play was a source of wonder to a few "Emmet" men, who came to see the game and get "wise" to Joe's tricks. Evidently they were greatly impressed for "Joe" was a marked man from the beginning of the Emmet-College match.

Many of the players undoubtedly were on skates for the first time, for their futile attempts to stand still were a source of annoyance to them as well as of mirth to the spectators. And if one of them ever got started on a spurt down the ice, nothing could stop them but the snow-bank. Their sticks acted as propellers for many occasions, while for others they were excellent weapons of offence and defence.

One of the funniest incidents of the game was when "Mike" body-checked the lanky Lay Prof. from Peterboro. Mike got a good start, paddled down the ice and forced "Sliverinski" to do a loop-the-loop act in the direction of St. Joseph's church. The game was delayed five minutes while the proprietor of the Flats was extricated from the depths of a friendly snow-bank.

The game was played for a banquet, the expenses of which are to be defrayed by the losers. We sincerely hope that the "bunfeed" will soon take place, as we are getting hungry, doncherknow!

"SOUTANES" VS. COMMERCIAL PROFS."

On Saturday, Feb. 17th, the "Soutanes" and "Comercial Profs." met for the second time in a friendly game of hockey. The first game, played the previous week, resulted in favor of the Black Robes, the score being 10-8. But the Business men were minus the services of their star goal-keeper, Father Legault, whose presence in the line-up of the second game made the score-marker indicate the result of the match as 3-1.

Both matches were replete with special features and at times the atmosphere was filled with feet! The man from St. Regis Falls was always dangerous. No one had nerve enough to approach him, for his shillelah was generally doing the contortion act. He was in almost every mix-up, he being the one most mixed. After each scrimmage it took him five minutes to unwind himself from the other combatants. And he had the happy faculty of secretly thump-

ing an opponent and then calmly folding his arms while an "innocent" would be benched. At one time he showed that his head was in the game. He did a stage faint on the ice and delayed the game long enough for his fellow-laborers to get wind.

"Shortie," from Brudenell was always a factor in the rushes, and figured in the scoring of almost every goal. So anxious was he to hear "goal!" shouted that on two occasions he helped the Soutanes to score! The change of goals at half time must have rattled him!

For the Soutanes Brother Stanton was the star of the forward-line and Father Fortier was a hard man to pass at point. Father Sherry in goal got so excited once that he forgot he was playing, and stood on the side lines urging his team to "super up." The only accident happened before play actually opened. Father Hanmersley's face came in contact with the shoulder of the Business English Prof. with the result that he had to wear a large piece of court-plaster for a few days.

The third game to decide to whom the honor of the season is to go will be played as soon as the ice is available. Both teams are practicing and the best game of the season is promised.

FINAL GAME BETWEEN "SOUTANES" AND LAY PROFS."

On Wednesday, Feb. 28th, the "Soutanes" and "Lay Profs." crossed sticks in the third, and final game of the present hockey season. As each team had won a match this game was the deciding one, and proved to be the most hotly-contested of the three. It went to the Soutanes who scored three times while the Profs. tried in vain to get the puck past the goal tend. "Robes" had an excellent combination while the Profs. depended more on individual work.

The Soutanes had a fine forward quartet and their team work was continually cheered by the many spectators who braved the Arctic weather to see the exciting mill. The stalwart defence was instrumental in keeping down the Profs'. score to zero. All the Soutanes' goals were scored by Rover Stanton whose "lightning flashes" were a sources of worry to the Commercial Academy. The Prefect, who, by the way, did excellent work between the posts for his "Under-studies."

On the forward line of the Profs.' seven, Manager Brudenell Costello was always conspicuous in spite of the fact that he checked thirteen men on the ice. His inability to fill the position of manager

was evidenced by the poor showing of his team because they lacked practice. If you have another game billed, Tom, make your men practice more. Mr. Casey made a very good rover. He was the only man to play his position and all the others helped him to They were all rovers! "Tommy" Bawlf, who was rented for the occasion from the Winnipeg Stanley Cup challengers, played centre for the Profs., while the puck was being faced and then joined the ranks of the Rovers. Tommy is an excellent stick handler, but must do more passing to prove himself effective. slim friend from "Lift-lock-ville," Prof. McFadden, who was supposed to play left wing, played every position but left wing. failed to "gap-the-gap," during this game, evidently because there was no "Smith-force" present. Chas. Jones—a former Eganville player—held down cover-point until he had to retire owing to an injured knee which he received on being "bodied" into the sides. His place on the line-up was filled for the rest of the game by the "Artistic Wielder of the Pen and Brush," Mr. J. C. Logan, who distinguished himself in wonderful plays as well as in close attention to the seven opponents. St. Regis Falls Boucher, with the "Green Bee" sweater, played in his usual form at point and proved of great assistance in preventing the score from soaring into the hundreds. In goal, Father Legault did exceptionally well and, were it not for his good work in blocking the disk time after time, the final tally would have been about twenty to nothing.

The "Soutanes" are to be congratulated on their victory as they worked well together. However the Lay-Profs. must not feel too down-hearted on account of their defeat as they are not such experienced players as their opponents. Next year! Well!!

In all the games, Mr. Filiatreault, of foot-ball fame, acted as referee in a most impartial manner.

Of Local Interest.

Rev. J. J. Quilty, '97, paid his Alma Mater a visit last month.

Messrs. W. Kennedy, ex-'08, H. Murtag, ex-'08, and A. O'Leary, of Queen's, were among those who accompanied the Queen's Hockey Club to Ottawa on their unsuccessful quest for the Stanley Cup.

Mr. L. M. Staley, ex-'06, and his bride, are spending the winter in Florida, where Mr. Staley is recovering from a severe attack of bronchitis.

From Worcester comes the news that Mr. C. P. McCormac, '02, 'has taken unto himself a better-half,' and is now numbered among the Benedicts.

At the first February meeting of the Scientific Society, Mr. T. J. Tobin read a very interesting paper on "The Mysteries of Subterranean Caverns." The lecturer showed that he had studied the question deeply, and had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the matter.

At the following meeting, an able article on "Sound" was read by Mr. J. N. George. Several successful experiments were performed to prove the theories and the laws laid down. A short musical programme was rendered by the society's Glee Club.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Debating Society on Feb. 4th, the subject discussed was "Resolved, that ancient heroes were more heroic than those of modern times." Messrs. V. G. McFadden and P. Gorman upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. L. J. Rock and P. Harris opposed them. The decision was awarded in favor of the affirmative.

The following week the question was, "Resolved that a Japanese victory in the Far East was more beneficial to mankind than would a Russian victory have been." - Messrs. T. J. Sloan and T. M. Costello had charge of the affirmative and Messrs. A. M. Power, and Wm. Veilleux, the negative. The judges decided in favor of the former.

"Resolved that the result of the recent elections in Great Brit-

ain will be beneficial to the Empire," was debated at the next meeting by Messrs. W. P. Derham and J. A. Lajoie for the affirmative, and Messrs. G. W. O'Toole and A. Stanton for the negative. The gentlemen for the affirmative captured the judges' decision.

At the last meeting, Messrs. J. N. George and P. G. McHugh argued against Messrs. W. F. P. Cavanagh and G. Costello whether or not "War is the greatest of all evils." The gentlemen for the negative were declared the victors.

On the evening of February 17th, University Day, Mr. G. B. Williams, of New York, the talented interpreter of Shakespeare, gave a recital in the basement of the Sacred Heart Church, under the auspices of the University Debating Society. The affair was pronounced by all present as one of the most successful and most entertaining that has ever been held by that capable organization. The audience was a large and appreciative one, comprising, as it did, nearly all the students, and over a hundred of their friends. Mr. Williams proved himself a thorough master of Shakespeare, giving an almost perfect interpretation of the different characters in "The Merchant of Venice." He was heard to advantage also, in "Squire Hawkin's Story," one of Whitcomb Riley's poems, and in "The Sleeping Car," two pieces full of wit and humor.

A clog dance by Mr. J. Gallaher, and a vocal number by the Varsity Quartette, composed of Messrs. Burns, Veilleux, McCarthy, and Golden, were well received. Several selections by the University Orchestra under the direction of Rev. Father Lajeunesse, contributed to make the evening a most enjoyable one.

Active preparations are under way for the annual St. Patrick's Day banquet. As, this year, it will be held for the first time in the new Arts Building, those in charge would have liked to have made it a record one, and sought from the authorities, the permission to hold it in the rotunda. The latter, however, could not see their way clear to grant this request, consequently it will have to be held in the recreation hall.

The Committee on charge are:

Chairman, G. W. O'Toole, 'o6.

Secretary, T. J. Sloan, 'o6.

Treasurer, M. T. O'Neill, '07.

Toastmaster and Chairman of Toast Committee, W. P. Derham, 'o6.

Chairman of Menu Committee, J. George, 'o6. Chairman of Reception Committee, G. W. O'Toole, 'o6. Chairman of Decorating Committee, J. E. McNeill, 'o7. Chairman of Music Committee, W. M. Veilleux, 'o7.

FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

As in former years, the French Debating Society has not been inactive. Every week regular meetings are held under the direction of the Reverend Father Binet, O.M.I.

A play, appreciated very much by all those who saw it, was given in Ste Anne's Hall, Ottawa, on February the 18th. "Le Reliquaire de l'Enfant Adoptif," was a success, even from a financial standpoint. On February the 27th, a lecture was delivered under its patronage by Rev. Father J. A. Guertin, O. M. I. The subject of the lecture was "Riel the Half Breed Chief."

A public debate will be held in a near future in the Sacred Heart Hall. The society is very prosperous, for all realize the importance of public speaking.

THE WASHINGTON CLUB BANQUET.

It is not very often that the American boys of the University have the opportunity to show their love and loyalty for their native land, yet, when this occasion presents itself, it is most heartily welcomed. It has been the custom for the past two years to celebrate Washington's birthday by holding a banquet and singing the praises of Columbia, and it is gratifying to know that this year, the students did not deviate from this custom.

The banquet was held in the seniors' refectory, and nearly all the members of the Washington Club and the professors who claim the United States as their native land were present. The dining hall was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting in which the Stars and Stripes held first place, while the Union Jack, the Canadian flag and the Irish banner also occupied conspicuous places. The tables were laid out in all the profusion of white linen, flowers and china.

Much credit is due to the committee in charge for the comely appearance of the hall. The students filed into their places sur-

rounding the toastmaster after which the repast commenced. The menu was the best that could be had; course followed course amid the rattle of dishes, the hum of voices and the strains of sweet music. If there was any particular in which the menu provided was lacking, the students seemed willing to agree with Lady McBeth that:

"To feed were best at home: From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony."

And it was not long before even the hungriest son of Columbia was satisfied.

Then followed the speeches, songs and toast. The monotony which is a natural consequence of much speech-making no matter how elequent, was relieved by songs reminiscent of the native land. "My Own United States," was sung with excellent effect by Rev. Bro. Nolan, whilst Canada's national anthem, "The Maple Leaf Forever," was rendered by Rev. Bro. Stanton in his usual artistic manner. Mr. Golden, McCarthy and P. Harris favored the club with songs which were received with great pleasure, and the musical programme ended by all singing "The Star Spangled Banner." The toastmaster, Mr. F. A. Johnson the duties of his office in a manner most creditable to himself and to the student body. He introduced the speaking by a few remarks suitable to the occasion. He told of the two-fold purpose of the banquet to honor George Washington the first president of that great republic south of us, an dto bring together all the American boys who pursue their studies at the University. Each succeeding toast was introduced by Mr. Johnson in a few well chosen but eloquent words, which he proved himself worthy of the onerous duties which he had to perform. After which he introduced toasts by asking all present to drink to the Day we Celebrate. response was made by Mr. E. H. McCarthy and was very interesting and well delivered as were all the other numbers. "In every Catholic banquet," said the toastmaster, "one toast is sure to occupy an honored position on the list, the toast to the Pope, Our Helv Father. To Pius X then we drink, Pius already the favorite and admired of the world."

Long and vigorous applause greeted Rev. P. J. Hammersley as he rose to reply. The Rev. Moderator was at his best and the audience settled down for what was to be one of the best of his many brilliant efforts.

Then followed the toast, Our Flag, and Mr. F. C. Hatch who upheld this toast, made a very eloquent speech in response.

The toast to Our President, was responded to by Mr. F. J. Smith. n a comparatively brief speech he eloquently described the most noble of men, President Roosevelt, one of the greatest rulers the world has ever seen.

The toast to Canada followed, and was responded to by Mr. J. E. McNeill, who was the guest of the club. In replying to the toast to his native land, the speaker took pride in the achievements of Canadians the world over. He spoke eloquently of the link of friendship existing between Canadians and Americans and of the welcome extended to the sons of Columbia by the Canadian students. In concluding he expressed the hope that the maple leaf might always be the emblem of a noble and patriotic race, and that the Washington Club might flourish and prosper, increase in membership and long continue to be one of the foremost of the many useful societies of the University.

Following came the "Alma Mater" speech by Mr. C. F. Bresnahan, after which the toastmaster spoke a few words and the proceedings were then closed with the singing of Columbia and the students dispersed, pleased, impressed, broadened, elevated by their participation in a symposium, the like of which has rarely been seen at the University.

Among the professors present were Frs. McGowan, Turcott, Hammersley, Kunz, Rev. Bro. Nolan and Bro. Stanton. Among the letters of regret at inability to be present was one from Rev. Fr. Emery, former rector of the University and first honorary president of the Club.

C. F. B.



The Psychological Effect of Being Well Dressed.

We wouldn't go so far as to say that good clothes make the successful student.

But we do know that being well dressed will help to give a student or any other man the confidence in himself that is necessary to success.

Being well dressed will give you the appearance that commands success.

To wear Semi-ready tailored garments is not the only way to be well dressed, but every man who wears Semi-ready clothes is well dressed.

Semi-ready clothes are well tailored clothes.

They are full of style, good workmanship and good materials.

We would like to have you call in at one of our wardrobes and find out for yourself how good Semi-ready tailoring is

Semi-ready, Tailoring

A. M. Laidlaw

112, Sparks St., Ottawa.

Every College Man Should Own a Dress Suit.

* * * *

But if you wear a dress suit at all, it should be correct in style and tailoring.

The design of the Semi-ready dress suit is the work of a sartorial artist of the highest rank. The suits are tailored by men who do nothing else—they are specialists in the tailoring of dress clothes.

Semi-ready dress clothes are made of light-weight unfinished worsteds. The coat is delicately designed, as the parts are smaller than in any other style. The balance and lines are such as to show the figure at its best. The shoulders are broad, yet natural form.

The Semi-ready dress suit is made with a longer lapel, rolling to within two and a half inches of the waist, with considerable convex on crease, and a softened point at bottom of lapel instead of the usual harsh point.

On account of the carefully designed lines, the coat adheres closely to the figure, the skirt is shapely and sets smoothly over the hips.

The skirts are longer, tapering towards the bottom with slightly rounded corners.

We would like to show you how sumptuous the Semi-ready dress suit and tuxedo are. Will you call in?

Semi-ready Tailoring

A. M. Laidlaw

112, Sparks St., Ottawa.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LITERARY DEPARTMENT:	
Douglas Hyde	2 49
St. Thomas Aquinas	262
The Morning Song	267
The Mission of Bishop O'Connell to Japan	268
For Lent	272
Books Worth Reading:	
Book Review	273
Editorials:—	
Spring—The Banquet—The Sabbath—Anglo-Celtic—The	
Catholic Encyclopedia	278
OBITUARY	280
St. Patrick's Day Banquet	281
The Exile's Devotion	285
Chosen Bits of Oratory	286
The Gaelic Revival Association of Ottawa	296
Dr. MacDougall King Lectures Before the Students	301
OF Local Interest	302





Dr. Douglas Hyde, LL.D.

2m Cpaosbin 2101617



No. 6

OTTAWA, ONT., March, 1906.

Vol. VIII

Literary Department.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

Douglas Hyde, LL.D., M.R.I.A., was born in County Sligo, in 1860, and is a descendant of the Castle Hyde family, of County Cork. After a brilliant career in Trinity College, Dublin, he settled down to Gaelic study. He has published selections of folk tales and of poetry, has written much original poetry, and has composed dramas in the Irish tongue which are today popular throughout Ireland. In 1889 he produced his monumental literary history of Ireland, which may be reckoned as the first attempt to write a comprehensive and connected history of Gaelic literature.

Dr. Hyde is today the best known, the most influential, the greatest man in Ireland, universally admired and beloved. Mr. W. B. Yeats has said of him that this era will be known as the era of Douglas Hyde, as the middle of the last century in Ireland is known as the age of Thomas Davis. Twelve years ago he realized that the dying out of the Irish language was appalling. Yet the Irish had the most glorious race heritage of any people in Western Europe. He resolved to devote himself to the great work of de-Anglicising Ireland and to the creation and relaization of his ideal of Ireland, creative, self-respecting, distinctive. His inspiration has been love of Ireland. In his are combined all the qualities of a great national leader—wonderful energy, devotion to the highest ideals, a burning enthusiasm, and the best genius of his race. He

has literally thrilled the country. His movement has become more than a mere language movement. He aims at a rebirth of the imaginative and aesthetic life of Ireland, the moulding anew of Irish national ideals, and the stamping out of the cheap vulgar books and vulgarer songs that were coming to Ireland from England. There is a new intellectual life in Ireland and the fame of Douglas Hyde's great work has gone abroad and has attracted the attention of scholars and has thrilled the hearts of Irishmen in many distant lands. His devotion to his ideals has been an inspiring spectacle in an age that seems to worship only money and material success.

Possibly nothing could better express the spirit animating Dr. Hyde and his associates than the following lines of Walt Whitman:

"Will you seek afar off? You surely come back at last,

In thingst best known to you finding the best, or as good as the best;

In folks nearest to you finding the sweetest, strongest, lovingest;

Happiness, knowledge not in another place but this place—not for another hour but this hour."

He does not believe that material progress is all a nation should He believes in a return to the best national traditions. He is a master of language. He has the eloquence, the enthusiasm, the opticism of his race, an intense and great idealism. land his voice is heard clear, strong, hopeful, inspiring. His life has been a successful life. He has saved a noble language. has inspired a people. He has laid the foundations of a new literature and himself has written undying poetry and created a new form of Irish drama. All the charm and beauty of his native land, all that is enchanting in its past, all the best in the ideal sense that may be hoped for its future, is expressed in his ideals and the ideals of his associates. He has striven to lay broad and deep the foundations of an Irish Ireland, to realize his dream of a new and beautiful Ireland and he has succeeded beyond his fondest dreams.

Such a poet and such a leader of men is rare in the history of a nation. Such success of purpose and of achievement as has fallen to his lot is rare in the history of a race.

"Dr. Douglas Hyde is so decidedly a Force, and one of such peculiar charm and appeal—one that inspires so much affection.

striking the imagination of his own people with a sense of romance, and even magic—that fully to make clear his position and significance to the outside reader is a task of subtle difficulty. When all his distinction and achievements as scholar, poet, folklorist, and in a very striking sense, national interpreter and leader, are recounted, there is still lacking the vital something which makes the real romance of the story.

It is best to begin at the beginning. It is, indeed, fitting and necessary. He now represents a movement, or if one may so describe it, a national frame of mind, which nobody could have foreseen in his youth; yet in his very childhood all unconsciously he prepared for it. The son of a Protestant clergyman in North Connacht, he was drawn, wonderingly, as a little boy to the firesides of the Catholic peasantry around him, and the songs and stories in the Irish language that shortened, as the saying is, the long Western nights. Soon he fared to firesides and storytellers farther afield, waking at once the surprise and affection of the peo-They called him 'An Craoibhin Aoibhinn' (an Kreev-een Eev-en), 'the delightful little branch,' a designation which he afterwards adopted as his pseudonym, and by which he is affectionately known all over Ireland. At that time neither his own class nor the vast majority of Irish folk of the national persuasion, or of literary predilection, took the slightest interest in the Irish language, the literature, traditions, the lights and shadows of the 'race mind' enshrined in it. It was a 'Celtic fringe' of no particular import, most even of those who betrayed an intellectual interest in it treating it as an antiquarian study. The boy Hyde, however, came in contact with it in Roscommon and Sligo as a living reality, and the natural expression of a life whose ways and moods and character were after his own heart. When he went to Trinity College, Dublin, where he achieved high scholastic distinction, he still remained, in the imaginative order, a child of the Gaelic-speaking West. college friend—now well known in the London political world tells of his astonishment the day he discovered that his brilliant associate, till then identified in his mind with classic and modern culture, was addicted to 'dreaming in Irish,' and even writing poetry in that tongue for some of the Irish-American papers.

As undergraduate young Hyde gained first honors in German and French, and first prize in Celtic and Italian. He won gold medals in modern literature, in Celtic literature, in English composition, in history and in oratory. He took the degree of B. A., LLB., and LL.D., (1887), leaving T. C. D. with a brilliant repu-

In 1891 he became Interim Professor of Modern Languages in the State University of New Brunswick. But he was soon at his old work in Connacht, and virtually the whole of his career has been given to Ireland. His work as a folk-lorist had begun early. The first collection, published in Dublin in 1899, containing the Irish text of more than a dozen stories, suggests already the zest and the thoroughness of his wanderings in the West. The first story was learnt by the young savant from an old 'spealadoir' (reaper) in Roscommon. A long and racy story came from an old gamekeeper in the same county, who 'had the greatest repertoire of stories of any shanachie I ever met.' Two old women in Ballinrobe, County Mayo, were the custodians of other tales. An old man living near Feenagh, in the County of Leitrim, was responsible for another; an old horse-trainer from a spot near Galway for yet another; and so on. It is a racy and enliving book, with some grim phases; but at the period of its publication, Ireland on the whole, took but little notice of it 'Cois na Teineadh' (Beside the Fire) was issued a little later, and more readers and students came to realize the freshness and spirit of the work. they had little conception of the delight and romance the ingathering had meant for Dr. Hyde. He wandered and worked with a zeal such as had characterized Asbjornsen in Norway and Lonnrot in Finland in earlier days, and though he seemed to glean and gather for a land largely indifferent, the life, the adventure, the storytelling, and the story-tellers away beyond the Shannon were their own reward.

In 1893 he became President of the Gaelic League, founded in Dublin by a few people who realized that if the Irish language were to be saved new measures must be adopted; academic ideas must be put away, the speaking of the language by those who knew it insistently encouraged, a pride in it fostered, while the young students must be taught it as a living language, and they and native speakers brought as much as possible into contact. League attracted ittle notice at first. That the ancestral language had much to do with nationality or progress was not recognized or dreamed of by the many. Dr. Hyde's labors widened. lowing year he published 'Love Songs of Connacht'—with an English translation—strains of love, hope, despair, joy, most of which had been familiar to him from his youth, some of which had been sung by the people for generations. As in the case of so much popular song in Irish, most of the authors were unknown. strains were part of a tradition—passionate and melodious voices

from the past. Even the literal English renderings lacking the idiom, assonance and flavor of the originals, gave some hint of their significance. This time Dr. Hyde had something of his reward. He went his way serenely, collecting further songs and folk-lore the 'Religious Songs of Connacht,' which ran for years in an Irish magazine, the poems of the blind singer Raftery, and such tales as those in 'An Sgeulaidhe Gaodhalach' (The Irish Story-Teller), of which there is a French translation. A wider interest came to be taken in Irish literary matters, though so far most of the main workers used English. The rise of literary societies, the work of poets like Mr. Yeats, even the trouble in the political order that followed the Parnell crisis, turned minds to serener intellectual things. More attention was directed to native Irish tradition, and the personality and work of the unassuming Douglas Hyde came to loom larger. For his part he took every opportunity of urging that if the Irish language were allowed to die the connection with the past would be broken, and what might be a great energising force in the present would disappear. All the time, by lectures and books, he helped the new idea through English as well as Irish. Thus 'The Story of Early Gaelic Literature,' and the far more comprehensive 'Literary History of Ireland' (1899), spread a stimulating knowledge of the trend of though in many Gaelic generations. In 'Ubhla de'n Chraoibh,' or Apples from the Branch (1900), he published his own Irish poems and fancies of years. Here are lilts in many keys; songs of love, exile, social life, and many more, showing a kinship of spirit with the old country singers.

By this time the Gaelic League and the movement for the preservation and extension of Irish had become a force. The work of devoted men like Dr. Hyde, Father O'Growney, and their com-Gradually hundreds of people came to see quite a rades had told. romantic significance in Dr. Hyde himself. As they turned to Irish studies—long banned in regular Irish education—and gathered some sense of the stories and the lore of the past, they came to see that 'An Craoibhin Aoibhinn' himself had much of the nerve and mellowness of the older time. He seemed like a character in a pleasant saga. It would be a great mistake, however, to imagine that the movement was mainly concerned with the past. Quite the contrary. It meant an awakening of mind, imagination and energy—an insistent desire to make the most of the present, of the social, intellectual, artistic attributes of the race-of Ire-

land, material and spiritual.

As for him, he simply worked harder than ever. He turned his mind to Irish plays, and, through an art medium till then unfamiliar in Irish, stirred city and country audiences. Short drams like 'An Tinncear agus an t-Sidheog' (The Tinker and the Fairy), 'An Posadh' (The Marriage), and 'An Naomb ar Iarraidh' (The Lost Saint) have real dramatic quality, and truth to Irish and human feeling, unambitious though their scope may be. direct, simple, unpretentious, but effective. Dr. Hyde takes part in his own plays, in Dublin or the country, with the gaiety and vigor of a child of nature. He is in all probability the only LL.D. who has ever acted the part of a tinker. How he has managed of late years to do so many varied things with ease and spirit is a mystery. He has the cares of his estate near Frenchpark, County Roscommon; he still collects song and story and folk-lore; he writes much in Irish, edits more, acts as literary judge in competitions at the numerous Irish literary festivals, lectures and speaks through the provinces and in Dublin—all sorts of people go miles to hear him and he maintains a correspondence with foreign Celtic scholars and with hundreds of people in Ireland—for everybody interested in Irish ideas takes pleasure in writing to him. inner work of the Gaelic League organization, which now stretches far and wide, he is the vigilant director and counsellor. and kindliness, his genial influence over men, have done much to smooth its way, just as the other qualities he possesses have done much to quicken its energies. An intellectual Nationalist (in the wide sense), he wields an influence in his own sphere scarcely less than Parnell's. Cultured, strenuous, far-seeing, constructive in this ideals, he is also intensely sociable, companionable, and magnetic.

Nobody better understands what is called the 'folk-feeling.' But his main work is really very 'modern.' Much of his national philosophy is to be found in the thoughtful statement he made before the University Commission. Preserve the Irish language (but have as many others as you please), fit it to all the purposes of modern life nationalize Irish education, make Ireland intellectually interesting, and the resulting zest, energy, thought, and temper will react on everything in the nation, economics included. It is a question of first animating and energizing mind, then material as well as spiritual development follows. The signs are—when we make an intimate and exhaustive study of New Ireland—that he is

Dr. Hyde is still, comparatively speaking, a young man. Already he has deserved nobly of his race by enriching its mind, warming its imagination, deepening its inlook, widening its outlook. The lover of Ireland and humanity can only hope that his future be as fruitful as his past." - (The G. L. Prospectus.)

THE GAELIC LEAGUE.

An Address Delivered by Dr. Douglas Hyde, at San Francisco.

It is a great pleasure to me to be standing tonight upon the brink of the Pacific Ocean and to find myself surrounded by men of Irish blood, as great and as warm-hearted as the very best that I have met with in any quarter of America—and I have now visited some forty cities—and I desire on behalf of the Irish Ireland which I left behind to express my deepest gratitude to you all-to our chairman of this evening for his unwearied labors in our cause, to the Archbishops for their noble sympathy and support; to Mr. Phelan, patron of art and literature, whose broad culture has seen at a glance the significance of our great movement; to Father Yorke, whose speech in Ireland half a dozen years ago was a decisive factor in the turning of the Irish tide; to the men who made the funeral of my dear friend and fellow worker, Father O'Growney, one of the most striking demonstrations that ever took place in Ireland, and to you, one and all, who have come to hearten us and help us in our task of creating a new nation.

One of the most remarkable of the straws I saw borne on the Irish wind was one of our Gaelic League Feislanna or festivals held in August at a place where you know the River Bann runs into the sea, Toome Bridge, that for gen-

where you know the River Bann runs into the sea, Toome Bridge, that for generations upon generations had been the battle ground of Catholic and Orangeman; and what do we find? Here was a place where for one hundred years Catholic and Protestant had fought out their battles, yet what do we find?

Under our aegis Catholic and Orangeman came into that place in a spirit of brotherhood unexampled in that part of the world ever before, and I could not tell which was the most numerous at it. They mingled from early morning until dark night, and parted without a single word being spoken in anger or a single blow struck. And what we did there we did in the glens of Antrim and in a blow struck. And what we did there we did in the glens of Antrim and in a dozen other places in the "black North." We are like the white dove of peace passing over the land and obiterating the old feuds and hatred and black bad blood in the country.

So you see that we are no clique, we are no faction, we are no party. We are above and beyond all politics, all parties and all factions; offending nobodyexcept the anti-Irishman-we stand immovable upon the bedrock of the doctrine self-centered, self-sufficing, self- supporting, self-reliant; an speaking its own language, thinking its own thoughts, writing its own books, singing its own songs, playing its own games, weaving its own coats, wearing its own hats, making its own hats, and going for nothing outside of the four shores of Ireland that can possibly be produced inside them.

The Gaelic League is founded not upon hatred of England, but upon love of Ireland. Hatred is a negative passion; it is powerful-oh!so powerful-for tearing down, for destroying; but upon hatred you cannot build up even the size of a thraneen—a very powerful destroyer, but it is useless for building up. Love, on the other hand, is like faith, it can remove mountains; and, faith, we have had mountains to remove, and we have removed them.

There exists there at England's very door an ancient nation whose half-deserted streets resound ever less and less to the roar of traffic; whose mills are silent; whose factories are fallen; whose priceless harbors are deserted; whose very fields are studded only with ruined gables, memories of the past, and yet around that nation, morality of life, purity of sentiment, unswerving devotion to faith and to fatherland, have shed a halo in the eyes of Europe that is all its own. It is a halo, too, that is unstained by oppression of any man, untarnished

by averice of anything, and undimmed by murder.

Well, the characteristics of this Irish race of ours are rather lightness, brightness, wit, fluency and an artistic temperament. The characteristics of the Teutonic race are an intense business faculty, perseverance and steadiness in details; and in America you have elicited a magnificent blend of both qualities in that free and noble race, whose sons or whose adopted sons and daughters I see before me. But mark this: Neither race can, with any success whatsoever cut itself adrift from its own past and throw itself in imitation of the other into habits of life and thought and manners into which God never intended it to be thrown.

But, alas! that is the very thing which the Irish race at home and abroad, dazzled by the material prosperity of the great country to which we are tied—many of them unwillingly tied—that is, I say, the very thing the Irish race have been doing. This folly, this madness, this suicidal mania (for I cannot call it anything else) of rushing to adopt pell-mell and indiscriminately everything that is English, not because it is good, but because it is English, has been bad for all parties. It had been bad for Irish Nationalists; it has been equally bad for our own country, and it has been equally bad for the country with which we are connected. The more divergence of thought and genius, of natural aptitudes, the better; because, I tell you, there is an individuality in nationalities exactly as there is in persons—and to attempt to mold or crush everything into one particular type has invariably been fatal to the people that attempted it.

In our case, gentlemen, that attempt has been disastrous. If you take a birdseye view of Ireland today and compare it with what it was you must be struck by the fact that the nation which was at one time the most classically learned and cultured nation in Europe is now one of the least so-how a nation which was one of the most reading and literary peoples in the world is now one of the least reading and most unitizary, and how the art products of one of the quickest and most sensitive, and most artistic of all populations are now dis-

tinguished only by their hideousness!

One great cause of this ghastly failure may be summed up in a word; we have ceased to be Irish without becoming English. It is to this cause that I attribute more than to anything else our awful emigration and impoverishment. Irish men leave Ireland today because they have ceased to feel that they have a country. They will not accept England as their country, and yet in the Ireland that the Gaelic League found before it there was nothing to suggest to them anything else than an imitation England, and the public mind had become hopelessly confused and Irishmen had no standard to live by and they emigrated in their thousands.

I want to show you hard facts: I want to show you that in Anglicizing ourselves wholesale we have thrown away with a light heart the best claim, the only true claim, the only that we can make upon the world's recognition of us as a separated nationality. What did Mazzini say? What is Goldwin Smith, back there in Canada, never tired of declaring? What does the Spectator and the Saturday Review, the English Times harp upon in every issue almost? Why, that we should be content in Ireland to become a big English county, because we have lost the notes and marks of our nationhood, our language and our customs.

What is the answer to that? Have you any answer for it? I declare to God I see no answer to it except to take to our bosoms again the things that we

have discarded, our language and our customs, and to build up out of them an

Irish nationhood upon Irish lines!

I cannot understand for the life of me how it is that Irish sentiment sticks in a kind of half-way house. Why does it continue to say it hates the English and at the same time continue to imitate them? Why does it clamor for recognition, noisily clamor for recognition as a separate nationality, when at the same time it throws away with both hands the only things that would make it so? Why, if Irishmen only went a little further, they would become very good Englishmen in sentiment also. And yet, whether we regret it or not-some of us regret it, others don't-but whether we regret it or not, the fact remains that the very people that adopt English habits and copy the English in every waythe people who would blush if overheard talking a word of Irish, who send their boys to English schools and their girls to English convents, to learn to talk with a nice English accent, don't you know, who call their sons Ferdinand Aloysius and their daughters Victoria Amelia, and who have not an Irish book in their house-nevertheless still continue to talk of their oppressed country and to sing "Paddies Evermore" and "The Green Above the Red," and if I were to plant a Union Jack over their houses they would brain me with a stone.

And, strange as it may appear, I see no signs at all of their thinking any way differently, and it is perfectly certain to my mind—whether we like it or don't like it—that so long as Englishmen refuse Irishmen the right to govern themselves, so long they will continue to dislike her, and movements like Young Irelandism and Fenianism and Land Leagueism and Parliamentary obstruction—all those things which crop up time and again, will gain their adhesion and support, at least so far as the ballot ox is concerned. And that is why I say, since they won't become proper Englishmen, then let them become proper Irishmen; and since they won't become the one thing, Englishmen in sentiment, then, in God's name, let them become the other thing—let them come in with

us and build up an Irish Ireland!

Now, if you say that Ireland has not prospered under English rule, why it is only a truism. All the world admits it. England itself does not deny it. But, of course, the English retort is ready: "You did not come in like the Scotch and

form part of the empire."

"Twenty years of good grandfatherly government," said a late well-known Prime Minister, "will solve the Irish question." Well, I think the gentleman made the time a little too short. But suppose now, with me today, suppose—a thing that is impossible—that a series of Oliver Cromwells were to arise in England—not for a space of twenty years but for a space of one hundred years—able administrators of the empire, careful rulers of Ireland, developing to the utmost our national resources, while they unremittingly stamped out every spark of the national feeling, leaving Ireland a land of wealth and factories; leaving us after a hundred years of good government, fat, wealthy, populous, prosperous, but with all our characteristics gone; with every external that differentiated us from them lost or dropped.

Our Irish names of people and places changed into English ones; the Irish language completely extinct; the O's and the Mac's dropped; our Irish intonation changed by English schoolmasters into something English; the names of our martyrs blotted out; our battlefields and traditions forgotten; the fact that we were not of Anglo-Saxon origin dropped out of mind and memory—and now let me put the question to you: How many Irishmen are there who would

accept material prosperity at such a price as that?

It is exactly such a question and the answer that you gave me to it that mark the difference between the two races, a difference as wide as the grave; for I believe that nine Englishmen out of ten would jump to accept it, and I equally believe that nine Irishmen out of ten would indignantly refuse it.

Well, that Anglicization that I pictured to you had everywhere eaten like a

disease through Ireland. Nobody noticed it; nobody was told of it; but when Irishmen know, then Irish sentiment becomes at power in the land and refuses indignantly to relinquish its birthright. Ah, but the Irish had forgotten the fact that they had a birthright at all. That is the truth of the matter. They had the Middle Ages held aloft the torch of learning and of plenty unto every race men who for three centuries amid the horror and the darkness and confusion of names—those are the descendants of the Western Europe, the descendants of the Mac's and the O's and those who should have Mac's and O's before their forgotten that they were Irishmen in any sense of the word. The old race, the of mankind.

They are the men who now, for the first time since the battle of the Boyne, have been appealed to through their Milesian instincts, and people marveled that it brought about this great change in Ireland; but I tell you it is because the men who were crushed at the battle ofthe Boyne have been appealed to through their racial instincts by the Gaelic League, and you see the old Irish race rising

on its feet to accept the new doctrines over new and over old.

Those are the men of whom our farmers and our artisans and our shop keepers consist, and in whose hands is today the making or the marring of the Irish nation. But they are just on the point of recovering the possession of their own land, and their sons and daughters, please God, will have it after them, and it is now more necessary than at any time before for these men to decide what they will be. On this side, an Irish nation built up again as it is being built up within our own recollection; on the other side, an imitation England.

When the Gaelic League started up we found that these men were losing everything that connected them with the Christianizers of Europe, that connected them with the era of Cuchullain and Oisin; that connected them with Brian Boru and the heroes of Clontarf; that connected them with the O'Neills and the O'Donnells; that: that connected them with Rory O'More and the Wild Geese; aye and that connected them ever with the men of 1798. They had lost all that those others had, language, traditions, music, genius and ideas; and now, just at the moment when we are becoming masters again of our own land, we find ourselves despoiled and robbed of the old bricks of our nationality, and we must set to work to make new bricks, out of new clay, in a new brick kiln, to build a new nation with.

Do you believe in burning new bricks of new clay for the old Irish house? I do not believe in it. I believe in going here and there throughout the entire island and gathering together carefully, carefully every relic and atom of the past upon which we can lay our hands and gathering them together into one great whole, and building them course after course and tier after tier into the

temple that shall be raised to the godhead of Irish nationhood.

The rise of O'Connell and the establishment of Maynooth—Maynooth is now, you will be glad to hear, the most Irish spot in Ireland, the rise of O'Connell and the establishment of Maynooth synchronized with the decay of Irish Ireland. The Irish race, the fathers of the present race of Irish Americans, really lived in the closest contact with the traditions of the past and the national life of nearly eighteen hundred years, until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Not only so, but during the whole of the dark penal items they produced among themselves a most vigorous literary development.

Thomas Davis and the young Irelanders came just at the parting of the ways, when the nation was, as it were, still in a state of flux and capable of being

turned either to one side or the other.

Thomas Davis—that Irishman without fear and without reproach, whose name shall live forever in the grateful hearts of his countrymen—and the Young Irelanders generally, produced a new literature throughout the country. It was a literature in which they strove to compete with England herself upon Eng-

land's own lines. The effect was enormous for a time, but it cannot be said to have been enduring. The fact is that the bark had been so recently stripped off the stem of the Irish tree that this attempt to replace it by a new bark, stuck on, as it were, with English gum, and glue and stick-fast, failed to incorporate itself with the ancient stem, and finally fell off from it, as it were, in flakes.

I tell you that English gum and glue and stickfast are no substitute and never can be a substitute for Irish sap. Fifty years of bitter experience have taught us that the Young Ireland heroes heroes did not arrest, and to my thinking could not arrest, the denationalisation of Ireland by a literature which, rousing and admirable as it was, was still only a literature written in the English language and largely founded upon English models. Remember, I am not saying one word in disparagement of the young Ireland movement or of the splendid men who created it. If we had been in their place, God knows we might have pursued exactly the same tactics. But I claim that our fifty years of experience should now be made us of and that we go a step farther than they went, and allow the natural bark, the Gaelic bark, thin though it may be at first and slender though it may be, to grow with the growth of nature upon the trunk of the Irish elm.

The greatest misfortune that has ever befell Ireland has been the loss of her language. I often heard people thank God that if England gave us nothing else, she gave us at least her language. Well, in that way people put a happy face upon it, and have pretended that the Irish language is worth nothing, has no literature. If the Irish language is worth nothing, why have I met professor after professor from Denmark, from France, from Germany, studying in the mountains of Connacht in order to learn the language that is there banned by the people themselves? And it does possess a literature, or why would a German have calculated that books produced in Irish from the tenth to the seventeenth

century and still extant, would fill a thousand octavo volumes?

Now, do not think please, that I am exaggerating in any way what I say that Ireland was threatened with national extinction if the Gaelic League had not stepped into the breach. I will tell you some instances which first drew my attention to the appalling state of public opinion in the Irish-speaking country. I remember the first thing that opened my eyes was one day that as I was going from the Fair of Paun, I was selling cattle there. I am not ashamed of it; all Irishmen sell cattle when they have them to sell; and very glad to have them. I overtook a young man driving a cow before him and I spoke to the young man in Irish, and as I was speaking in Irish he was answering in English, and at last I said to him: "Don't you speak Irish?" and what was his answer? "Well I declare to God, sir, that neither my father nor my mother has one word of English and still I can't speak and I won't speak Irish."

And I who had just left Professor George Dottin, of Brittany, France, and Professor Holger Pedersen, of Copenhagen, in Denmark, and Kuno Meyer, of Germany, living on the mountain sides, in the houses of peasantry to learn to speak the language that this reptile whose father and mother spoke nothing else was discarding—well. I am sorry to say I lost my temper. I lost my temper and I stood out from him, and to tell you the honest truth, I hit him one kick, and, mind you, it just shows you what the loss of the native language does for you. The poor, unfortunate devil, he didn't have courage enough to turn around

and knock me down.

I remember another day, I was about six miles from my own house passing along the road, when the children came trooping out of what is commonly called a National school, and there was a little "gossoon" that I was talking Irish to. I had some questions to ask about people in the neighborhood, and as I talked to him in Irish he answered me in English. At last I said to him in Gaelic: "Don't you speak Irish?" What was the answer? "And isn't it

Irish I am speaking?" "No a chuisle," said I, "it is not Irish you are speaking." "Then this is how I spoke it ever," says he. That meant that our children, in my opinion, the brightest and most intelligent in the world perhaps, were being so miseducated and stunted as far as the government schools could do it that they did not know that I was speaking to them in one language and they were answering me in another. That is what passed for government education in Ireland; but it won't pass in future for government education. We have killed it.

I remember another day, in the County of Sligo—the first of these instances happened in Galway, the second in Mayo and this in Sligo. I went into a house to wait for a train, and there was a pretty little girl at the fireside, and I sat down on a stool and began to talk to her, and after her first shyness she began talking Irish very nicely to me and we were having a pleasant conversation when a brother stuck in his nose out of a door and he cocked his nose at her and said (imitating): "Now, Mary, and isn't that a great credit for you to be speaking Irish to the gentleman?" And not a word could I get out of Mary from that time on. You laugh, gentlemen, and God forgive me, I laughed, too; but when I went home and thought over it I swear to you that I cried, because I saw in that little incident, which I knew so well would be repeating itself at every fireside in the country—I saw, I say, the tragedy of a nation in a nutshell.

Now, look what you gain by snuffing out the Irish language. I passed through the County of Galway a few months ago and I came across a man who could neither read nor write nor speak English. An ordinary English tourist would put that man down as a mere brute. But what a mind that man had! What a memory! What a wealth of song! What a fund of story! What a variety of information! I wrote down from him at one sitting an Ossianic poem of four hundred lines never before printed or heard of! He had a marvelous fund of folktale, remainders of Ossianic lays, of religious poems, of songs, aphorisms, proverbs—in a word he had everything that could go to enrich the mind and the moral nature; and all that must die with him! And what were we going to replace it with the Third Reading Book of the national schools, and I would as soon have a lump of ashes choked down my throat as the Third Reading Book of the national schools.

Now, the Gaelic League is engaged on a grand reconstructive policy, the policy of creating a new nation upon the old lines, and before we can build up

it is necessary for us to place our fingers on the blots.

Well, first, there is the language question, of which I have spoken. But a number of other things hang upon that language question. And first, strangely enough, comes the question of our own names. It has always seemed to me that a man's own name is part and parcel of himself. I am quite sure that if you changed my name tomorrow I would feel that I was changed myself; I would not understand it. And yet within the last sixty or seventy years Irishmen, undergoing this awful process of national extinction, have been greedy to change their honorable, ancient, proud Milesian names into some abominable monosyllable because it sounded like something English. The O'Connors (they were the kings of Connacht) were becoming Conyers; the McCarthys (kings of Munster), Carters; the O'Donnells (princes of Tir-Connell), called themselves Daniels; the O'Sullivans (lords of the south), called themselves Sylvanus, but not, I think, in America, for I have met more O'Sullivans since I came out here than ever I met at home.

I remember Daniel O'Connell once at a great mass meeting. He spoke

I remember Daniel O'Connell once at a great mass meeting. He spoke against an opponent of his, Lord Chancellor Sugden. "Why," said O'Connell in his best O'Connellite manner, "you wouldn't call a decent pig Sugden," and yet he never uttered one word of remonstrance when he saw the O'Lahiffs, the O'Brallahans and the McRorys changing their names before his very eyes

to Guthriss, Bradleys and Rogers. And the melancholy part of it all was that not one single word of warning was ever addressed to the Irish race by their public men, or by their papers to put a stop to this colossal attempt at

vulgarity and degradation until we arose today at the eleventh hour.

Look at our Christian names. I would have thought the names that were good enough for my grandfather and great-grandfather before me should be good enough for me. Where are our magnificent names of men and boys, Cathair and Domhnal and Angus and Fergus and Cormac and Diarmuid and so forth. Where do you meet those names now? The man that you call Diarmuid when you speak Irish, an anti-Irish degrading custom, begot by slavery, propagated by cringing and fostered by flunkeyism, forces you to call Jeremiah, Jer-am-iah. Where are our beautiful female names, Nora and Una and Eibhlin and Moirin, Mere, Sheela, Eify and the rest? Where are they?

A woman said to me not long ago: "God forbid," said she, poor thing, "God forbid that I should handicap my child in life by calling her bridget!" She was wrong! She did handicap the child in life, but it was when she taught her to be ashamed of the patron saint of her own country. There are ten, tweny thousand honest Irish girls whose mothers christened them Bridget at home, who, the moment they touch American soil, will tell you that their names are Bride and Birdie and Delia and Bedelia. The Irish are today wealthy enough, powerful enough and respectable enough to restore the name Bridget and make it creditable again if they wish to. It only conveys a stigma because the wealthy Irish boycott it. The spirit of Irish nationality as it speaks through the Gaelic League will never be appeased so long as our boys are called Daniel and Jeremiah instead of Domhnall and Diarmuid, and our girls Helen and Julia instead of Eibhlin and Sidhle.

Take our music. After all, the bagpipes, though you may not love its sound, was an artistic instrument; no man but an artist could play upon it. The violin is an artistic instrument; no man without a soft touch, a fine ear and artistic feeling can play upon the violin. The violin and the bagpipes were in every parish when I was young. Where are they today? What grand artistic instruments have taken the place of the bagpipes and the violin? Here they are (imitates the playing of the accordion and concertina), or, if it isn't that, then this has taken its place (imitates the motion of playing the hand organ.) That is called, I suppose an Irish nation. Ah! where is the venerable custodian of Ireland's song and music, the man I knew when I was young—the man who always commanded a welcome at the fireside as he trudged through bogs and over the mountains and through the woods of the country? He sleeps with his green bag beside him under the green sward.

In his place have come upon the village stage that quintessence of all vulgarity and abomination known throughout the world as "the stage Irishman." Gentleman, your action in dealing with that monster in San Francisco, in Butte the other day, and in other places, gave as a greater gratification and impressed upon me the imperishability of Irish character, and the possibility of welding our race together, more than any other thing I remember reading in the

American papers.

There is no royal road to the recovery of our nationality. It is a difficult, it is an arduous task, and it demands self-sacrifice. If we are in earnest and have behind us the moral support and the good wishes of America we must succeed. If we are only playing at being in earnest—and that is a game Irishman are very good at—then we shall fail and the whole world will deride us and the historian will take his tablet, and write the words "Finis Hiberniae"—the end of Ireland.—(The Irish World.)

Dr. Hyde's American tour is being marked by a series of ovations hitherto accorded to no representative of the race. California alone pledges \$20,000 to the League.

St. Thomas Aquinas.

HE thirteenth century was a time of extraordinary intellectual activity, which was not without its dangers. In the enthusiastic pursuit of learning students flocked by thousands to the great Universities, which, unhappily,

were as often schools of infidelity as of faith. The philosophers of that age owned but one master and he was the heathen Aristotle. Unfortunately enough, Greek philosophy and the gospel did not always agree, and many, entering on an unexplored sea of thought without a guide made a hopeless ship-wreck of their faith. The great professors who were the oracles of the day were not always proof against the seductions of vanity and sometimes tried to make themselves a name by striking out bold theories in matters where original speculation is seldom friendly to faith.

It was amidst the confusion of these new opinions that St. Thomas Aquinas was given to the world to mark out the limits of Christian philosophy and to form the separate materials of dogmatic, moral and speculative theology into one grand and finished structure, whilst at the same time he enriched the church's liturgy with some of the most beautiful of its formularies, and displayed in his life and character all the virtues and winning graces of a saint.

Picturesquely situated in southern Italy on the top of a rugged cliff planking a spur of the Apennines and overlooking the rushing waters of the Melfi, there stood in midiæval times the fortress of Rocca-Secca. Here St. Thomas was born in 1225 and to the neighboring little town of Aquino he owed his surname Aquinas. He was of noble birth, his father being a nephew of Emperor Fred Barborossa and his mother was descended from the Norman Barons who conquered Sicily two centuries before. The future vocation and sanctity of little Thomas was foretold to his mother by a holy monk.

The words, Ave Maria, were the first which his baby lips were heard to utter. Long before he could read, a book was discovered to be an unfailing means of drying his tears in all his childish woes; he would delight in handling it, turning over the leaves with infantine gravity.

When only five years old, his education was begun begun by the monks of the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Monk Cassino, which was only a few miles distant from Rocca Secca. The monks found that their new pupil was a grave and quiet child who loved to spend much of his time in church, and was never without a book in his hand. He cared little for the sports of childhood in which he seldom took part. One day when the rest of his companions were playing in the woods, Thomas was standing apart in silent thought; the monk in charge of the boys enquired the subject of his reflections. The child raised his head and said: "Tell me, master, what is God (Dice, magister, quid sit Deus). This was his oft repeated question, and it showed that the whole bent of his mind and heart was already directed heavenward.

At University of Naples Thomas was admitted to the (Dominican) Order, and, whilst yet almost a boy, he was publicly clothed with the white habit of St. Dominic, The news soon reached the Countess Theodora, his mother, who hastened to Naples to congratulate her son for she recognized in the event the fulfilment of a holy hermit's prophecy. Thomas, and the brethren, however, who were ignorant of her dispositions, were much alarmed at the idea of the impending visit; and in compliance with his own earnest entreaties the novice was hurried off to the convent of Santa Sabina in Rome. Thither his mother followed him but she was unable to induce him to consent to an interview. The General of the Order, John the German, was on the point of starting for Paris and resolved to take Thomas and three other companions with him, and they accordingly left Rome together. When the mother found herself thus foiled and distrusted she became furious against the friars, and sent orders to her other two sons who were serving in the Italian army to capture Thomas and bring him back home.

This was done, and the parents of the young novice were now determined that he would never become a Dominican. Tears, threats and entreaties proved powerless to shake the Saint's resolution; he was imprisoned in one of the castle towers where he had to suffer cold, hunger and every sort of privation. Through the instrumentality of his sisters, Thomas was enabled to obtain books and clothes from his brethren at Naples. During his captivity, which lasted considerably over a year he managed to commit to memory the entire

Bible and the books of the "Sentences", the theological text book of the time. His earliest writings are also said to belong to this period.

The Saint's brothers also attempted to influence Thomas in an evil way, but taking a brand from the fire he drove them from his cell. With the same brand he traced a cross upon the wall; and, casting himself on his knees before it, he besought of God to grant him the gift of perpetual chastity. As he prayed two angels appeared to him and girded him with a miraculous cord saying "We are come to invest thee with the girdle of perpetual chastity; and that which human frailty can never merit, is ensured by the irrevocable gift of God." St. Thomas never revealed his secret until just before his death, where he said that from the time of the apparition the spirit of darkness had never been allowed to approach him.

By this time his family had discovered that his firmness could not be overcomed by persecution. Though unwilling to acknowledge themselves beaten, they connived at his escape, and, like St. Pall, he was let down from the tower in a basket to the friars who by appointment were waiting below. They carried of their treasure to Naples where he was immediately admitted to profession.

To put him beyond farther molestation the General of the Dominican Order took St. Thomas to Cologne where he became the disciple of Blessed Albert the Great the renowned Dominican professor of the day. The Saint's humility enabled him to conceal his vast powers of mind and his silence at all scholastic deputations won for him the name of "the dumb ox of Sicily." Blessed Albert knew the worth of his student and used to say to the assembled novices: "We call Brother Thomas 'the dumb ox,' but I tell you he will one day make his bellowing heard to the utmost parts of the earth."

In 1248 St. Thomas went to Paris where he met St. Bonaventure a young Franciscan, to whom he became knit in the bonds of closest friendship; they, who in after ages were to be honored as the Seraphic and Angelic Doctors were dear to each other on earth as Jonathan and David. Together they were raised to the degree of Bachelor of Theology in 1848.

In obedience to the command of his superiors he taught at Rome, Bologna, Viterbo, Perugia and finally at Naples. In all his labors St. Thomas was prompted by a two-fold objet; 1. To defend

truth against the attacks of its enemies; and 2. To build up a system of Philosophy and Theology. That he succeeded in both of these nobody is slow to admit even his greatest enemies. The most famous of his works is his "Summa of Theology" at which he labored, in the intervals of teaching and preaching, for the last nine years of his life.

Of this work, Pope John XXII is reported to have said that St. Thomas had worked as many miracles as it contained articles; and its value is perhaps best attested by the hatred with which it has ever been regarded by heretics. In 1520, Luther caused it to be burned in the public square of Wittenberg, and another so-called reformer, Martin Bucer, exclaimed "Suppress Thomas and I will destroy the Church." "A vain wish," remarks Leo XIII, "but not a vain testimony." The Summa of Theology was the one book of reference at The Council of Trent.

Besides his Summa of Theology, he wrote the Catena Aurea, The Summa against the Gentiles, a philosophical work, and many other works too numerous to mention here. To St. Thomas we are indebted for the hymns: Verbum Supernum, Pange Lingua, O Salutaris, Tantum Ergo, Lauda Sion and Adoro Te. St. Thomas is responsible for the institution of the feast of "Corpus Christi" and when he had completed the office for that day Our Lord spoke to him from a Crucifix saying "Bene scripsisti e me, Thoma! Quid præmium vis? His answer was "Nihil nisi Te."

The Saint's manners were singularily winning and graceful; and his prodigious powers of mind were accompanied by a child-like simplicity of character, which, no less than the purity of his doctrine, gained for him the title "Angel of the Schools."

Humility was his chief virtue, and in fact so humble was he that no influence could be brought to bear upon him to forsake the life of a simple religious, for although Archbishoprics and Cardinalships were more than once offered to him he declined the honor, maintaining that he could serve God better in his cloister.

Of his wonderful abstraction of mind many interesting tales are told.

Saint Thomas continued in his good work, until the morning of December 6, 1273, when he was celebrating Mass, he received a revelation which so changed him that from that time onward he

could neither write nor dictate. Shortly afterwards in answer to pressing entreaties he said: "The end of my labors is come. All that I have written appears to me as so much straw, after the things that have been revealed to me. I hope that the end of my life may soon follow the end of my labors."

His hope was soon realized, for on January 28, 1274, he received an order from the Pope to attend the General Council convoked at Lyons for the reunion of the Greek and Latin Churches. The Saint started out in obedience to the command but he never reached his destination for he fell sick on the way and died in the Cistercian Monastery of Fossa Nuova on March 7, 1274.

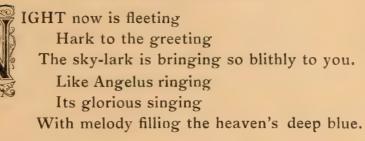
St. Thomas was canonized by Pope John XII at Avignon in 1323, and Leo XIII by a brief dated August 4, 1880 instituted him Patron of all Catholic Universities, Academies, Colleges and Schools.

So, from the life of such a man as St. Thomas, we can readily conclude that if the Catholic Church of to-day boast of the very high excellence of its educational system, of its teachers, and of the sound and rational principles upon which its instruction is based, it can thank of the Angelic Doctor for the greater part of its treasure, it can boast in a special manner for having for the patron of its schools, the greatest of all Saints and Scholars, St. Thomes Aquinas.

In conclusion let us hope that ere another Feast of St. Thomas arrives, we may realize the revival of that society which flourished in ante ignem days, which was known as St. Thomas Academy. Its members were philosophers only who met from time to time to time to discuss philosophical questions. Great benefits must have been derived from the existence of such a society and I feel sure that any attempt at its reorganization would meet with the hearty approval and co-operation of the students of philosophy of the University.

T. J. SLOAN, '06.

MORNING SONG.



Love reddening glows
In the heart of the rose
Drooping her head like a maiden at prayer,
Despair with the night
Now hath taken its flight,
Fair hope is tingling the fresh, eager air.

Come! haste! ere you miss
The day's morning kiss,
Come fearless as Adam and walk with God.
No evil's yet staining
The fair day, or paining:
The sweet dew yet glistens on flower and sod.

Drink the air softly moving,
'Tis gentle and soothing,
To pale brows all heated by night's fevered

Let weary eyes, waking
The night long, be slaking
Their beauty-thirst full in the dawn's orange
gleam.

Think not of the morrow
Nor yesterday's sorrow:
Catch the full tide of the virginal day;
Sweet past all knowing
And strong in its flowing,
Bearing your cares to the sea far away.

dreams:

Lo! the flowers are quaffing The new life and laughing For sheer joy of living, that's bright o'er the dew; Whilst far up above, Like a soft brooding dove, Rests the heaven's unspeakable, infinite blue! J. L.

Baltimore, Md.

The Mission of Bishop O'Connell to Japan

On the 25th October, 1905, Archbishop O'Connell landed at The governor of the province came immediately to present official greeting. The next day the distinguished visitor was at Tokio, a guest at the magnificent Imperial hotel. Komura, minister of foreign affairs, had just returned from America, where he had played the role of plenipotentiary at Portsmouth. This circumstance delayed for a few days the reception of the Pope's representative by the minister. But on the 4th November, the Emperor's birthday, the baron invited the archbishop to an official reception at which were present only the plenipotentiary ambassadors to the Mikado. This meant, of course, the recognition with much emphasis of the Archbishop of Portland as ambassador of the Holy See.

The prelate met for the first time men who have loomed large in late Japanese history, both Marquis Ito, who so much helped the Mikado to open to Japan the path of modern progress and Admiral Togo, whose name is now a household word. Speaking of the admiral the archbishop says: "I could not but admire the great modesty which enhances the great merit of the man." Around these illustrious men were gathered the elite of the political and military world; the Papal representative noticed the exceptional facility with which everyone spoke at least two of the European languages.

Count Katsura, president of the Ministers' Council, extended to Archbishop O'Connell a significant welcome and as a circle formed around the two, the count went on to address to him an allocution full of courtesy and appropriate to the occasion.

THE MIKADO.

The departure of Baron Komura for China, where as Minister of Foreign Affairs he had to take charge of a delicate mission, had the effect of bringing the Archbishop into direct communication with the prime-minister. This gave a still more imposing character to his mission.

The 10th of November was appointed for reception by the Emperor. One of the gala vehicles with court attendants, came to the hotel. A landau followed for his secretary. At the sight of the Archbishop, resplendent in his episcopal insignia, carrying on his breast, the pectoral cross received from the Pope himself the day of his consecration, the passers by in the street of Tokio stopped astonished, but saluted with respect.

The Mikado received the Papal ambassador in the Hall of the Throne, uniformed as generalissimo and surrounded by his household. The Prime Minister stood by.

What the Archbishop said to the Emperor and what the Emperor answered, does not belong evidently to the public. It is however known that Mgr. O'Connell, while handing the emperor an autograph letter of the Holy Father, expressed to the Japanese sovereign, the thanks of the Pope and the Catholic world for the protection given to Christians throughout the war.

The Archbishop returned to the hotel in the same carriage, which was afterwards placed at his disposal for official visits to members of the Government.

Two days afterwards the Emperor gave an official dinner in his honor in the Schima palace, a dinner which was presided over by the Prince Fushima.

AT THE UNIVERSITY.

On the 15th of November the students of the University, and two days afterward the Imperial Council of Public Instruction added their spontaneous manifestation of sympathy to the significant reception already given in official circles.

A monster meeting was organized by the students in the largest hall in Tokio. Four thousand persons crowded in. The orators who voiced the people's welcome to Archbishop O'Connell were in the highest degree representative men. Mr. Anezaki, professor of compared religions at the university. He is not a Christian, but

has recently travelled in Europe is quest of information. this trip, he believed according to the current sophisms, that Catholicism was bound down to dead issues, that it meant powerlessness in the matter of renovation, that every Catholic nation was in a decadent state, that Protestantism was the religion of the future. But he returned to Japan with a conclusion quite different; Catholicism on the contrary had appeared to him to be the most powerful and robust religious organization that humanity had known, and that the orator went on to declare this conviction at the meeting. second speaker was the most eloquent man in Japan, Mr. Shimada, who chose for his theme, "The Catholic Church and Civilization." A Protestant clergyman, Mr. Lloyd, spoke, strange to say, of the Martyrs of Japan. Lastly, immediately before the Archbishop, Mr. Maeda, the Japanese priest, assistant of Rev. Father Ligneul, a brilliant writer and a noteworthy lecturer, spoke of the Pope of Rome and the place he holds in the world.

Mr. Anezaki from the start characterized in felicitous words, Catholicism "as founded on authority, which is the secret of unity and the force of universality."

Archbishop O'Connell was thus introduced to the topic which he desired in turn to develop. Grateful as he was for the welcome he had received from the Japanese people as from its ruler—he referred these honors to him, whom he represented, the head of his religion, in fact religion itself. He pointed out in the mandate of the Saviour "Go, teach all nations," the source of unity and Catholicity; he defined clearly the intimate reason of that unity by an apt comparison taken from the cohesion of the Japanese people.

Thunders of applause greeted Mgr. O'Connell's words, the Japanese students waving their handkerchiefs cheered "Banzai for the Pope, Banzai for Mgr. O'Connell, and as the Archbishop drove off, the acclamation of the mass-meeting followed, until the murmur died away in distant echoes—the enthusiasm of the Japanese—a thing Europeans little understand.

Next day at the main building of the Imperial University, Mgr. O'Connell was received by the high dignitaries of the educational board. He found himself on most familiar terms with a number of Japanese savants who had received at Harvard an American education.

In the Aula Magna of the University, 2,000 people were present to hear the visitor speak, as he had promised, of education. He placed in strong relief the value of integral education, of the Catho-

lic principle which does not limit its programme to mere instruction but demands the formation of a man complete in body, mind and soul.

This discourse pronounced in Latin, was immediately translated into Japanese. The president of the university thanked the speaker, giving him a diploma of honorary membership in the Imperial University.

THE ADIEU.

On the 22nd November the prime minister gave in honor of the Pope's representative a dinner to which were invited the ministers and noteworthy public men. Near the close of the banquet M. Katsura rose and solemnly proposed a toast to the Pope. Mgr. O'Connell answered by proposing the Emperor. These two were heard standing. It was the first time in the history of Japan that the Pope and the Mikado exchanged through their representatives so cordial a greeting.

Two other toasts followed, one from Count Katsura, to thank the Archbishop for the tact with which he had fulfilled his important mission; the other from Mgr. O'Connell to thank the ministers and all concerned.

On the 23rd the representative of the Holy See left Tokio, leaving at the station the prime-minister, the aide-de-camp of the Mikado, and the diplomatic corps.

During his stay Mgr. O'Connell was invited to the home of a rich Buddhist. When he took his place before this person clothed in rich silken vestments, the Archbishop perceived that he was in the presence of the chief Japanese bonze, or high-priest. The bonze spoke as follows: "I have been very desirous of meeting you. How I should like to visit Rome, the see of the successor of Peter. Since this is now impossible for me, I ask you to present in my name to the Sovereign Pontiff, the expression of my sentiments of profound respect."

Now this same Buddhist priest is the donor of a magnificent site for a Catholic cathedral. (B. Sienne in La Croix.)

Note.—We are living over again the days when the Papacy sent her ambassadors to the tribes of the Caucasians to form them to civilization and virtue. What a confirmation of Mr. Anezaki's conviction that the Catholic church is very much alive, this the sending of a hierarch of the young and vigorous American church to the land of the rising sun, to forge a bond of fealty to the ancient primacy of Rome. Truly her tents are expanding to gather in all the sons of Sem, Ham Japhet.—Editor.

For Lent.

"For God so loved the world that He gave
His only Son to suffer and to save."
O beautiful world! to merit love like this;
O happy world! thine was perfect bliss.
That day He bowed the heavens and came down,
A note of rapture through the world was blown;
The glad winds harped it in the lofty pine,
The stream beneath laughed sweet; the tale divine
Was sung by birds ecstatic, and the sea
Gave its grand music to the harmony:
But, man, to favored man the Angels sung
The royal message in the heavenly tongue.

O beautiful world! so dear, so dear to Christ! Why are thy valleys veiled in mournful mist? Why moans the sea through all its mighty deeps? O'er all the earth they hear the sighs that He, Expiring, breathed on fatal Calvary.

O man, thrice blest! the wondering Angels droop Their wings of flame as they before thee stoop. Greater than this no love hath e'er been known On heaven or earth; man, the beloved, alone, Drew down that sacred fire unquenchable; Drew down a God on earth for aye to dwell.

O ransomed man! didst count the heavy cost?

Didst share the forty days in prayer and fast?

Didst fast with Christ in dark Gethsemane?

Didst help to bear the cross He bore for thee?

Or didst forsake Him when He stood forlorn—

O Christ, with mournful brows pierced through with thorn!

More cruel than the nails, or lance, or rood

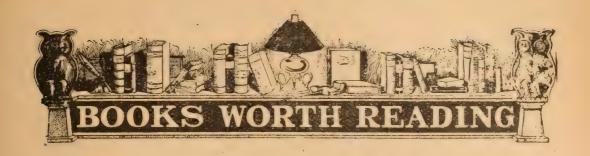
To Thee, is reckless man's ingratitude.

The great deep of Thy Heart's love calls for love.

And they, with generous hearts, who will to prove

Them worthy, drink with Thee the gall, and deem

It sweet, for love makes all things heavenly seem.



Book Review.

-0-

Lyrics of Life and Love, by William Stanley Braithwaite. Herbert B. Turner and Co., Boston, Mass., \$1.00.

This small volume is not just fresh from the press; it has been shaking off the odor of the press and machinery oil and printer's ink since some time last spring. There's that in the songs of this minstrel that defies the mechanical blights and goes straight to a straight heart, even if the singer be a negro; perhaps it is because of his race that he is so pathetic, but his pathos is not depressing nor common place. Hear him sing a song of gladness:

"I am glad day long for the gift of song,
For time and change and sorrow;
For the sunset wings and the world end things
Which hang on the edge of to-morrow.

I am glad for my heart, whose gates apart,
Are the entrance place of wonders;
Where dreams come in from the rush and din,
Like sheep from the rains and thunder."

There are many songs in this volume, proofs that he is a maker of sweet verses; he seems to have the true poetic fire. This almost unknown singer appeals to those who can forego their color prejudice, as one who has the right of way wherever poets gather; we cannot but regret that praise should be so grudgingly given a man

simply because he is a negro. Does it make any difference what the color of a man be who has the soul to say of the rose:

"Heart of the soft, wild rose, Hid in the forest close, Far from the world away, Sweet for a night and a day. Rose, is it good to be sweet, Sun and the dews to greet?

Life that is mine to keep
In travail, pain and sleep,
Firm on a tossing ball,
Drilled to march at a call;
Work, love, death—these three—
Life, is there more for me?"

When one recalls what the negro's lot was in "darkest Africa," in the "sunny South" before the war, there still after the war, one can feel at least in part, the pathos of that query: "Life is there more for me?" In answer to that appeal lies the root of the begrudging praise. Braithwaite seems to find the world fair as he looks upon it: he looks at himself and asks, what life contains:

"Over the seas tonight, love, Over the darksome deeps, Over the seas tonight love Slowly my vessel creeps.

Over the seas tonight, love, Waking the sleeping foam— Sailing away from thee, love, Sailing from thee and home.

Over the seas tonight love,
Dreaming beneath the spars—
Till in my dreams you shine, love,
Bright as the listening stars."

Isn't this as good a sea song as many that have rocked the dreamers in the cradle of the deep? It comes with the breath of the sea; it brings the color of the life of the seafarer, and is it not a love that can stand the test of all times and climes that sings thus? Here is not a Carman, but surely here is one to whom Bliss Carman would gladly extend the hand of fellowship and rejoice to see him crowned with the bays all poets have the right to wear. Carman and all our Canadian poets, we are sure, would like to be the author of—

"Out of the sunset's red,
Into the blushing sea,
The winds of day drop dead
And dreams come home to me:
The sea is still, and apart,
Is a stillness in my heart.

The night comes up the beach
The dark steals over all,
Though silence has no speech,
I hear the sea-dreams call
To my heart, and in reply,
It answers with a sigh."

Admitting an occasional blur or roughness we like such a song, the roughness is touch in with the swell of the wind and the wild coloring of the sunset, one more bit of this beauty, then get the whole collection and sing them in the gloaming or in the glad morning:

"Faint is the speech of the tired heart
To the call of dreams replying,
When hope wends home across the fields
When the rose of the year is dying.

O weary head and heart and hands, Look up where the sun is dying, Love leads you home across the fields To the call of dreams replying," Would it not be well to begin to look upon the negro as Peter Claver saw him — as Booker Washington sees him? There's no use despairing of the lifting up of the race that so far has "been down." God's gifts of genius and sense of beauty are not so measured as some of us seem inclined to believe.

S. N.

* * *

The Married Life of La Reine Malheureuse. The Life of Henrietta Maria. - By L. A. Taylor. E. P. Dutton & Co.

This Reine Malheureuse has always been of a fascinating even if tragical interest, the pretty, merry daughter of Henri-Quatre, the devoted and brave wife of the "Martyr King," has been made familiar to us through Agnes Strickland's careful study of the English Oueens. This new work rests on the memoirs of both the French and the English contemporaries, notably her firm adherence to her religion must be deemed, from the stern point of view of her English subjects, as "unwise," but Charles himself, even it he must have resented her refusal to be crowned by non-Catholic ecclesiastics or with Protestant rites, loved her truly; the religious dissensions did not last long. He soon ceased to send "bitter complaints" to his mother-in-law about his dear Henrietta's strong will in religious matters, "the sole dispute now between us," he says. after a little while, "being which shall vanquish the other by affection, each deeming the victory is gained when the wishes of the other are discovered and followed." Charles found that Henrietta's "unwisdom" was not serious as his meddlesome advisers tried to show and he declares that he regrets she cannot accompany him in council. "But what would these people say were a woman to busy herself in matters of government?" Wonderment guesses if Charles would have been more subject to her advice in council than he was to the few honest helpers there who did attempt sometimes to modify his conception of the divine right of things. The tragical chapters of this thrilling story are told with careful detail and the Queen's life in France—after the execution—shows this woman of great sorrows to have been a tower of strength to her doomed husband, all through the civil war. She collected money and arms for him on the continent, on English soil she rode with the troops, striving to keep up Charles' spirits and her own. She was a worthy daughter of the

brave and cheery Henri Quatre. Her courage and her health failed her only after the battle of Marston Moor. She was hurried away to France, "the most worn and pitiful creature in the world," said the Cornish men who saw her sail away. She was never to see the King again, the reading of her great suffering in body and soul and heart, her poverty and anguish never seems like a tale that has been told, the saddest day of all being the awful February day when she sat anxiously waiting for the messager sent for news to Saint Germain; no one knew how to tell her the news of the King's execution.

As ordinary conversation was carried on, the Queen's uneasiness at the delay of her messenger grew. Why was he so long coming? she questioned. Jermyn answered, making use of the opportunity to prepare her for what was to follow. The gentleman sent, he said, was so faithful and so prompt that had the news been favorable he would not have failed to reach her sooner.

"What, then, is it?" asked the Queen. "I perceive plainly that you know."

Jermyn did know. Not even now at once, but gradually, he made the necessary announcement. All hope was over; the King was dead.

The shock was overwhelming. Strange though it may seem, in the Capuchin's word, Henrietta "hadnot expected anything of the kind," and the blow found her—as blows commonly do—wholly unprepared. For long she sat silent, motionless, "like a statue," deaf to what was said, insensible to the efforts made to rouse her. It was only when night was falling that her sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Vendome, herself in tears, succeeded in awakening her from the stupor in which she was wrapped.

* * *

Darby O'Gill. Herminie Templeton. McClure, Chicago.

Whatever may be thought of Herminie as a Gaelic name, there is no doubt about Darby and all his kith andkin, and Father Cassidy and Brian Connors. This delightful recreation reading after a wearisome campaign of cold reason, hard facts and common sense, this new green book is fresh and sweet as the sod beneath which Brian and all his good people live and have their Brownie days.

University of Ottawa Review

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance, Single copies, 10 cents, Advertising rates on application, Address all communications to the "University of Ottawa Review," Ottawa, Ont,

EDITORIAL STAFF.

W. F. CAVANAGH, '06,

G. W. O'TOOLE, '06,

G. P. BUSHEY, '06,

T. J. TOBIN, '06,

T. J. GORMLEY, '06, C. J. JONES, '07, T. J. SLOAN, '06,

M. T. O'NEILL, '07,

J. R. McNeil, '07,

A. T. POWER, '07,

P. J. MARSHALL, '07, J. D. MARSHALL, '07.

Business Managers: -J. N. GEORGE, '06; W. P. DERHAM, '06.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. VIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., March, 1905.

No. VI

EDITORIAL.

SPRING.

Spring is with us, also mud; summer is due soon, also examinations. Let us stick in neither mud or examinations. This, brothers, is a word in season.

THE BANQUET.

The St. Patrick's day banquet was a success unequalled in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The oratory was snappy and to the point, and the table, well it fairly groaned.

THE SABBATH.

It is an edifying spectacle indeed this united effort of Catholics and Protestants to secure legislation for the safe-keeping of the Lord's day. The bill before the house is what a well-known front bencher of the opposition would call "a distinctly relegious question," but 'tis one on which Canadians are sensible. The seventh-day people, however, are quoting Scripture, and our Protestant friends are somewhat at a loss to find the origin and justification of the 'first day' innovation.

ANGLO-CELTIC.

When Lord Grey, at the Pilgrims' banquet, rang the changes on the Anglo-Saxon brotherhood, why did not some one rise up to remark that there is as much of the early Britain Celt in the ordinary Englishman as there is of Angle, Jute or Saxon; also and moreover that the Celtic fringe Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Cornwall, constitutes a large fraction of the population of the United Kingdom. Dooley has long since solved the Anglo-Saxon census problem in the United States. Why not use the term "Anglo-Celtic."

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

The Rev. John J. Wynne, has not resigned from the Board of Editors of The Catholic Encyclopaedia, and has not thought of doing so. Some months ago he resigned as Associate Editor of the Encyclopedia Americana, and took occasion to warn Catholics against the use of his name by the agents of that work. Many persons who did not know of Father Wynne's connection with the Americana, erroneously concluded that he had ceased to be an editor of The Catholic Encyclopedia. He considers it necessary to correct this error and to say that on the contrary, one of this motives in retiring from the Americana, was to be free to devote his time and labor exclusively to The Catholic Encyclopedia.

OBITUARY.



On the night of Friday, March the 16th, Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax, passed to his eternal reward. Apoplexy was the immediate cause of his death; although the call was sudden there was time for the administration of the last consoling rites of the Church he served so well. The Archbishop was born near New Glasgow, P.E.I., on May 4th, 1843. His father and mother both came from the County of Wexford, Ireland. After his primary schooling he entered a mercantile establishment as clerk, and left at 19 for St.

Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, to study for the priesthood. After two years he went to the College of the Propaganda, Rome, where he succeeded in carrying off nineteen medals out of a possible twenty-one. He was ordained on April 18th, 1871, and re turning to P.E.I. acted as professor and prefect of studies in St. Dunstan's College for two years. He was then named archpriest at the Cathedral and shortly after appointed to the parish of Indian River. Eight years after, in 1880, he accompanied Bishop McIntyre to Rome as secretary and the next year accompanied Bishop Hannan in the same function. On the death of the latter Dr. O'Brien succeeded him as fourth bishop of Halifax, his consecration taking place in St. Mary's Cathedral, Jan. 21st, 1883.

His Grace was a church builder, a provider of schools and hospitals, and a friend in need to many a struggling family. He was deeply interested in literary and historical pursuits and was an author of note. In 1896 we find him elected president of the Royal Society

of Canada. Besides many fugitive contributions to the periodical press, he has left behind him works of merit such as "Philosopy of the Bible Vindicated" (1876), "Mater Admirabilis" (1882), "After Weary Years" (a novel), "St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr" (1887), "Aminta, a Modern Life-drama" (1890) and "Memoirs of Bishop Burke" (1894). His chiefest work however is the page he has written in the development of the Church of God in the maritime provinces.—R I.P.

St. Patrick's Day Banquet.

of the University of Ottawa, that of 1906 will go down in the annals of the institution as the peer of any. It was held in the recreation hall of the new Arts building, and as it was the first one held in the University buildings since the memorable fire, the committee in charge put forth their best endeavors to make it a record one. It is gratifying to know that their efforts were crowned with unqualified success. Everything went smoothly, and the whole proceedings were characterized by a delightful informality that went a long way to ensure enjoyment. From beginning to end not a hitch occurred.

The decorations of the hall were much admired—the papal colors, the emerald flag of Erin, the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes, and the flags of Canada, France and other nationalities, being combined to form a most artistic effect. The menu cards, emblazoned with Gaelic mottoes, and with the harp and shamrocks, were admirably executed. The dinner itself was a splendid one; but one of the most remarkable features of the whole affair was the excellence of the speeches made after dinner. In this regard special mention must be made of the speech of Mr. Thomas J. Sloan in response to the toast to Alma Mater. That it was the best effort of the afternoon, and that it was fully appreciated by those present, was evidenced by the prolonged applause and rousing V-A-R which followed it.

Mr. W. R. Derham acted as toastmaster, and by the efficient manner in which he presided, merited a vote of thanks, proposed by

Hon. L. Power and seconded by Dr. Freeland. The first toast was that to Pius X. In his response, Mr. W. F. Cavanagh paid an eloquent tribute to the venerable head of the Catholic Church, and recalled the undying attachment of Ireland and her sons throughout the world to that faith—an attachment that "has weathered the persecutions of centuries, and shall endure to the end of time." Mr. G. W. O'Toole, replying to the toast "St. Patrick's Day," spoke eloquently of the Irish apostle's career and the missionary spirit he bequeathed to the children of the Gael. The toast to Ireland was enthusiastically honored by the whole gathering. Mr. T. J. Tobin, secretary of the Ottawa branch of the Gaelic League, replying to the toast, recalled with truly Celtic fervor, the glories of the Green Isle in the past and the present. He eulogized the Gaelic revival which, he claimed, is revolutionizing the very soul of Ireland. "Erin's Saints and Scholars" brought Mr. J. N. George to his feet with a glowing tribute to the great names that were the glories of Ireland during a period of history when all Europe flocked to her schools, and she held the torch of learning aloft, a shining light amid the chaos of barbarism into which continental Europe fell after the destruction of the Roman Empire. "Canada," duly honored by every loyal Canadian, as one of the toasts, found fitting upholders of her fame in Messrs. T, J. Gormley and C. A. Seguin, the latter representing the French-Canadian element among the students. subject so inspiring, they said all that could be said, and said it with an ability that conveyed to the audience a high impression oi the oratorical training received by the students of Ottawa University.

As mentioned before, the last toast to "Alma Mater" brought forth from Mr. T. J. Sloan the most eloquent reply of the afternoon. In referring to the educational benefits to be found within her walls, he recalled the proud record of her graduates in every walk of lite. In conclusion, he expressed the hope that her graduates would ever remain loyal, and that some day they would behold her with all her faculties in action — with a Science course as well as an Arts course, with a Law course as well as a Theological course, and with a Medical course as well as a Business course. The applause which greeted his remarks showed that his hearers were fully alive to the

Saint Patrick's Day Banquet.

exigencies of modern life, and the necessity of meeting them with an educational equipment suited to the times.

"The Stars and Stripes" were toasted with fervent loyalty by the American students, and respectful sympathy by their Canadian friends. Mr. F. C. Hatch responded in a very able manner, fully sustaining the reputation made at the Washington Club Banquet.

Rev Dr. O'Boyle was enthusiastically applauded as he rose to reply to the toast, "Soggarth Aroon," a term of endearment applied by the poetic Gaelic speech to the clergy of Ireland, who did so much for their race and religion during the penal times. No more appropriate subject and speaker could have been found. He treated the close and tender relations as a spiritual adviser and a friend, which have always existed between the Irish priest and his parishioners. Concluding, he said, that he was proud to see the students honoring the day in the manner in which they had done, and expressed the hope that these annual celebrations should never cease while the institution bore the name of the Catholic University of Ottawa, and requested the students of successive years not to minimise the value of a celebration the district note of which was religious.

The last toast was that to "Our Guests" to which His Excellency, Mgr. Sbarretti, Rev. Father J. P. Fallon, Rev. Fr. O'Donahue, of Boston, Dr. Freeland, J. McC. Clarke, L. J. Kehoe, and Hon. Senator Power, responded. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, rising to speak, was greeted with vociferous cheers. His words breathed the energy and fire befitting the representative of Him who said "Non veni pacem mittere sed gladium." "I am a man of peace," he said, "but sometimes have to fight as I have had to on some occasions." (Laughter.) And I hope that every student here present will fight when his rights are threatened. Peace and harmony are very desirable, but he who sacrifices truth and right for anything is a moral coward and an unreliable citizen." His Excellency closed by expressing his interest in the welfare of the students. Senator Power, in opposition to the gentleman who spoke on behalf the United States, stated that he was satisfied that Catholics enjoyed more liberty under the British Flag than under any other in the world. He also laid stress on the important role which science was to play in the twentieth century.

He advised those present to bear that in mind when deciding on their future career.

During the intervals the following selections were rendered, all in splendid voice: "Mavourneen," by N. Golden; "The Harp that Once," by T. J. Sloan; "The Minstrel Boy," by P. C. Harris; "The Maple Leaf," by A. B. Cote; "Honor Old Varsity," C. Bresnaham; "The Star Spangled Banner," by W. McCarthy; "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," by N. Veilleux; while Barrett's orchestra rendered the soul-stirring Irish Melodies to the satisfaction of all present.

Besides the Rector, and the members of the different faculties, those invited were: Mgr. Sbarretti, Archbishop Duhamel, Rev. M. F. Fallon — both of whom were unavoidably absent — Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Hon. John Costigan, Hon. F. Latchford, Hon. N. A. Belcourt, M. P., Hon. Senator Power, Hon. W. J. McDougall, M. P.P., Dennis Murphy, ex-M.P.P., Chas. Marcil, M.P., D'Arcy Scott, E. P. Stanton, J. J. McGee, Chas. Murphy, Dr. Freeland, J. McC. Clarke, T. F. Clancy, M. P. Gleeson, L. J. Kehoe, Rev. Cannon Sloan, Rev. Father Fitzgerald, Rev. Father Whelan, Rev. Father Donahue, B. Slattery, and others.

J. E. McNeill, '07.

The Exile's Devotion.

I'd rather turn one simple verse,
True to the Gaelic ear,
Than classic odes I might rehearse
With Senates list'ning near.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

Chosen Bits of Oratory.

THE POPE, by W. F. Cavanagh, '06.

"Never once has Ireland's fidelity to the See of Saint Peter been questioned. Our holy religion has been the well-spring of our glory, borne far and wide, and preserved in untainted purity through more than fourteen hundred years by our faithful clergy, ever the real leaders of our people. If we revere the memory of St. Patrick, first Primate of Armagh, it is because he gave to us this gift than which none could have been greater, because he lighted on our shores a fire which has never been extinguished, and which, by the grace of God, never shall be extinguished. For it our martyr priests have sanctified with their life-blood every mountain and every valley of our land. For it our fathers have died on many a hard-fought battle-field, in many a dungeon, on many a scaffold; for it they have perished of famine and pestilence, and for it they have gone forth in thousands, nay in millions, as exiles to every foreign land. And for it 'tis our sacred duty to live, even as they have done—to carry on, both as clergymen and as Catholic laymen throughout English-speaking countries in particular, that great work for which we seem to have been destined by Providence. We shall heap coals of fire upon our enemies' heads by bringing them also into submission to the royal Pope.

"Once more, gentlemen, we celebrate the feast of Saint Patrick, and the warm Keltic blood goes bounding through Irish veins as we proudly wear our own immortal green upon our hearts and proclaim to the world a national vigor as undying as that faith in which it lives and in which it cannot fail. Our crucifixion has been long, and dark, and terrible, but our resurrection will be glorious. Our reliligion is the soul of our national life, and our course triumph. Even now the golden dawn seems brightening upon our horizon and we entertain the fond hope that yet, perhaps in our own time, perhaps within a few years, the green and gold will float fair and free over an independent Irish nation, the bulwark of the Church of God. Till then, then also, and afterwards, we are ever, we hope, the servants of our holy Father the Pope."

THE DAY, by G. W. O'Toole, 'o6

"There were some who say that the Irish people are disunited, that they cannot be united, that they are unfit to govern themselves. This calumny is an old one and has been repeated time and again. It originated with the 19th century invaders of Ireland. It was made capital of for purposes of conquest, by Henry VIII and Elizabeth. These monarchs of great and glorious memory, defenders of the faith, blessed peace makers, stirred up quarrels, engendered strife among the Irish clans in order that the innocent victims of their plot might fall a prey to their rapacity. And then to cover up their evil designs and their greed, they exaggerated beyond all proportion the trivial defects in the almost guileless people they were crushing. And such, sir, is the power of evil that the good are often deceived and led astray. The contagion of errors concerning the Irish people and Irish ideals increased and spread as the centuries passed by until finally it extended into the ranks of those who, by birth or descent, were Irish. The latter, blinded by false statements so often reiterated or caught in that current of 19th century broadmindedness and enlightment (?) were prepared to cast aside the sentiments of patriotism and devotion to the land of their forefathers. Yes, some went even so far as to join the ranks of scoffers who ridiculled everything Irish.

"But a better future was in store for Ireland. For in the darkest hour, when all hope for regeneration had been abandoned, when the fondest dreams and visions of the most enthusiastic patriot had vanished, when the people had grown apathetic to their own interests, when national decay seemed inevitable, a miraculous change took place. A kind Providence interfered. He in his justice would not permit so to perish the race that fourteen hundred years ago so eagerly grasped the faith which St. Patrick brought to it, and so tenaciously clung to it ever since despite the greatest adversities. A great revival in Irish affairs has taken place. The world to day locks towards Ireland. Her children everywhere love her more than ever. Her ancient enemies stand apart and would feign applaud when they behold the old time individuality, energy, vigour and enthusiasm of the race "so oft doomed to death though fated not to die."

CANADA, by O. Seguin, '06

"Mark, Gentlemen! We shall be the moulders of our own fortune. Canada will become a country rivalling the great republic south of us on condition that we live united for the common weal. With us Canadians racial and religious strife should be things of the past. Of course, Gentlemen, union does not necessarily imply assimilation; in fact we do not even think of assimilating our English speaking country-men and much the less do we believe that it is their desire to assimilate us.

"Our duty, I deem it, is to develop side by side those characteristics handed down by our forefathers so that our ideals may leave a potent and abiding influence on the future of our common country. How could the French Canadians ever lose the remembrance of their origin and their tongue when every page of Canadian history, nay, when every liberty the citizens of Canada now enjoy, recalls the name of some of our glorious ancestors? Therefore it is that I appreciate the meaning of a celebration such as this which evokes from time to time traditions of the past to serve for present and future inspiration. It is a sign of true nobility in a people and of self respect to revere one's origin and national identity.

"To hope to eliminate inherent racial dissimilarity is only a dream created by men who in their enthusiasm for the happiness of humanity lose sight of the essential and lasting characteristics of mankind so disposed by a wise Creator. We must learn rather to get along better by means of those differences, profiting by an enlightened and tolerant emulation to accomplish more in the way of real, permanent and united progress based directly on the mutual respect of our qualities and mutual compensation of our respective deficiencies.

"Other nations, Belgium and Switzerland, for example, have prospered with a diversity of races. Why should we not flourish under better conditions? We have resources beyond calculation, we have opportunity with us, we have the best sons of Western civilization, we have the informing spirit of patriotism, true to what is best in each of us."

Erin's Saints and Scholars, by J. N. George, 'o6.

"The seed planted by Saint Patrick took deep root, and at the beginning of the sixth century religion and education were in a most

flourishing condition. At this time Ireland was dotted with monastries and colleges; and the people were living happily under wise laws. Such was not the case with the rest of Europe. The northern barbarians were overruuning the continent, and destroying all vestiges of civilization. Irish monks eagerly set forth to enlighten Europe and bring all the nations within the pale of the Church. Foremost amongst these missionaries were Saints Columkille and Columbanus. The former turned his attention towards Scotland. He established his headquarters on the island of Iona near the coast of that country. Through the efforts and self-sacrifice of the saint and his companions, almost the entire Scottish nation was kept in the true religion. Saint Columbanus carried the torch of faith into France. Saint Gall raised the standard of the cross in Switzerland, Saint Killian in Germany, and Saint Cataldus in Italy. There was scarcely a country in Europe in which Irish priests were not struggling against the powers of darkness. The Irish apostles followed the example of Saint Patrick by establishing monasteries in all the countries in which they were preaching. They founded 13 in Scotland, 12 in England. 36 in France, 16 in Bavaria, 15 in Switzerland, and 6 in Italy. The sanctity of Ireland's sons and daughters is evidenced by the large number of Irish saints found on the Calendars of the different countries of Europe. There are 150 on the German Calendar, 45 on the French; Belgium honors 30, Italy 13; while even Norway and Iceland claim 8. With such children abroad, it is little wonder that Ireland's name was loved and respected by men of all nations. Well might they call her "Land of Saints and Scholars."

One of the chief characteristics of the Irish penple is their love for learning. Even before Ireland became Christian, Hibernia, by which name it was previously known, was famed for its bards and poets. King Cormac, who ruled the Island in the early part of the fourth century, established schools for military discipline, history and jurisprudence. With the introduction of Christianity, education received a new impetus, and schools sprang up in all parts of the land. The progress in learning and religion was most marked during the seventh and eighth centuries. The colleges were counted by hundreds and the students in some of them numbered thousands. The great schools of Clonfert, Bangor, Glasnevin, Clonard and many

others were renowned throughout the then known world. The Gael, the Scot, the Frank and the Saxon all drank from Ireland's fountains of knowledge. Before the foundations of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were laid the colleges of Ireland had long been institutions of great importance."

ALMA MATER, by T. J. Sloan, '06.

"Gentlemen, it is not given to us to look into the future. Were we permitted to see the things that shall come to pass in the great mysterious darkness of the speechless days that shall be, we might behold this institution flourishing in all the splendor of a full-fledged University. And it is our sincerest hope that such expansion will come to pass. How grand it would be if in years to come, and preferably in the near future, we could behold an Ottawa University with all its faculties in action, an Ottawa University wielding the influence it should control, an Ottawa University furnishing the necessary inducements and exerting the sufficient influence to retain its own students and to draw underneath its wings those who to-day are forced to attend other universities. But grander still would it be to see this institution a representative one and enjoying the support of all those upon whom its success must depend, the support of the Catholic clergy, the support of the Catholic laity, yes, the support of all Catholic Canada. Then and then only would we have an Ottawa University as it should be, then and then only would the good fathers be amply repaid for their work, then, and then only, could we expect great things of its departments, and, let me say it, of it's 'football team.'—(Applause.)

Let us hope, then, that when we of to-day are no longer able to partake of this annual feast of Ottawa University, when others sit round this festive board to proclaim the joys and sorrows of a land whose lot has been persecution, that then we may look back from afar on an Ottawa University fully worthy of the name it bears, on an Ottawa University with a Science Course as well as an Arts Course, with a Law Course as well as a Theological Course, with a Medical Course as well as a Business Course. Let us hope that then we may see all who boast of the name of the Catholic being actuated by purely Catholic motives, realizing a sense of their duty

and coming to the aid of a University which would be doing such great work.

Let us hope that the grand old banner of the garnet and grey may ever float high on the flag-pole of victory and that those to whose lot it may fall to defend her honor may do so with a will, that they may ever imitate the actions of those who have gone before us and then they will preserve unsullied those colors which we all hold so dear.

Finally let us hope that our love for Alma Mater may never grow cold, that it may never be said of the graduates of Ottawa University that they have turned their backs on the institution that has made him what they are, but rather, that they may stand as a redoutable defence against all attacks directed against it."

CANADA, by T. Gormley, '06.

"Canada, with its vast resources, its inland water-ways, and roads of steel from Atlantic to the Pacific, Canada, with its manufacturing industries and its teeming fields of gold and grain, Canada, with its splendid cities, its growing wealth and its prosperous trade, is bound to be the favorite of the new century. She is no longer the few acres of snow despised by a French King. Hers is a people enlightened and industrious, chosen from the best of the people of Western Europe. The Celtic element, the Irish race is an important factor, in its composition, and it's ours to see that our national characteristics play a part in leavening the Canada nationality of to-morrow.

"Tis our duty to help in the development of this new nation, to give to it the best we have inherited from our Celtic ancestry, to infuse into the national life those instincts of faith, chivalrous ideal, honor and devotion that are the badge of our race the world over. We can do this by reading in the book of our past copying the noble exemplars so numerous there. The less we forget the more we can give and giving we ourselves shall realize true citizenship, we, whose fathers were deprived that right, and our fathers' fathers, until the hunger of it, forced them to leave the shores of Erin for the West, where beyond the heaving bosom of the Atlantic, they might find that liberty, prosperity and independence, denied them at home.

"We enjoy here the boon of self-government, a boon long denied to Ireland. Signs are not wanting that the dawn of better days is breaking. When the happy time comes and Ireland shall once more take her place in the world, she will remember that in her darkest hours Irish-Canadians or in fact all Canadians thought of her, sent time and again across the sea their vote of confidence in her, sent their money to her, because they knew too well the benefits of Home Rule in their own case. Let us then drink to Canada wilh the hope that her success may be Ireland's liberty.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, by F. Hatch 'o6.

"What a burst of life, of principle, of enthusiasm, the very name of Columbia introduces, that land for which generation to generation have spent their substance, their energy and their virtue. Yes, it can be truly said that Columbia contains the cream and essence of all her predecessors.

Is it any wonder then, that Emerson once said "America is but another word for opportunity."

Columbia is rich in industry, rich in history, rich in picturesque beauty, rich in agricultural resources, rich in mineral wealth and rich in territorial extent, in fact so vastly rich, that even the American citizen himself is at a loss to comprehend its mighty possibilities.

Yet we Americans, while we are proud of our glorious country, proud of her noble sons and daughters, proud of her free institutions, proud of her flag, yet we cannot forget, no, not for a moment, what that Emerald gem of the western world has contributed toward every gift of which we are the possessors. Yes, that little green isle is largely responsible for the making of the glorious American Republic.

Oh! If "Old Glory" could like a mirror reflect. for a moment, the scenes it has beheld during that long revolutionary period at the dawn of our existence or more especially in that still bloodier struggle for the maintenance of the union, what bravery, what gallantry, what valor would it not attribute to the sons of St. Patrick as each laid his life as a sacrifice on the altar of freedom in order that his adopted country should not perish.

No, not even Waterloo, can rival the undaunted courage displayed by the Irish at Fredericksburg, where the bodies of those soldiers laid in dense masses. These masses are the best evidences of what manner of men they were, who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand fields and which never more richly deserved it than in that grand cause of Columbia.

"It is not only to the rank and file, who poured out their blood so lavishly on so many fields of glory that the pen of the historian is confined in dealing with the Irish influence, but we find Meade, Mc-Clellan, Sheridan, Corcoran and 'Stonewall' as evidences that North and South equally appreciated the military genius and enthusiasm of of the exiled Irish race.

"It is hardly necessary to allude to what the Irish have contributed to the ecclesiastical calling, as each and all of us are deeply impressed with the facts. Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ireland, Ryan and Quigley are but a few of the exalted types of eminence and distinction, to say nothing of the Irish priests as a body. A more zealous, faithful and efficient clergy can be found in no other country on the globe than in our fair Columbia.

"Literature and art are but in their infancy among us, but in what we have, Irish wit and skill are not altogether unknown. The names of Francis Ryan, the poet priest of the south, Thomas D'Arcy McGee and Maurice Egan are but a few of the brightest stars from the glorious Irish constellation which attest that Irish origin is by no means an obstacle to the possessions of the gifts of Minerva and Apollo.

"If we want examples of generosity, where shall we look for them if not among the Irish in America, what unbounded, what unlimited liberality do not the Irish of Columbia possess? Even day laborers and servants have sent millions of dollars as aid to their friends and relatives in the "Old Country" and aside from this enormous outflow, the Irish out of their poverty have raised schools, convents, yes and cathedrals, which are not only the wonder and admiration of the American people.

"So it is, were we to dissect each of the five great phases of our national life, we would find in them, no more brilliant lights than those of Irish origin, who not only have a love for the native land of their ancestors, but who have a truer, a fonder love for the greatest, the freest Republic the world has ever known, not only are the

proud of the glorious traditions of our country, but share with us, our history, our homes, our hearts and our common citizenship, which sympathy and love constitute the wealth and the strength of America in setting forth to the world the true principles of liberty."

IRELAND, by T. J. Tobin, o6.

"Love of the old country and of our Catholic religion seems to be pre-eminently the characteristic of our race. The passion of Irish patriotism is blended with whatever is ennobling and divine in our being, with all that is tenderest in our associations, and most inspiring in the longings of our hearts; it dawns upon us as sweetly as the memory of the first gaze of a mother's loving eyes; it is the whispered poetry of our cradles; it is the weird voices we hear from every graveyard where our father's lie sleeping, for every Irish graveyard contains the bones of uncanonized saints and martyrs; it is the message wafted across the sea from every ruined monastry and dismantled tower which even in their decay are the most stupendous memorials of a history and a race, which as a speaker said a moment ago, are

"Doomed to death, though fated not to die."

"The galleries of history exhibit no fairer picture than that of Erin in her golden age—"The one lustrous star in a European night." Her people enjoyed all the privileges and rights possessed by the citizens of a modern republic. Their chiefs were of their own choice. A system of law prevailed so mild that the bard was the most formidable power in the community. The sounds of festivity in their halls mingled with the chant of a thousand saints in their thousand churches. The enthusiam of learning that lighted their schools comes down to us across the gloomy gulf of ages that followed, and make us doubt whether modern civilization with all its newfangled refinements, but redoubled cares, can offer anything to compare with the simple happiness of that old race, with their sparkling wit, their mirthful hearts, the sensitive organism which could be ruled by the power of music, and the glorious enthusiasm which inspired them to bear the ideal torch of religion and learning to the uttermost ends of the darkened world.

"That sainted murder and hypocrite apostle of the gospel (Henry II) had arrived to preach the ten commandments to the Irish. Then fol-

low those seven awful centuries of torture, the national Calvary and the crucifixion of a race; the Penal laws with their makers and executors, names execrable in history—Cromwell, that sanctimonious vandal; Ireeton. his son-in-law, called in history "the lieutenant of the devil" Carew, Garcia, and a horde of smell-priests and white-caps, who infested every corner of the unhappy country.

"Finding their efforts to kill the religion of the Irish by persecution unavailing, the government began an attack upon the language, appreciating to its fullest extent the now well known Irish aphorism "Anam tir an teanga" (the soul of a country is its language). Here they partially succeeded, but now, thanks to the work of the Gaelic League, their efforts promise to be as futile as in the first case.

This in brief is the Irish persecution. The marvel is not that Irish civilization after struggling manfully through three centuries of Danish barbarism should have been able to face seven centuries more of English savagery, but that a book, a man, or even a ruin of the race should survive to tell the tale, after ten centuries of unceasing battle for the bare life. Not only has the Irish race survived that black deluge, but it emerges from that long eclipse with youth renewed, with strength redoubled, with hope undimmed, and with all the mental and moral capacities of a great nation. This second youth and vigor more robust than the first, after so horrifying an abyss of years, is a phenomenon of which history gives us no other example. regeneration is in a large measure due to the effort of the Gaelic League, which as the parliamentarians and the agrarian agitators both admit, has reached the very soul of the people. This great organization teaches the Irishman to respect himself, to foster national industry, and to know, to love and to speak his native language with all its beautiful Catholic associations. It teaches him that there is no disgrace but, to the contrary honor and privilege, in yielding to the natural instinct which tells him that his heart throbs with holier and more tender emotions when the pulpit speaks the language of the saints, and that his winter fireside is all the purer and brighter when it is warmed with the play of the old Gaelic fancy."

The Gaelic Revival Association of Ottawa.

UACHDARAN:

The Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

John J. McGee. E. P. Stanton.

RUNAIRE-CISTEOIR:

T. J. Tobin.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY:

J. Martin O'Gara.

The association has elected the above named officers and holds its weekly meetings regularly. It is obligatory on each member in after class work to give an address, have a paper, or read the folk lore in connection with the movement.

On Monday, Feb. 2nd. great interest was manifested when Mr. McGee consented to give an address on the Gaelic movement itself.

He went on to say after giving sketch of the inception of the Gaelic Revival movement.

"It is said that the 19th century was the century of the United States, and it is also said that the 20th century is the century of Canada in the prospective development of its great wheat fields of Saskatchewan and Alberta through which I travelled last summer, and was amazed at the possibilities. I say further that the 20th century will be Ireland's century with the Gaelic Revival and judging from the way events are shaping themselves since the advent of the Liberal Party in England especially when the Right Hon. Mr. Bryce said in the House of Commons "that Home Rule had no terrors for him." Many people ask in this utilitarian age of dollars and cents what's the use studying Irish. I may answer by asking what's the use of Algebra, how much do we know now of surds, fluctions, Calculus, Euclid, Conic Sections, Ingonometry and so on. The study of Irish language, like the study of Latin, Greek and other languages develops the mind by comparative philology. It promotes a love for Irish history, literature, legendary and folk-lore. All of which engenders feelings of pride, self respect and love of country. We,

here, are but a unit but every unit has its place and though the study of the language is academic and especially suited to you young gentlemen students who deserve the highest praise in giving so much voluntary time to preserve the nationality of your forefathers because that is what its effect is, we, the externs, are willing to give our moral and financial support towards the promotion of your association.

The Gaelic movement is far reaching. It wages war against intemperance and is wages war against that quintessence of vulgarity and of all abomination known throughout the world as the "Stage Irishman." Like all other movements nothing was lacking in its beginning, "the apathy of the Irish people, the disdain of the Press and even the scoffers, of whom we have some in every community, who must accompany every good work. The Gaelic Revival is the last and most stupendous movement for the welfare and elevation of Ireland and the Irish people, that ever was conceived, etc. "

We regret that space does not allow to publish a more extended quotation from Mr. McGee's very instructive address.

Judging by the working accomplished by the Ottawa Branch of the Gaelic League during the current year and especially during the past month we may safely prophesy a splendid future for this Society. The energy, enthusiasm and devotedness of the members so far, speaks volumes for the aims of the Society and merits of the cause for which it is striving. The meetings so far have proven very interesting, more so as the season advances, as shown by the faithful attendance of the members. The class, under the direction of Mr. E. P. Stanton, is progressing in the acquisition of the Gaelic tongue, to which task an hour is devoted at each meetings. The study of the language though of great importance, is not the only feature of each meeting, for the members are treated also to a discourse on questions which bear on Irish affairs. On the whole the Society is following in the footsteps of the parent organization in Ireland.

"IRISH FOLK LORE."

On Monday evening, February 19th, Mr. Geo. Leyden read a selection from Mr, Douglas Hyde's Work "Irish Folk Lore." This work is of great value to the student of Gaelic for it is printed in the original with an English version along side. The idioms of the two

languages may be thus compared. The selection chosen was entitled, "The Son of the King."

While it bears the character of fable we have good reason to believe that there is much of the same wisdom as that contained in ancient Greek mythology, so well interpreted by Bacon and Ruskin.

REV. FATHER HARTY.

That the end of the Gaelic League is no mere fancy but something really tangible was amply demonstrated to even to the most sceptic by the Rev. Father Thos. Harty, of Ireland, in an address delivered in Irish before the Society, on the evening of March 5th. Father Harty is himself a Gaelic Leaguer, and, although he has learned the Irish language in his prime, he spoke so fluently that the more advanced students understood him, while the beginners appreciated his sweet-flowing accents.

After his address in Irish, he spoke in the vernacular. He set forth the aims, the work and the progress of the Gaelic League in Ireland. He showed that this organization was working a marvellous change in the country and the people. He laid great stress on the point that Home Rule might be beneficial to Ireland but that something else is required to hold the people together to keep them from emigrating, to preserve the Irish individuality and national identity.

To this work the Gaelic League has bound itself and has so far met with unqualified success. The people are becoming educated, the Irish language is being taught in the schools, Irish industries are multiplying, and emigration is diminishing, all through the efforts of the Gaelic Leaguers who no longer think it a disgrace to speak Irish, but are proud of their ability to do so. They no longer look towards England for manufactured goods, but patronize their own manufactures.

The address of Rev. Father Harty was thoroughly appreciated by those present especially as it came from one who was in the best position to speak on the question. The members, as a result, realize more than ever the practical service they are rendering. by cooperating in this country, in the work carried on in the mother land.

IRISH LITERATURE AND DRAMA.

On March 12th, Mr. Anthony Power read an excellent paper on

Irish literature and drama. He treated his subject briefly yet thoroughly and illustrated it by quotations from Yeat's poems, especially "Kathleen Ny Hulihan." This name was one used by poets in troublesome times when speaking of Ireland. Mr. Power showed that although ancient Irish literature had no drama like the ancient Greek, yet the people had the dramatic instinct. The new literature with the help of the study of Irish history will evolve a distinctly Irish drama.

Dr. Freeland made a few fitting remarks on the subject. Mr. E. P. Stanton called attention to a little leaflet, secured by Mr. J. J. McGee from Mr. P. O'Daly, secretary of the League in Dublin, forth the objects of the Gaelic League.

AN IRISH NIGHT.

The feast of St. Patrick's was celebrated in a most becoming manner by the Gaels, on Monday evening, March 19th. To make the event an auspicious one invitations were extended to several non-members to be present at the meeting, which for the occasion was held in the fine museum of Cttawa University. An excellent programme of speech, music and song was carried out to the satisfaction of all.

Dr. A. Freeland, one of the pioneers of the society in Ottawa, addressed the gathering. He showed the importance of studying Irish history and the Irish language as the link between the present and the past. He gave some very interesting facts concerning the antiquity of the Irish, making them contemporaneous with Noah's grandson, in 2048 B. C.

Mr. John McDonald repeated Dr. Freeland's remarks in Guelic. The audience marked their appreciation of the sweet sounding address by rounds of applause.

"Shool Agra," a Gaelic song, was rendered by the society's Glee Club, composed of Messrs. McCarthy, Golden, Clifford and Burns, with Mr. Fred Hatch as accompanist.

"Irish Folk Lore" was the title of a paper, read by Mr. T. J. Tobin, secretary, and which was taken from Lady Gregory's work on "An Craoibhin's Plays."

Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I., president of the Society, spoke hopefully of the union of the Orange and the Green, that is of the "Pro-

testants of the North and the Catholics of the South," in the common cause. He instanced the fact that Dr. Hyde, who is the unanimous choice of the people of Ireland, is the son of an Anglican clergyman.

Dr. White, Dr. Thorburn, Mr. Edward Devlin and Mr. Barry Hayes congratulated the Society on the good work they have in hand. Mr. Hayes donated a book entitled "Irish Ideas," by Wm. O'Brien.

Mr. T. J. Tobin rendered "Credeamh ar n'athaireach."

Mr. E. Stanton addressed the gathering, explaining the object of the class work. He gave a brief history of the growth and development of the Gaelic League and expressed great hope for the future.

Messrs. McCarthy and Golden each contributed to the evening's programme by rendering "The Meeting of the Waters" and "Killarney."

The meeting closed by singing once more at the request of the audience of "Shool Agra."

The Society in the past month has almost doubled in numbers, and indications point to a considerable increase in the near future. In fact it seems that it will soon be found necessary to establish another branch in the city to accommodate those desirous of entering the League.

The Gaelic League of Ottawa will be pleased if the other Irish Societies in the city and elsewhere would co-operate with it in the work it has in hand.



Of Local Interest.

Dr. MacDougall King Lectures before the Students.

On Wednesday evening, March 7th, Dr. MacDougall King lectured before the Scientific Society of the University on "Medical and Surgical Emergencies." Besides the members of the Society, there were present about two hundred and fifty students including the Brothers from the Scholasticate. Dr. King's lecture was excellent and thoroughly interesting. He explained to the audience the various methods for resuscitating persons who are prostrated or in a faint. He illustrated the simplest ones by going through the operations with a young man chosen from the audience, and demonstrated the operations for reviving victims of drowning accidents, and gave instances of cases where a person had been brought back to consciousness after several hours of artificial respiration. He then went on to give the simplest treatment for broken limbs and wounded arteries, giving some of his experience in South Africa. He also told in a concise but thorough manner what to do in case of convulsions, burns, poisoning and many other emergencies. At the conclusion of the lecture Messrs. W. P. Derham and G. W. O'Toole, in a few well chosen remarks, expressed the appreciation and satisfaction of the Society and of those present in moving a hearty vote of thanks for the very interesting and very practical lecture given by Dr. King. This was approved of by all present. The Scientific Society Orchestra, under the direction of the Rev. Father Lajeunesse, contributed to the evening's program.

The burning question of the hour is, "Why was the fasting table abolished?" Someone says it was because P. G. didn't live up to the regulations—or rather because he didn't follow the example of the others.

Those who have sworn off setting up pins during Lent, and haven't sworn off bowling, ought to do so at once.

The Dramatic Society intends putting on "Mr. Bluebeard" in the near future with F-l-a-r-a-lt as leading artist. Our senator has, of late, developed a remarkable tendency to commercial matters. We are told that he is often seen down on By Ward market inquiring what butter is worth. Have a care, Quam! You know the *Scotchman* does business along the same lines, and is a bad man to run up against.

The Hon. T. M. C. may be found in the Parliamentary library at any hour now, supposedly preparing his debate. The debate, however, is only a bluff.

At the last meeting of the Debating Society the subject discussed was: "Resolved that an immediate measure of self-government should be granted the Russian people." Messrs. E. Byrnes, '09, and J. Corkery, '09, argued for the affirmative and Messrs. C. O'Halloran, '09, and J. Murphy, '09, for the negative. The judges awarded their decision in favor of the affirmative.

Preparations are under way for the annual prize debate to be held on the 25th of April. The subject is: "Resolved that public utilities should be owned by the municipalities." Messrs. V. G. McFadden and E. J. Byrnes will uphold the affirmative, while Messrs. T. M. Costello and G. P. McHugh will oppose them.

The students are indebted to the Glee Club for a very pleasant evening on the feast of St. Thomas, March 7th. On the programme were several vocal and instrumental selections, a clog dance by Mr. F. Gallagher, and "three tugs of war." The first one between the representatives of Quebec and those of the "wild and woolly West," resulted in a victory for the former. In the second, the Waterbury boys, who had been worsted at hockey by the Ogdensburg bunch, struggled hard to regain their lost laurels, but it was in vain that Captain "F. Edgar" exhorted his men on to the supreme effort. Under the skilful direction of Captain Golden the boys from the 'burg pulled them all around the house. Special mention must be made also of Hollis Burns. His performance on the rope as end man was the sensation of the evening. Next came the men from "up the-creek" against the representatives of the Trent Valley. In the first pull, the latter succeeded in doing the trick, but, in the final

pulls, they were obliged to yield to their opponents despite the earnest exhortations of Captain "Quam" and the heroic endeavors of J. Rufus. Mr. E. P. Gleeson acted as umpire to the utmost satisfaction of the contestants.

The principal features of the evening were, however, an account of a very vivid dream, which is given below, read—and I guess dreamt, too—by Mr. T. M. Costello, and a very interesting and comprehensive paper on the life and works of St. Thomas, by Mr. J. Thomas Sloan. After the affair, those present retired to the dining-room for lunch, at which short speeches were made by Mr. Gleeson, Fr. Lambert, Fr. Hammersly, Fr. Fortier and others.

The local column would not be complete without an account of the Philosophers—Lay Profs. hockey game. March 7th, Thomas' day, will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to witness the clash on College rink. It is an old custom, handed down from generation to generation, that these teams, shall settle all grievances on that day, and especial interest was manifested in the game this year as the winners were entitled to challenge for the Stanley Cup. Thus it was that when Referee Gauthier called the men to the centre of the ice to give them a word of warning, every inch of available space was occupied by interested spectators, all eager to get a glimpse of the future champions. "Bun" Slattery, the other victim selected to aid in conducting the game, now made his appearance, and the steel-shod gladiators, white-faced, but determined, took their places. It was noticed that Profs. team had undergone some sweeping changes. Logan, who had deserted and joined Wanderers, was replaced at cover by Pakenham Smith, while "Shorty" Costello guarded the nets. Philosophers had also strengthened their team by securing Callaghan, who proved to be We will not attempt to describe the game in detail, how the desperate charges of Bawlf and Costello were repelled by Filiatreault and O'Neil, how "Fat" McNeill in goal, with his immense proportions, turned aside lightning shots with exasperating coolness, and how Bushy mistook his own goal posts for Derham's feet and proceeded to chop them off. Neither will space permit us to publish "Tod's protestations when ordered to the benches for accidentally breaking his stick, or "Spider" Lacey's explenation of how he kept time. And then that heart-rending scene in the second act when "Chimmie" and "Marly" discovered that they were from the same burg, and forthwith fell on each other's necks with sobs of joy. Even hardened old philosophers wept at the sight, and the deluge of tears which fell from the bystanders threatened to flood the rink. Suffice it to say that the score was one all, when Smith, who had been putting up a great game, was disabled by falling on Sloan's stick, and without their cover point. Profs. were greatly handicapped. They suffered an additional misfortune in the loss of ones, who, while attempting a difficult Shakesperian pose, was rudely body-checked by O'Neil, and put out of action.

Profiting by his absence, Philosophers scored two more goals, both being netted by O'Neil, who skated around Bushey for the first one, and over him for the second. This ended the match, but Profs. have protested the game on the grounds that the time-keeper was bought. It is also hinted that the Lanky Prof. from Peterboro' was "doped" by the enemy.

The line up was:

Philosophers—Goal, McNeill; point, Filiatreault; cover, O'Neil; forwards, Callaghan, Sloan, George and Derham.

Lay Profs.—Goal, G. Costello; point, Bushey; cover, M. Smith; forwards, T. Costello, Bawlf, McFadden, and Jones.

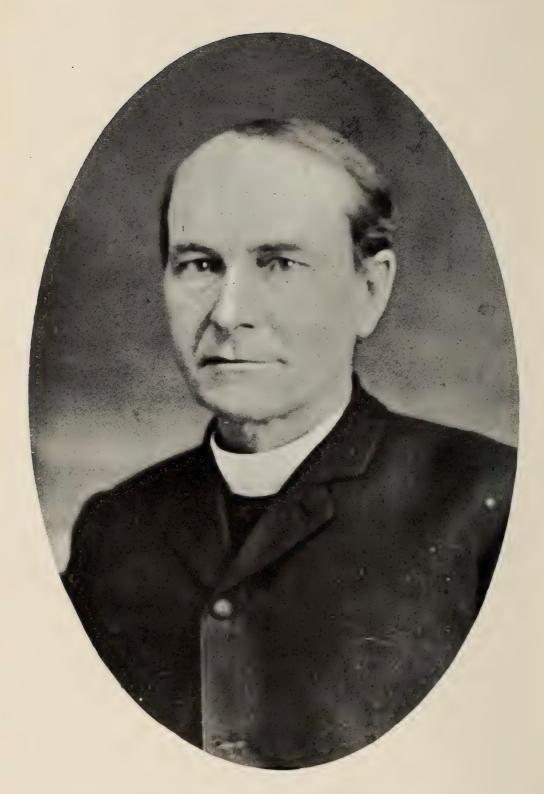




CONTENTS.

1	PAGE
Right Reverend William A. Macdonell, D.D., Bishop-elect of Alexandria	305
LITERARY DEPARTMENT:	
A Spring Song	306
The Educational Crisis in England	307
The Genius of Christianity	312
Don Quixote	317
On the Death of a Brother	322
A Dream in Passion Tide	324
Irish Historical Ballads	329
Municipal Ownership	332
BOOKS WORTH READING:	
Book Review	343
Exchanges	344
How to Debate	346
Editorials:—	
A New Library	347
The Weather	348
OF LOCAL INTEREST	348
The Prize Debate	850





RT. REV. WILLIAM MACDONELL, D.D.

Bishop-elect of Alexandria.



No. 7

OTTAWA, ONT., April, 1906.

Vol. VIII

Right Reverend William A. Macdonell, D.D., Bishop-elect of Alexandria.

Rev. William Andrew Macdonell is, like his predecessor in the see of Alexandria, of the Catholic Highland stock, that has given of its best to the Church of God. He was born in the township of Charlottenburg, county of Glengarry. When he had acquired all the knowledge the public school of the county could give him, the young man turned to St. Joseph's College, Ottawa, for higher education, there to develop the latent genius of an ecclesiastical vocation that led him to the Grand Seminary, Montreal. In September, 1881, His Grace Archbishop Cleary of Kingston ordained him priest in the historic church of St. Raphaels. The first four years of his sacred ministry were given to Gananoque; the next five in Glen-Nevis, where he succeeded the present Bishop of Kingston. Ic 1890 he replaced Rev. George Corbett at St. Andrews, and here hn received the call of the Master, "ascende superius.".

The scholarly attainments and self-denying piety of the bishopelect; the mild and charitable disposition which has endeared him to all with whom he has come in contact; the prudent energy and broadmindedness that have characterized his work in the past, are an earnest of the successful administration of so promising a portion of the Church in Ontario, In this appointment Rome's choice was indeed the people's voice. Ad multos annos.

J. J. MACDONELL, '06.

Literary Department.

A Spring Song.

Beneath the prisoning bark, below The cruel chains of ice and snow, A stirring, striving, restless thing It wakes—the spirit of the spring.

Held down by forces of the air Opposed and hindered everywhere, A throbbing, longing, eager thing, It wakes—the spirit of the spring.

Resistless are its energies;
Through cold and storm it shall arise
To pulse new life along the limbs
To sing its resurrection hymn
The struggling, climbing, soaring thing
Unconquered spirit of the spring.

-Innom.

The Educational Crisis in England.

HE all-important topic in England at the present time is the forthcoming Educational Bill which is to be introduced in the Imperial Parliament in a short time. The Liberal party made this one of the strong planks in their political platform, and the question formed one of the chief issues in the recent electoral campaign. The Liberal ministry included in their programme an Act which was to supersede that brought in and passed by the Conservative administration in 1902, and materially change its provisions. Immediately upon the overwhelming victory obtained by the Liberals at the polls, the Catholics, to whom this matter of education is of the most vital importance, began an agitation against any infringement of their rights in the proposed legislation, and are now using every means in their power to obtain a proper measure o justice at the hands of the new ministry. Their valiant efforts are attracting considerable attention in every quarter.

We, in Canada, can well appreciate the deep significance of such a struggle, for it has been our fortune, twice within a decade, to have been confronted by a problem closely resembling that which engages so much attention in England at the present time. The subject of education is one which all who are imbued with the true instincts of Catholicity cannot fail to give the greatest consideration and concern, for it is a point upon which the Church has always taken the firmest stand and with regard to which her regulations are most concise and immutable. The Mother of Education throughout the centuries, she has ever clearly recognized and fully appreciated the fact that the success and progress of her mission depends to a considerable extent on the nature of the instruction which is instilled into the minds of her children. The inevitably wretched results of experiments with so-called "undenominational" education are all too apparent and are in themselves sufficient vindication of the measures taken by the Church to safeguard the faith in her children.

The fight for Catholic schools in England has been a long uphill battle, and now when they had won a comparatively satisfactory settlement and were just commencing to appreciate the results of success, the fruits of their hard-won victory would appear to be about to be snatched from them by the rude hand of a party confident and ruthless in the knowledge of its power. Should the fears of the Catholic body in England be realized in the provisions of the measure soon to be introduced before the House of Commons, the state of Catholic schools will, at one stroke, be reduced to the conditions which prevailed more than thirty years ago.

Up to the year 1902, the Catholics, where they wished to have purely Catholic schools, were forced to build and maintain them entirely at their own expense, and besides this, they had to pay the same public school rates as their non-Catholic fellow-countrymen, which rates went to the support of schools to which, in conscience, Catholic parents could not send their children. When we consider that Catholics in England at that time came almost entirely from the poorer classes, we can appreciate the diffidulties and hardships with which they contended so courageously for the sacred cause of Catholic education. The various sects of non-Catholics were contented to eliminate religion completely from the schools, or to give merely a few scriptural readings at the opening of the classes. With the movement, however, of a section of the Church of England towards higher ritualism, there appeared amongst the Anglicans a tendency to stand more aloof from the other Protestant denominations. A natural result of this was an agitation on their part to have purely Anglican schools. Fully alive to the advantages which a coalition with the Catholic body would bring about, they threw in their lot with them and agitated for a new system of educational management by which Catholics were to have State-recognized Catholic schools and Anglicans were to have schools in which their particular tenets were to be taught. This alliance was too strong to be resisted and resulted in the Education Act of 1902.

By this Act, which was not in the least pleasing to the Non-conformists, Catholics, where in sufficient numbers to form a school district, were allowed to have a school of their own, in which Catholic teachers were employed, where cathechism and Catholic doctrines could be taught during school hours, and where the board of management was Catholic. A certain rate of government support was allotted to such schools. The Anglicans were provided for, in the matter of education, exactly as their Catholic brethren were. This measure, of course, met with great opposition on the part of the

Nonconformists, comprising Methodists, Baptists, Unitarians, Wesleyans, etc., who stood out for "non-sectarian" instruction and strongly advocated out-and-out public control. Great credit must be given to John Redmond and his Nationalist followers for the course of action which they followed in dealing with this Act. Holding the balance of power and knowing that a Liberal administration would be favorable to long-awaited Home Rule, they courageously and generously sacrificed their own interests for those of the English Catholics and gave their solid, undivided support to the government measure. As afterwards proved, the Irish cause has lost nothing through this magnanimous act of her representatives.

By this Act the English Catholics received the fullest measure of justice, in the matter of education, which had yet been meted out to them at the hands of the British Parliament, and the enthusiasm and activity which followed spoke volumes for their satisfaction in the successful issue of their long and hard-fought battle for their rights. It was felt that this was the beginning of the rapid and triumphal progress of Catholic education in England, and that the dawn of a new and brighter era was succeeding the long night of depression and hardships. It matters not to them whether the hand of parliament had been forced in this matter, or whether they had received what was rightly due to them through interested assistance of a stronger party than they. They felt confident and secure in the possession of what rightly belonged to them and even had hopes that in the fulness of time, even greater concessions might be their lot through the generosity or necessity of His Majesty's legal administration. But their period of contentment and prosperity was to be of short duration, for the party which was responsible for the betterment of their conditions went down to overwhelming defeat in the recent elections and had to give up the reins of government, which, with an amended Education Act as one of the chief items on its programme, came into power with the greatest majority ever given to a political party in Great Britain.

The chargin and disappointment of the Catholic body at this dashing of their hopes can well be imagined. This time even the Irish representation in the House of Commons cannot stand between them and the spoliation of their rights, for no longer does it wield the mighty weapon, Balance of Power, amongst the people's representa-

tives. The lately elected government, secure in its immense plurality, may make or unmake legislation at its own sweet will, depending on nothing but its own numerical strength to carry out its wishes. The outlook, from the Catholic standpoint, looks gloomy indeed. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the new premier, definitely stated that a new Education Bill would be drawn up and presented to the House during the present session, and that it would be radically different from the legislation of 1902. Mr. Birrell, the Minister of Education, who is to present the measure, will reveal nothing of its nature, assuring all who ask thas they will know of its provisions when it is presented to the House. Consequently the Catholics are in the dark as to its exact contents, but they cannot but feel that their misgivings as to its general outline are well grounded.

Expecting to be dealt with in a manner adverse to their wishes, the English Catholics are by no means resting on their oars. In every centre of population throughout the country, immense mass meetings have been, and are being held to protest against a violation of their rights, confirmed by Act of Parliament, at the hands of the Campbell-Bannerman administration. Everywhere is expressed a spirit of determined firmness and resolution in the battle for the schools, which truly is to them a struggle for hearth and home. Petitions have been framed and resolutions published waich state clearly and concisely the Catholic stand in the question and the unchangeable principles which they must, in conscience, follow, and from which they are determined not to depart. The following is the statement of the Catholic position, made by the representatives of all the English dioceses:—

- (1) That religion is an essential factor in education.
- (2) That parents have the duty and therefore the right to educate their children in the religion which they believe to be true.
- (3) That this right is given by God, not by the State, and therefore cannot be taken away by the State.
- (4) That if the State establishes a system of compulsory education, such system must not conflict with this inalienable parental right and must allow children to be educated according to the convictions of their parents.
- (5) That while Catholics do not object to the children of parents who desire it, receiving so-called undenominational instruction, they

cannot in conscience allow their children to receive such instruction, since it is based on principles essentially Protestant.

(6) That the only education Catholics parents can accept for their children is a Catholic education.

The non-conformists, who may now be said to control the Imperial Parliament, are in favor of complete "public control" of the schools, and thus "nationalizing" them. This would mean, if their plans are carried out, that no religious distinction would be made and that all, irrespective of their religious tenets, would have to pay for the erection and maintenance of public schools. In these schools nothing is to be taught which savors of any particular religious belief, which really is worse than to exclude religious teaching entirely. Catholic parents cannot in principle or in conscience allow their children to attend such schools, and some other means of overcoming the difficulty must be found. The last resort of the Cotholics, should all their valiant efforts prove vain, is to take back the school buildings which they have built out of their poverty, through hardships and privations, and pay for their maintenance without State aid, and besides this, submit to taxes for the support of schools which they are not permitted to use. This, indeed, would be a sad state of affairs, but they are prepared to face the issue, and fully realize that this is the outcome to which all indications now point.

The only hope for a better condition of affairs is that there may be a disruption amongst the Liberal party itself on this question. Should this take place, the Government would hardly dare to introduce a measure which would bring about radical changes in the Act of 1902, and would either drop the proposed Bill or amend the old one only in its minor or unimportant provisions. The majority of the Conservatives would undoubtedly oppose the Government on this question, and the Catholics of England can rest assured that the Irish Nationalists will deal with them as they did in 1902, standing up for the rights of their religion, to which they have always been, and ever will be, faithful.

The Non-conformists are boasting of their strength in the new administration, but this may be the pride that goeth before a fall. There are several very important obstacles to be taken into consideration in the framing of this new bill, which Mr. Bannerman cannot very well afford to overlook. He has many stern examples to check

him, in the fate of previous governments which recklessly used their immense power to meddle with the rights of an apparently insignificant minority. Should he be possessed of much foresight, he would see "breakers ahead" in the spirited and determined attitude of the Catholics who are now thoroughly aroused and make up in enthusiasm and "stick-to-it-iveness" what they lack in numerical strength. The question is being well spread abroad and unjust legislation will undoubtedly lower the prestige of the new administration. It has received almost the entire support of the Catholics in England in the elections, and should it turn their thousands of votes to their own destruction it will earn their undying emnity. Surely, with men of such well known statecraft and prudence in his cabinet, Mr. Bannermaa will be enabled to find some solution of the difficulty by which justice may be given to all, in accordance with the dictates of much boasted "British fair play."

W. P. DERHAM, '06.

The Genius of Christianity.



STUDY of the world's social system as ages pass by, as old things pass away, or as in their rapid succession changing scenes and varying phenomena may influence its general character, shows its huge mechanism to be

most sensitive to the impressions it receives and that it is liable to produce good or evil according as it may be directed by the trend of political or social life during the strides of ages, the course of events or under the conditions of phenomena.

The whole machinery is set in motion by two distinct forces. One is a progressive force having a beneficent influence for the betterment of mankind which makes life strong in truth and fair in honor; it is like a religion of itself, for it produces well-being and moral contentment in communities and establishes peaceful and profitable intercourse between men and nations. It is derived mainly from steady productive labour,—mental and physical,—which is admittedly the most potential factor of intellectual development, industrial progress and of material prosperity in the great social and civic structure of

the universe. The other is a reactionary force composed of evil, malignant and deterrent influences which have a depressing and demoralizing effect upon the progression of social and economic life. Its influences are derived from men's greed of grain, luxurious tastes, ambition of social distinction, political power of preferment, acquirement of capital through illegitimate commercial advantages, such as the trusts and combines of now-a-days. And these deleterious influence contain harmful germs which generate trouble, discord and lasting feuds liable to degenerate into those violent conflicts that plunge people into the horrors and agonies of civil or international wars; these result in calamitous loss of life, vast destruction of wealth and frequently culminate in the irreparable ruin of powerful empires and in the extinction of races.

History shows that the world has been full of similar complications, from its incipient stage of occupation by mankind, until our own times. It is sufficiently obvious that they began so soon as the original families dispersed into incoherent and cosmopolitan tribes, and lasted during the transitory evolution which transformed the latter into settled and thrifty peoples. They continued during the process of formation of nations, the building of cities and empires, and whilst people entered into competition for the acquirement of wealth through commerce and industry.

* * *

It would be humanly impossible to determine to what extent those complications restricted the expansion of commerce and industry, and restrained the aggrandisement of nations; nor how they affected the formation of sociality—in contradistinction to socialism—and became an obstacle to the advancement of civilization. Or in brief, it would be difficult to say to what extent the rise and progress of intellectual work as well as the development of human energy and activity were paralysed by the sordid greed of ambitious men, of others in authority by the arrogance, cruelty and immorality of princes and dictators by the maladministration of inept governments or by the bold sophistries of demagogues, firebrands and other unprincipled agitators, whose sophistries breed nihilism, communism, socialism and anarchy in their worst form.

The idea of an improved social condition or of a greater civilisation infused into the world of modern times, by the teachings of a Great Reformer has counteracted to a great extent the evil effects of ambition, avarice and greed and other retrograde and pernicious elements of trouble and discord.

The Great Reformer introduced a new philosophy the most significant feature of which is the domocratic theory, a proposition to democratise humanity and abolish social distinctions by reducing the patrician element and raising the proletariat element to a social and political level with moral and intellectual merit as a basis of advancement. And the creation of democratic institutions for the people as against despotism or autocratic ruling, — constitutional privileges as against royal prerogatives,—has been the tendency down to our own times.

Christianity destroyed nothing that was good, but it has redressed wrongs and brought healthier innovations and a sense of propriety in political arts and social life, and through its influence many a threatened conflict which would have destroyed the peace of the world has been averted.

In its ascendancy, Christianity exercises an irresistible influence over the destinies of nations, because it is, indeed, reforming mankind and modifying the character, temperament, and manners of society.

Its doctrine is "Good Will and Peace between men," and that is truly the only orthodox basis upon which men can work harmoniously to maintain social amenities and to promote commerce and industry, the great producers and distributors of wealth.

In its strides onward, the new philosophy has raised the standard of civic and political government, and it has gradually reformed social conditions of life by promoting freedom of thought by extending liberty of action and in advancing the interests of labour and industry—the sources of wealth and happiness.

It is lifting the yoke of the oppressed and freeing human beings from bondage and servitude. It is obtaining social and political power for the people on the common ground of intellectuality as against ignorance; it affords men equal opportunities to satisfy proud aspirations, pure ambition and to obtain the sum of comfort and happiness their talents and working capacities entitle them to. And wherever caste disappears and society is reduced to its proper

level of sociality there arises a more enlightened democracy. In other words, the greater civilisation and the improved sociality the world now enjoys are the creation of the genius of Christianity.

* * *

Though for centuries after their promulgation, the world had not realised the beneficent effects of the newer doctrines, yet it is obvious that their diffusion gave a new impulse, produced marvels in regenerating humanity, and advanced its well-being in a manner far different from the past.

The propagandists of Christian doctrines had to contend with fossilized creeds; long established laws, religions and customs. They were the object of fierce fanatical persecution from atheism, polytheism, and they had to fight against prejudices and the fallacious arguments of those interested in disparaging the new orthodoxy.

But the most significant manifestation of the power and truth of its teachings, is that Christianity overcame a multitude of such obstacles and produced a distinct improvement in individual mentality, as well as social and material progress. And because its exponents fought for enlightment on moral and social grounds, Christianity ingratiated itself into men's hearts; its doctrines are rapidly taking possession of the more advanced minds and transforming the various classes of people into a more polished society.

And if to-day all peoples are not converted to sound civilization, it may well be admitted that the modern social organisation is in better condition than hitherto, now that the standard of intellectual culture has been improved; that society rests on a more solid basis, now that the new gospel of humanity is having its sway in proselytizing the world.

Even as the world progressed by mere force of circumstances, notwithstanding the dissensions which from time to time precipitated nations into disastrous wars and revolutions and even whilst religious struggles were maintained from century to century there ensued, as an outcome of Christianity, a greater civilization which prevailed throughout and gave a right direction and a new impulsion to letters, arts and science.

* * *

It was thus that Christianity brought in its train, as its genius

penetrated the social sphere of nations, the institution of a "greater civilization," and thenceforth men and nations professing that faith acquired over the commercial and financial enterprises of the world as well, a wider knowledge of their great advantages; they realized the gravity of their responsibilities and thereby gained an importance, which enabled them to wield a preponderating influence, not only as regards arts, science and letters, but it is noticeable that in warfare and in peaceful transactions between barbarians and civilized people, the latter are generally more successful, and where people of different creeds meet under similar circumstances, christians,—theists also,—generally win as against either heathens or atheists.

* * *

Religion, whether it be a religion of nature, a religion of science, a religion of arts, or a religion of labour, is all the same a sentiment of the soul, an ever growing sentiment of love and admiration for things that are useful, good and beautiful. Religion of deity is a religion apart, one of love and admiration for that which is above us—for the Divine Being who created the human being. Religion means love of that righteousness and integrity, which is essential to the stability of society, and to the proper administration of the business affairs of men. Indeed, keen pursuit of gain and the severe strain of competition is only relazed by religion, and religion alone gives morality its appropriate place in business circles and directs utilitarian progress.

Religion has a powerful hold on the actions of men because it is the greatest incentive that could have been instituted for the maintenance of humanity in the paths of virtue, and it is the prime factor in social and national life because it is an incentive to noble actions and lofty ideas, and, because it inspires all virtues, promotes righteousness, debars intolerance and fanaticism, and stimulates individual and collective energy.

And Christianity is an authoritative religion because it pleads for good and commands it. To understand its subduing charms and its resplendent beauty it is necessary to understand the mystic influence of its genius, the purity of its motives, the nobility of its instincts and its altruism. It is a divine religion because it constantly reminds man that he is only a created being, with limited

^{*} The test of orthodoxy, however, is not material progress or belligerent supremacy. Japan is a case in point.—ED.

powers, who owes incessant allegiance to a Creator, and because it creates a lasting influence on the minds of its followers, that makes them more virtuous and truthful in their intercourses with their fellow men. It offers internal consolations and unites its adepts in one grand bond of charitableness.

What would become of the great human hive were religion to disappear? Nothing would remain but chaos and commotion. If there were no altars there would be no feeling of brotherhood, no reciprocal attachment, no sympathy and no esteem amongst men. Lawlessness and corruption would rule the land, leaving the field to the vilest and most licentious passions of the human heart and the enactment of terrific scenes would follow.

The complex condition of the social mechanism was no doubt foremost in the mind of the Nazarene, when He exalted God to the Highest, and taught tolerance and good will amongst men so that order, peace and happiness might prevail upon earth: "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominbus bonæ voluntatis."

Ottawa, March 1906.

A. A. TAILLON.

Don Quixote.

The 16th century was a brilliant one for Spain; it is recognized in the history of Spanish literature as the "Classic Age." The conquest of her ancient enemy, the addition of America to the wealth of her Dominions, the union of Arragon and Castile were followed by a period of peace and contentment among her people and a marked advance in general culture throughout the land. It was a happy time for poets and they sang merrily and in great numbers. No wonder, if amid the twittering of so many songsters, the deep, rich notes of a master-singer like Miguel Cervantes should fail to be recognized as they deserved. No wonder, if in such loud times, this gentle spirit who might have graced the highest and most brilliant society, was left to work his weary way along in uncongenial paths and get himself into scrapes deplorable for a poet. And what wonder if he, who could not but be conscious of his real superiority over those who scorned him, should have been moved to satire when he looked

about him and saw how queerly things were managed in this queerest of worlds?

Gay Valladolid was, in the time of Cervantes, the Versaitles of Spain as Seville was the Oxford. In this city of splendor we find our neglected hero living, not in a palace but obscurely, in an humble dwelling of two rooms. Years had been spent in laborious efforts that had all ended in seeming failure, now the snows of age were swiftly descending upon him. But he was rich beyond what the world could see, -rich in the possession of a rare knowledge of life gained in the course of his wandering and checkered career, and now with his magician's touch, he was to transmute this vast amount of raw material into most precious metal for the benefit of the ages. Queer this world certainly is, and yet there is, at times, an unconscious method in its madness, and this was so in the case of Cervantes, a fact which we recognize with never ceasing gratitude. Had he never served as a poor private soldier, had he never travelled wearily on foot and on donkey-back through Seville and other parts of his native land gathering corn for the Invincible Armada, nor collected rents in La Mancha, the home of his Ingenious Knight, would he have met, we wonder, the original of those rare and intererting characters he has handed down to us in his immortal novel?

How beautiful and pathetic is the picture we have of this great man in his poor little home in this brilliant court city, of Valladolid! Here, at a little table, by the light of one poor candle, his mastermind toiled each evening at the work that would never die. About the table were gathered also the women of his household, his wife and daughter and niece, all busily engaged at the beautiful embroidery, so much in demand in that age of splendor. While the poor little candle lasted their willing fingers toiled at the tasks that helped to support their humble household and the master bent over his, pausing now and again to read a passage to his devoted, listening family. Such was the first audience Don Quixote ever had, and we can easily imagine what a delighted one it was. Cervantes wrote for them and for all who loved him; to those who could understand him he showed his own higher and nobler soul and he thought not and cared not for the critics. And with Cervantes and his book the critics have nothing whatever to do any more than with the plays of

Shakespeare. The story begun in prison and dedicated by the author as a "pastime to melancholy," continued to grow beneath his inspired touch, and early in the year 1605, when Cervantes was past 57, his History of the Ingenious Knight was given to the world, and the world rose with enthusiasm to receive the precious gift. Its success was instantaneous; within a few months after its appearance it was "the book of the year." Everyone was reading it, everyone was talking of it; its characters became like real personages and were spoken of as such. One day when Phillip II. was out driving he noticed a man standing in the park reading a book and laughing violently; turning to an attendant, he remarked, "That man must be out of his mind or else he is reading Don Quixote." And thus it was said of any man who was seen in public absorbed in a book, oblivious of his surroundings; if he was not crazy he certainly must be reading Quixote. All Spain was reading the book in 1605, as all the world has been reading it ever since. Very soon it was translated into different languages, and England was one of the first nations to receive and do honor to this marvellous work of genius. 'Ten years later the second part of the ingenius History made its appearance and proved a fitting supplement to the first, and as the work of a man almost seventy, it was a remarkable achievement. It had been eagerly waited for and was received with delight. what did all this immense popularity mean to the poor, obscure writer? Today when a novel becomes "the book of the year" it means wealth and fame, of a temporary sort at least, to the author, but it was not so with Cervantes. The centuries that have followed have joyfully accorded him a home among the immortal, but in his lifetime he gained little except, indeed, the attainment of his aim which was a high and noble one.

It is safe to say that Don Quixote is among the half dozen books which the world can never forget. And yet, while everyone reads it, there is, perhaps, no book so much misunderstood. A wag once said of a notable figure in the world that he was sure of being famous for no one could agree as to the correct way to spell his name; few indeed agree in their interpretation of this great book; though all enjoy it, too many fail to catch the grand lesson that it teaches or to read its solemn message aright. This in itself is a high

tribute to the genius of the work but it is a pity for the readers. It is not a book to be placed in the same list with Robinson Crusoe or Guiliver's Travels, though many seem to think so. When we read the book too young we are inclined to find it very funny, but when we take it up again later in life when experience has made us wiser, it is no longer funny but melancholy, though never depressing nor morbid. As a study of life and character it is wonderful. Cervantes had seen life face to face in its myriad forms, and he shows it to us as it is with its ups and downs, its folly and wisdom, its strangely mixed good and evil; he brings his Knight into contact with the high and the low, rich and poor, cultured and unlettered. It seems all a jumble but that is what life is anyway. It is the very essence of philosophy, a reference book in the study of human nature. As a panorama of Spanish scenery, character and manners, it is unequalled, as a gently kindly satire on the follies and weaknesses of humanity, it has no rival. Miguel Cervantes was one of those rare spirits. who could wield the delicate weapon of sarcasm with skill; in this point he reminds us of Cardinal Newman and Matthew Arnold. There were many things in the state of Spain that called for a use of this all-powerful weapon, and in Don Quixote it was wieldpurpose and with excellent book is a fine criticism of the times, the laws, The the society and the literature of his country. It' is perhaps to its literature that he directs his keenest shafts. He had in his travels, no doubt, come across some poor gentleman mooning away his life in seclusion, poring over books of chivalry and pondering on the comparative merits of Amadis and Galaor de Gaul, Palmerin of England, Laura de Olivante and numerous other famous figures in the old romances until his head was turned and he really believed that what he read was true. Cervantes telt that such literature was pernicious and would give the young and weak a false idea of life, and so he wished to destroy it utterly. He succeeded as few had had ever done. Men who set themselves to parody a work are condemned in so doing to a short-lived fame for their book dies with the one it parodies but Don Quixote is a notable exception. It has survived the attainment of its primary mission and will live as long as there is anyone to read it.

Cervantes is sometimes accused of having ridiculed chivalry but he was the last to do so; he was too true a knight for that. That once glorious institution was already in the last stages of its decline and he simply "threw over it the sanctity of death." Nor does he ridicule any honest endeavor to do right, nor laugh and sneer at humanity's weakness as does the contemptible Laurence Sterne, whose "Sentimental Journey" is so falsely sentimental. Even though he makes us laugh at the ludicrous situations into which he constantly brings his Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, he makes us at the same time respect him, for how beautiful was his character after all; honorable, affectionate, devoted, self-sacrificing, astray on one point alone, -in thinking that this very real world was peopled with giants, enchanted princesses and lovely damsels in distress, and that there could be no such things as miserable inns but only fair castles presided over by lords and ladies. Cervantes aims no satire at real heroism and Christian self-sacrifice but at the debasing literature that has confounded those noble virtues with all that was false.

To-day, after three centuries, his book is more popular than ever and those two figures he has placed against the humble background of Spain's quiet country lanes and villages, hamlets and inns, have never gone out of fashion but still retain their hold on the hearts of humanity and continue to make more people laugh and weep than any other characters in fiction. How happy was that idea of Cervantes of placing side by side those two strangely contrasted figures, the dreaming idealist and the man of shrewd, calculating, vulgar common sense. The one remains for all time the proto-type of those who attempt the extravagant, the impossible; who contemning the material, go forth from the real duties that surround them to seek the too lofty ideal; who too often take the one step that leads from the sublime to the ridiculous. The other, who with all his cunning and calculating shrewdness was still so easily deceived by his cupidity, is an example of the opposite extreme of character,—the altogether too material and worldly wise, which is, perhaps, the most foolish of all. But Sancho Panza fulfilled his mission and gave his little lesson to governors and governments; he also killed the proverb trade-for which we thank him.

Not the least beautiful idea in the book is the devotion of the

Knight for the lady. What matter if Dulcinea was but a mean, common country wench, winnowing wheat—and indifferent wheat at that—instead of the peerless princess, stringing orient pearls that her adoring knight dreamed of?—the idea is there in all its intrinsic beauty. It was the abuse, and not the use of that noble custom with its high and holy origin—the devotion of the knight to the lady of his heart—that merited ridicule. And there is, perhaps, no more charming feature in the story for us than the fact that through it all we see Cervantes himself in his Sorrowful Knight, and can almost catch the sound of his good-humored laughter at himself as he goes bravely forth to tilt with wind-mills. A year ago the world celebrated the tercentary of this remarkable book and nowhere was the celebration more deeply enthusiastic than in England. It is a beautiful thing to see great masters do honor to one another and perhaps no higher tribute was ever paid to the author of Don Quixote than that contained in the words of an eminent English scholar who thus concluded his speech on the immortal Spaniard: "There is an everlasting under-current of murmur about his name; the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they". M. D.

On the Death of a Brother.

By A. S. W.



LITTLE while, and thou wert here;
A little while, I heard thee speak,
But now, this heart that, till the end,
Was strong with hope, with pain is weak

What words describe the heart's regret,
The sorrow that cannot forget,
The grief of loss when friends depart,
The anguish of the stricken heart?
How faint the power of words to tell,
The grief that in the spirit dwell,
To sooth the anguish of a mind,
Or bring light to the sorrow-blind.

Yet always there are some to say That sorrow is but of a day; That, what today is grief for years, Tomorrow will be idle tears.

And they are those who, strong of flesh, Mistake it for a strength of heart, And, in a strength of blood, assert: "We live to die; we live to part."

O simple fools, as if 'twere new That man is living but to die; You may say you speak the simple truth, And so it is; and yet you lie.

You speak the truth, and yet you lie; You lie in this you do not know, The deepest sorrows that within Are full of tears that never flow.

For 'tis not virtue makes you talk So logic-like of life and death; That makes you pour unfeeling speech From empty soul, with empty breath,

The coward boasts before the fray, Who at the sight of blood gives way; He laughs at sears who never fought, And actions easier said than wrought.

And so, you, in your blood of health, Will laugh at what you never felt; And when your day of joy is gone, You dread to face the night alone.

You dread to face the night of grief, Who never felt another's woe; You faint beneath the touch of pain, Who never bore another's blow.

A. S. W.

A Dream in Passion Tide.

I thought I had been led into Greece. The beauty of the region touched me not. I found myself kneeling before the new altar set up to the "Unknown God"—but there was no sacrifice, no vestal or priest to keep the fire aglow. It stood alone and neglected, overgrown by moss and rank grasses. I saw, not far away, the entrance to a grove dedicated to Diana: one worshipper alone came near the mysterious altar, a soul bewildered in the darkness of doubt, that I understood to presage the dawning of faith; he prayed here in words, of which it was given me to understand the meaning. The people wandering near the fountains, laughed in surprised mirth as they saw his earnestness and said, one to the other: "It is the mad stranger from Athens, he calls himself Dionysius the Areopagite". But some among the crowd there were who did not scoff at the fervent worshipper, because like him they sought the truth. They looked reverently at the kneeling figure and joined in the prayer he said, till like a deep 'voiced chorus these words came to my ears:

> How long, O Lord, how long Before our feet are free? Before we walk alone And some clear pathway see?

How long before thy love The perfect word reveals? Before thy gracious light Our darkened sight unseals?

How long before our lips
Shall burst their leaden bonds?
How long before our hearts
Speak loud in full voiced sounds?

I lingered, methought, in these beautiful but melancholy scenes dreaming always of that time when Mount Olympus was held as the abiding place of the Gods, when Mount Parnassus was the abiding place of the glory of Greece. Looking down from this erstwhile sacred mountain, I gazed upon the ruins of Delphi. A voice seemed very near, a sweet, sad, low voice but I could discern no form, I only heard these words: "Long ago I dwelt here, the future was veiled to me, the past was a dream, the present, darkness, I was sent to earth by the all-wise truth, the ineffaceable knowledge and love of truth in my heart. Judge then of the anguish I suffered when daily I saw the Bacchanal processions winding from the green fields below the vineyards, crowning the twin peaks of Parnassus where the orgies of Bacchantes were held with all the horrors of Pagan materialism, and there under the shadow of the vine, was held the solemn and degrading worship of Apollo and the Nymphs. There among the vineyards gathered the youths and maidens who took part in the dances called sacred. Error seemed triumphant. The false beauty, the mock sensibility of paganism ruled. The worship of the passions was called the Religion of the Beautiful. But I who knew Beauty in its celestial entirety, surrounded by its double aureole of truth and goodness, groaned as I beheld the increasing grossness and blindness. Then suddenly there came rumors of a new worship that the wise men of Athens pronounced the expansion and fulfilment of the truth that Plato and Aristotle had grasped at. From the East came the new creed and from the East came its Apostles, but I saw its adherents come from every direction. I saw how as they grew in numbers beyond computing, through rivers of blood, they multiplied as they were persecuted; they multiplied as their ene mies worked at their ruin, till one day in Imperial Rome I heard the Religion of the Crucified Jew proclaimed the Religion of the World. Then I realized why the oracle of Delphi was silenced and the Fes tival of Bacchus no longer celebrated under the loaded vines of Parnassus. From the pagan world I heard a great cry wailed forth: "The Beautiful has been annihilated when nature no longer is worshipped!" Often during the night I heard bands of priests chantingin slow and mournful tone, dirges of which the breezes wafted this refrain to my ears:

Our Pan and our Isis have flown away:
Their God-like footprints mark the sands dull gray.
Then the sea-waves rush in tidal sway,

With backward glance and heavy pace,
Follows the muse whose downcast face
Is wrapped in mist that is her shroud:
Her winding sheet an earth-touched cloud;
For Poesy in truth is dead
When love and beauty both have fled,
There is no beauty in the god of clay
Whose worship rises in far-off Judea,
Since Isis and Pan have flown away!

I smiled as I heard this song of despair for I well knew that poetry had not deserted the world; I knew that Christ had brought it to the earth, illuminating it with truth, bathing it with goodness, softening and gracing it with beauty. The muse of pagan poetry was dead but the Christian muse lived. Have I not witnessed the change from the light-hearted, careless, concienceless singer of ancient days to the humble, reverent singers who breath their song of hope with eyes turned from self to the suffering kindred around him? With eye turned from the gloomy hopelessness of the world to the source of all hope?

Then methought as the voice sank sweetly into my soul's ears, that I was lifted up and carried far Eastward and I rested in a deep valley while the same voice I had heard on the slopes of Parnassus told me I was very nigh unto Mount Olivet, whence I could see Mount Calvary. I gazed around and then, indeed, I saw the road leading down from the Holy City, across the brook of Cedron. saw four figures in the night when the Jews celebrated the Pascal Supper; on the hillside stood a farm called Gethsemane. It was enclosed by a wall of which the broken and rusty gate lay on the ground outside. In the large dreary-looking garden surrounding the farm-house grew huge distorted Olive trees. As the moon rose, its pale light flickered against the ghostly leaves, and the outstretched olives. Under their grey shadows branches of the four knelt in prayer. Three overcome by wearimen ness slept; the fourth knelt under the sheltering branches It was given to me to understand that he felt in His soul the concrete essence of all the sorrow the world has known or will ever know.

Shame, weariness, unwillingness struggling against Him. Before the clear-sighted eye of his soul arose the vision of sin and the wretchedness this oblation was not crushing out of the world, would not crush out; even in the long centuries that were to follow. His friends slept, His followers—even in the city, beyond—irresolute and feeble—thought not of him. In the face of the deepest anguish that time has ever known He stood alone. The trembling olive leaves above Him and I their silent companion were His only sympathizers. The hours went by. The agony continued. At its close He rose up, He, the man-God, submissive in his humanity, self-sacrificing in his Divinity, saying in the heroism, which He, the Christ only could practise, which all his followers approximate only through Christ-given strength: Father, thy will be done. Then the tramp of soldiers came pressing up the road and into the silent farmyard: The betrayal was an accomplished fact: the Saviour walked in the midst of the guard down the hill-side and back towards lerusalem, whilst far off-in fear—followed his disciples. The olive trees bent towards the wide walls of the garden and against the broken gateway, to touch the places where the hem of his garment had brushed, upon the crest of the mountain. "I stood listening to the jeering of the soldiers as they led Him on towards the city, and there in the hush of the centuries, said the voice, I am still, and there shall I remain until Olivet and the olive trees that darken its slopes have ended their mission and are no longer needed as witnesses to the fulfilment of the prophecies. The grey old trees are fewer now, more withered. They mark the progress of time, for at the close of each century one of them falls. I alone know the number that remain before the end comes. How many years have yet to pass from the shadows of time into the shadows of eternity?" Oh, how I longed in my dream as this voice seemed to grow fainter, that I might not be carried to that other mountain where all was to be consummated. I wanted to wake only on the glad resurrection morning, but my soul was carried by a force I could not resist and again the voice, which now called itself the "Guardian of Death," spoke, and, rapt in fear and sorrow and great joy, I heard: "Darkness, death, silence hover round this resting place. In the valley beneath me are tombs. I behold the Dead Sea, the melancholy pool of Siloam and the tomb

of David the king, the ruined walls around the city, the dwellings falling to pieces, the general aspect of desolate unchangeableness, and the air of melancholy seriousness that is habitual with the Jewish inhabitants of the city, impress me as a ceaseless lamentation over the glories, the departed grandeur and the ever abiding shame of Jerusalem. The temple of Venus that once crowned the summit of Calvary has given place, it is true, to a Christian church, where never ceasing prayer is offered. Well it is for them they can pray, that there was not burned into their minds the awful image of the Cross, with the quivering and Divine victim upon it. Well for them they were not among the curious strangers in the city, who rushed with the mad populace to Our Hill of Atonement, Gentiles as well as Jews were there, the market place was empty, the sellers of rich Eastern stuffs, the sellers of household goods, the fruit sellers, the sellers of wine and oil no longer shouted their wares in voices of testy but friendly rivalry together—they all rushed in wild confusion, to watch in speechless interest, the tragedy of the mount, Roman and Greek, Arabian and Egyptian, Je v and Samaritan were side by side. Amidst the throng there were hearts actuated by every diverse feeling: there were flippant and corrupt hearts that inspired coarse mouths with brutal jests; there were contrite and repentant hearts, there were hearts bursting with indignation at the unspeakable outrage wrought that day, there were proud and obdurate hearts that prompted the blood-thirsty cries: "He is a seducer of the people, a false prophet: he usurped the title of King of the fews; he calls himself Messiah, therefore let him die!" But when the dragging hours were over that carried with them the Saviour's death upon the cross, the multitudes went down from this mountain wondering and fearing at the prodigies that met their eves, and many, while the impenetrable darkness hid their faces and their hands, touched the cold fingers of the risen dead; felt in their souls that they had murdered their God. Well it is for the Christians of to-day that their eyes were not paralyzed by that terrible sight. But I, who saw the quivering body of the Christ, the pallid lips and sunken eyes, the brows in agony compressed, and the quick flutter of his breath; can but murmur forever and forever: woe! woe! woe! while from one to another of the steep ragged hills encircling Jerusalem echoes the cry of agony, the death-cry of a God! So awful were the emotions of my dreaming soul that I awoke in terror and could only say in broken accents: "Upon all men, O God, have mercy!"

M. L. S. C.

Irish Historical Ballads.

McGee, than whom no knightlier soul ever wrought for Ireland or for Canada, to bring together in metrical form the principal events in the history of Ireland—to write a ballad chronicle of the island from its earliest legendary settlement to the dawn of our own era. He had designed at least one great epic on the tragedy of Clontarf; and his numerous poems on Irish subjects drawn from the remote past and breathing all the fire and vigor of the earlier Celtic lyrists, bear intrinsic evidences of his desire to link them into a continuous narrative. But he never lived to complete his purpose; and it was left for Aubrey de Vere in his beautiful poem "Innisfail, a Lyrical Chronicle of Ireland," to bring to its successful completion the work which the hand of an assassin prevented Thomas D'Arcy McGee from achieving in its entirety.

Irish history is singularly rich in romantic episodes, and these have given rise to hundreds of ballads, many of them the initial attempts of aspiring writers. Indeed, it has been said, by the editor of a recent collection, that out of these efforts a whole metrical history of Ireland might be constructed—and it would remain forever a monumental tribute to the poetic genius of the race, for it would comprise at least a score of volumes, all of substantial size. Many of the finest poems that have ever been written on Irish historical happenings -ballads that have in them the glow of fire and the ring of steelfind no place in any of the anthologies or "poetical treasuries" issued from time to time in Dublin, New York or London by enterprising publishers. The songs and ballads of Robert Dwyer Joyce, for instance--a writer who, in melodious verse, illuminated the old legends of Ireland's past with the play of a brilliant fancy-were allowed, after passing through one or two editions, to sink into that obscure state expressed in the publishers' catalogues by the

words "out of print." Even in these days of the Celtic Renaissance, the rising generation, so eager to learn the glories of the past, knows practically nothing of the work of an author who created for it so virile and typical a Celt as "The Blacksmith of Limerick."

- "He rushed upon the flying ranks; his hammer was not slack,
 For fast it crashed through blood and bone, through helmet and through jack
 He's ta'en a Holland captain hard by the red pontoon:
- "Now stay you here and listen close-I'll send you back full soon!
- "Dost see this ponderous hammer? It cracked some skulls to-day,
- "And yours 'twill crack if you don't stand and listen what I say-
- "Go, take it to your cursed king and tell him softly, too,
- "'Twould be acquainted with his skull if he were here, not you!"

Two of Dr. Joyce's historical ballads were included by the late A. M. Sullivan in his "Story of Ireland," a work that should be in the hands of every young student of Irish history. Others are to be found scattered throughout various collections, but so far as the present writer is aware, no complete edition of Dr. Joyce's numerous writings has ever been issued—at least since his death which occurred in the late eighties. "Deirdre" and "Blanid," two epics, masterpieces of their kind, are still available at moderate prices; but "Ballads, Romances and Songs," and "Ballads of Irish Chivalry," with their treasures of song, are unearthed only at rare intervals from the dust covered bookshelves of some enthusiastic dealer with a hobby for Irish literature.

How few know even the titles of such splendid war ballads as "Crossing the Blackwater," "O'Mahony's Dragoons," or "The Sack of Dunbwee."

Within the red breach see MacGeoghegan stand, With the blood of the foe on his arm and his brand, And he turns to his warriors, and "Fight we," says he,

- "For country, for freedom, religion and all:
- "Better sink into death and forever be free,
- "Than yield to the false Saxon's mercy and thrall!"

And they answer with brandish of axe and of glaive:

- "Let them come: we will give them a welcome and grave;
- "Let them come: from their swords could we flinch, could we flee,
- "When we fight for our country, our God, and Dunbwee?"

* * *

No! its huge towers shall float over Cleena's bright sea, Ere the Gael prove a craven in lonely Dunbwee.

Ireland began her work for the world from the moment that-

Leary and his druids marked the omen Blaze blood-red over Slane.

When Patrick traced the cross on the shield of Connell Creevin, the sons of Milesius received their accolade as champions of the Catholic faith:—

He spoke, and with his crozier pointed Graved on the broad shield's brazen boss, (That hour baptized, confirmed, anointed, Stood Erin's chivalry) the Cross:

And there was heard a whisper low—
(Saint Michael, was that whisper thine?)—

- "Thou sword, keep pure thy virgin vow,
- "And trenchant thou shalt be as mine."

And who shall say that the descendants of the first converts have not "kept pure the virgin vow" which their warrior ancestors made at the feet of St. Patrick—whether on the battlefields of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, fighting and dying for faith and freedom, side by side with the men of Norman blood like Richard Tyrrell and James Fitzmaurice of Desmond—or at the present day, in union with their fellow-countrymen of other religious beliefs, striving, by the peaceful force of the Gaelic awakening, to bring closer the day, now rapidly approaching, when

Over tower and mountain
The olden banner flies;
When once again the tongue of generations
Shall ring from sea to sea,
And Eire stands amongst the gathered nations,
Redeemed, Erect and Free.

~~

HUBERT O'MEARA.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

ECHOES OF THE PRIZE DEBATE.

OPINIONS OF V. T. McFADDEN, '98.

After a short introduction in which the terms, Municipal Ownership, Natural Monopoly and Public Utility were defined, Mr. McFadden, the leader of the affirmative showed that the movement towards Municipal Ownership was by no means a recent one, but it is only a reversion to that happy state of things which existed in England about the 15th century. He went on to state that a public utility must be useful to a municipality, as a municipality that it must be useful to the people; and it the municipality owned the public utilities, the people would use them because they would be in fact part proprietors.

A private company, enjoying a public franchise, derives most of the benefits from conditions in creating which it had little or nothing to do. The citizen sees that such a condition of affairs is not just. The profits should accrue to the makers of those conditions—namely the people.

It is true that Municipal Ownership increases the city government's functions; because it is desirable, because it makes the public affairs of more interest to the individual so that he gives them more time and attention; because it prevents the government of a city from falling into the hands of a few; and because the increased importance and dignity of public matters will attract better and more efficient men to the public service.

So long as each voter can directly affect the character and conduct of his local government, his interest in it will be in proportion to the number, importance and directness of the different ways in which that government serves him.

Every city in the land is in constant fever of complaint on account of the excessive charges and shabby services of favored companies.

Municipalities can float bonds at a much lower rate of interest than companies, because the whole assessable property of a city is generally liable for the payment of principle and interest.

No taxes are levied on city property and municipalities need not accumulate a depreciation fund.

Municipalities pay higher wages and allow their employees to

work shorter hours. The municipality is considered the servant of the citizen, whereas a company is considered his master.

Under Municipal Ownership the profits could be used to lower the tax-rate or rate of supply to customers, instead of going into the pockets of shareholders as under ownership.

Municipal Ownership relieves communities from corrupting relations with rich and influential companies which possess franchises. These companies are the principal causes of corruption in city governments through their attempts to retain their franchises and get better ones Remove the causes of corruption and you remove corruption litself.

Private companies gain franchises by buying aldermen and placing in lucrative positions the friends of aldermen. Their motto seems to be:—"The more people we can place in position in a given time the more aldermen we will please the more times."

The leader of the affirmative concluded his part of the debate by setting forth a few statistics in favor of Municipal Ownership. Special reference was to municipally owned gas, electric light and street railway systems in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Belfast, Chicago, Wheeling and Detroit.

OPINIONS OF G P. McHUGH, '10.

Mr. McHugh, among other things, stated the following:-

"The old school of Radicals, Mill and Fawcett, Cobden and Bright, were all strongly opposed to any form of ownership by municipalities. Now, however, the new school of "Progressives" takes exactly the opposite view. They seem to consider that we might place over any municipal buildings the motto which Huc saw over a Chinese shop—"All sorts of business transacted here with unfailing success." Imagine, Sir, municipalities wishing to undertake banking, pawnbroking, telephones, tailoring, markets, baths, theatres and so forth. Such enterprises always presuppose a certain amount of risk and the investment of a large amount of capital.

"The operation of public utilities according to the principle of public ownership is open to many objections, some of which I shall now briefly state.

"Such a policy will involve an enormous increase of debt upon municipalities, which, when added to the national debt, would constitute a source of grave danger to the finances of the country. In Great Britain this increase in recent years has been tremendous. According to an address presented to the Royal Statistical Society in 1900 by Sir H. H. Fowler, its president, the local debt of the country had increased from \$451,798,530 in 1875, to \$1,275,105,731 in 1898. In 1900 new indebtedness to the extent of \$119,229,250 was created, a sum more than double that of any previous year. By 1903 the indebtedness of the various municipalities in the United Kingdom, as shown by the latest local taxation returns was \$2,153,286,219. Between 1875 and 1904 the increase in the per capita local debt was from twenty to fifty dollars.

- "Secondly we may conclude—that partly on account of these municipal undertakings, and partly on account of the rapid advances of local expenditure in every department the taxes are advancing at a rate that imposes a severe burden on the community. Experience and statistics show quite plainly the burden municipal ownership involves on the taxpayer—and for this reason—is oppressive and a menace to industry and trade. I maintain this burden is at present especially felt by the manufacturers, industrial companies, traders and property owners. But what will be the result? Sir, undoubtedly it must eventually fall upon the working classes in the shape of higher rents, lower wages and an increased cost of commodities.
- "A third objection is, that many boroughs, cities, and smaller communities are threated with financial trouble at no distant date by reason of the excessive expenditure by their local authorities. Take the city of Birmingham, Eng. We find a large annual deficit on the waterworks, electric light and tramway systems, all of which are owned and operated by the municipality. The expenditure of this city in 1892-93 was \$3,188,590 and in 1902.03 it had risen to \$11,325,075. The city debt was \$44,306,220 in 1892-93 and had risen to \$66;815,460 in 1902-03. Thus we have an enormous increase of \$22,509,240 in the city debt in 10 years. The Toronto waterworks system which is owned and operated by the municipality cost up to the end of 1902 the sum of \$4,956,626. An official return ordered during the session of the Ontario Legislature in 1903 gives the average annual deficit of the system from 1898 to 1902 as \$24, 126.
- "Following our plan of objections we find that the principle of public ownership is, whether intentionally or not, in strict accord with the aspirations of avowed socialists. It is the desire of this

body to secure the creation of a collectivist state. Yes, it is their utmost desire to secure the transfer to the popularly elected body, not only all public services, but innumerable trades, and all the means of remunerative employment. What do we see at present spread throughout the world by socialists and their co-workers? We see a network of organization. And is it a menace to the public? Yes, for it aims at either the capture of municipalities or the attainment through them of sufficient power to secure "in the interest of socialism" an unlimited expansion of the principles of municipalization and direct employment as a stepping-stone to the socialist programme.

"A glance at the finances of the city of Glasgow will show what this over-indulgence in municipal ownership has done in the way of increasing the funded debt of the city. In the fiscal year 1890-91 the expenditure of the city was \$6,424,600, in 1900-01 the expenditure had increased to \$14,232,210. During the same period the debt of the city had increased from \$27,240,135 to \$64,376,095, an increase of over \$37,060,000. But notwithstanding, municipal ownership is advocated as an economy to communities.

"Another effect of municipal ownership is, that many governing bodies have in their employ large numbers of their electors. It is only too evident that these electors would exert a very baneful influence at town meetings, at elections, and on the conduct of their representatives. Moreover, they form trade unions among themselves, are in association with the general trade union movement, and do all they can to advance trade union interests. This is shown in a treatise on municipal ownership by Wm. Richmond Smith. Concerning the gas system in the City of Glasgow he says: "Moreover, if the city councils and similar bodies are to have the management of extensive plants it will simply mean that the present deplorable graft and corruption which cyaracterizes many of our public bodies, will grow still more rampant, and be furnished with numberless other facilities to enable them to flourish."

* * *

"From gas profits alone Belfast turns over to the reduction of the taxes \$100,000, Leeds \$150,000, Salford \$100,000, Rochdale \$65,000, Nottingham \$100,000, Southport \$56,000, and Manchester the enormous sum of \$300,000. The report of the Commissioner of Labor in the United States shows that where there are between \$5,000,000 and 10,000,000 cubic feet of gas produced the average price per 1,000 cubic feet under private companies was \$2.17, under municipalities \$1.18, and where there are between 15 and 20 million cubic feet produced the average price per 1,000 cubic feet under private companies is \$1.52, under the municipalities only 96 cents. In the manufacture of gas European cities have gone ahead of the others. In Germany 50 per cent of the cities own their own gas works, and the charges are in every case less than for private services. Berlin clears \$1,200,000 a year on her municipal gas and sells it for \$1.00 a thousand cubic feet. New York with something the same population pays to a private company \$1.25 a thousand.

"It is generally admitted that the consumption of gas with public ownership is much smaller in proportion to the number of consumers than with private ownership, showing therefore that the municipality serves the poorer classes, as the decreased rates and the granting of metres free of charge enables the poor man to possess such a valuable commodity. In England with public works the number of consumers is 15 per cent of the population, and with private works it is only $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The city of Wheeling, Ohio, with a population of 35,000 sells gas for 75 cents a 1,000 cubic feet to private consumers, furnishes free gas to the city and last year gave \$28,000 towards the reduction of the taxes.

"Undertakings which are owned by the municipality have in addition to a purely business side an important social aspect, and municipal ownership in almost every case means better facilities for the general public and better compensation for the employees. This improvement in social conditions cannot justly be balanced against diminished profits, councillors unlike directors will not be guided by profit alone, and will therefore be more prompt to remedy grievances involving expenditure, and will be ready to undertake various services necessary for the health, morals and general convenience of the community. As a result of his study of the condition of municipal ownership ownership Mayor Dunne of Chicago, arrives at the conclusion, that the cost of the utility to the public is reduced, that the efficiency of the service is increased, that wages are augmented; that labor is

made easier, that strikes disappear and corruption is eliminated. Who has studied or even heard of the consequences of the amalgamation of large corporations in the United States and has not turned a friendly eye towards municipal ownership. How the stocks of these companies have been watered, how the directors have secured themselves from justice through base influences, and when the crash of failure came which was inevitable, how it empoverished the shareholders and roused the indignation of every conscientious man. A municipality cannot regulate its business against millions of dollars organized to prevent it. Our councillors are controlled by forces too subtle and insidious to be perceived.

"In conclusion let me ask who are the men that clamor for municipal ownership? Who are its advocates? Are they prominent legislators of Great Britain, the United States or Canada? Go to the legislatures of these countries and see how many you will find who advocate municipal ownership. Practically none. Yet who dares say that the statesmen of these countries are devoid of patriotism, that they are wanting in a knowledge of their country's needs? And what is asked us by the municipal ownership faddists? That men who understand the running of street railways, telephones, electric works and so forth, step out and give their places to others, who are blissfully ignorant of their operation. And why is this demand made? Simply that a few theorists may ride their hobby. Finally, let us remember that as long as we have public utilities which afford good up-to-date service in all departments at reasonable rates the number of those who advocate municipal ownership will be very small indeed.

VIEWS OF EDMUND BYRNES, '09.

Mr. Byrnes championed municipal ownership, with arguments such as these: "Municipal ownership is the topic of the day. We have the system both in principle and practise throughout the British Empire, in Europe, in the Americas and everywhere that it has been instituted it has been maintained. Mr. J. C. Agar, chairman of the people's municipal leage of New York admits almost complete success of the German and British municipal systems. In America the move is only in its infancy but even now its benefits are being felt. Chicago, New York, Brooklyn in the United States, Toronto, Winnipego

Hamilton in Canada. and many other cities in both countries, seeing that there was money to be made, good to be derived, and able men to supervise have already undertaken municipal ownership in various forms, Professor Bemis of the Bureau of Economic Research, asserts that more satisfaction has been obtained from the municipal control of public utilities than from the private management of them Mr. Samuel Moffett, in speaking of Japan says, That one of the most enlightened and business-like municipalities in the world after trying both public and private ownership has decided that public ownership is the better." Owing to the length of time municipal ownership has been in vogue in Switzerland and because of the beneficial results in that country, we find there an ideal type of the municipality. No monopolies, no trusts, and the management of public utilities carried on by the people's representatives and subject to the people's criticism and before the eyes of the populace. C. W. Baker editor of the Engineering News of New York, claims "that the movement towards municipal ownership rests on a sound basis and deserves the cordial support of every friend of social progress." In these countries there has existed for some centuries municipal banks which have saved for the municipalities enormous sums of money. For, while as other cities they had to borrow to defray the expenses of their undertakings, they did not pay any interest which otherwise they must have done. In France and Germany this system of public banking is carried on extensively and successfully. Of Spain, Austria, Italy and Belgium we hear little, but nevertheless they are much advanced in municipa! ownership.

"Let me now present some facts and figures appearing in the returns of certain municipalities where public ownership has been in existence. The city of Bolton, with a population of 115,000, is an encouraging example. It has carried on the principle further than almost any town in England. Last year the surplus profits amounted to \$203,470 exclusive of the profits from the electric tramways, which amounted to \$72,000 and from which alone \$11,000 was set set aside to reduce the taxes. The chief benefit, however, to Bolton has not been the direct relief of taxation but the provision of cheap and efficient local services. Here are the annual profits of some municipal street car lines, with amounts turned in to lower the taxes for the year ending Dec. 31, 1905: Leeds, with annual net

profits of \$350,000 contributed \$260,000 towards the reduction of taxation; Manchester turned over \$250,000; Liverpool \$160,000; Glasgow \$125,000; Hull \$100,000; Aberdeen \$71,000, and Nottingham \$65.000. Continental cities that have experimented with the public ownership of street car lines almost without exception report profits and improved systems. Munich, Cologne, Coblenz, Zurich and Vienna afford instances of admirable service and able management. In Vienna particularly it would seem difficult to suggest any improvement. The fares are within a reasonable limit and the service is without a fault. Yet Vienna returns a substantial profit. Zurich, in Switzerland, has also an exceptionally fine state-owned traction system. In 1904 the city profits were \$138,075, of which \$90,737 went to the general welfare of the community. Paris, London, New York and many other cities have either bought up their traction system or are now contemplating doing so.

"The electric lighting business has also been carried on very successfully under the municipality, and though some of the enterprises are as yet little developed, nevertheless many of them contribute large sums to benefit the general public. Edinburgh for instance, out of its electric lighting project gives towards the reduction of the taxes \$75,000, Liverpool gives \$75,000, Bolton, \$34,000, Nottingham \$30,000, Croydon \$15,000, and so on. In the annual report of the United States Commissioner of Labor, it is proven by returns taking up the prices to private consumers for each are lamp per year the average price charged is smaller in municipal plants than in private ones, and stated on authority that some municipalities give their electric lighting free. While comparing the average price charged by private companies to the municipality per lamp each year. and the cost per lamp per year to the municipality of lights furnished by municipal plants, it is seen in every case, that the cost to the municipality of running the electric light plant herself, is much less than the price paid to private owners to do so. In Alleghany, the cost of operating 1,300 arc lights, including 5 per cent for depreciation and taxes was \$72.17. While in Pittsburg, only across the river, a private company charged from \$95 to \$100 for the same kind of service. In Chicago in 1895 the cost of furnishing an arc light per year was \$96.76. But in 1899 by the efficient administration of the municipality the cost was reduced to \$55.93. In Detroit ther

are 2,000 lights under the public management and the operating expenses which under private companies was \$102 per year for each lamp, has been decreased to \$66.45, comprising 4 per cent. on cost, 3 per cent. for depreciation and a proper amount for taxes. Aurora, Ill., paid \$325 a year per arc lamp to a private company, but when the municipality took the electric plant over it expended only \$72 per year on each lamp, and when the people completely owned the plant and there was no interest to pay the cost per lamp was reduced to \$61, showing a saving of \$264 per lamp per year under municipal ownership. In the same way Elgin reduced the yearly cost of an arc lamp from \$228 to \$56; Fairfield from \$375 to \$80, and Lewiston, Me., from \$182 to \$52. The decreases are almost incredible, but the figures are official, and verified by numerous reports.

THE CONVICTIONS OF T. M. COSTELLO, '09.

From Mr. Costello's attacks on municipal ownership we take the following:

"Municipal ownership must always remain a live question, so long as there is even one feature which appeals to us. Whole volumes have been written on the subject, select committees have wrestled with it, and given us lengthy reports, but we are still far from understanding the problem. And why? Because of its comprehensive nature, the conditions we must grant, and the limitations which we must put on the words "public utilities." Many there are who think that certain utilities should be owned by municipalities, but only a pronounced Socialist will argue that such utilities as bread, meat and coal should be directly owned by the municipality. The complications arising from such a system are so evident as to require no explanation, but as this is a very important point, I will illustrate by an example.

"We will suppose that a council owns all the coal in a municipality, and sells it at a higher rate than actual cost. Then the users of coal are taxed for the benefit of those who do not use it. On the other hand, if sold lower than cost, then the non-users would be taxed for the benefit of those who use coal. And so with all commodities.

"Another grave danger to municipal interference in the field of commerce lies in the temptation to expand, to make investments in untried ventures, to emulate the example of neighboring towns, and to the creation of the worst of all monopolies, a community, through its representatives, trading against itself. A community may be a very good gas-owner, but a very indifferent grocer, and to me, there seems something undignified about this huckstering mania.

"And where a fair measure of success has been obtained there is always the desire to extend the field of operations outside the municipality. Glasgow, for example, supplies outside corporations with light and water, charging them thirty-three per cent. more than she does her own citizens, and thus placing the ratepayers of Glasgow in the position of traders making profit out of the ratepayers of a neighboring city. Many other cities, like Bolton, Birkenhead and Manchester, have the same systems. Private companies are assailed because they are monopolists; to my mind there is no greater monopoly than to give a municipality the sole right to supply any utility.

"Now advocates of municipal ownership declare that its adoption would do away with the so-called "graft" of private companies. I admit that a certain amount of graft is now going on, but fail to see how a change would remedy the evil. When municipalities have the spending of many times the amount of money now needed for the proper administration of civic affairs and numberless new offices are opened up, surely there would be more opportunities for political intrigue.

"Viewing the two systems from a financial standpoint reveals the fact that municipal ownership instead of saving the people's money, waste it. It is well known that private companies can do work much more cheaply than a government or a municipality. Aristotle says, and this assertion is approved by St. Thomas, that when a business belongs to a community, an individual in charge does not care for its preservation, conservation or fructification with the same solicitude as if that business were his own. The whole foundation of municipal ownership is based on the assumption that inexperienced, hired employees of a city, who have not a dollar at risk, and in most cases have been given their positions as a reward for helping some political aspirant to office, can and will manage a business more successfully than members of a private corporation, who have nearly all their property invested in the venture and failure means ruin to them.

"In a short discussion of this kind, it is impossible to quote statistics, but had I the space I could prove that for every city which has made a success of municipal ownership, ten have utterly failed and are now paying for their rashness in excessive rates, while their local debts are enormous.

"Turning to the social side of this question, it is not difficult to discern the complications which would present themselves under municipal ownership. We could hardly expect to escape the evils inseparable from dressing a huge number of persons in a little brief authority over the business relations and even the social life of their neighbors. In this country people would not submit to being dragooned by a regiment of uniformed officials when purchasing necessaries or moving from place to place.

"We should curb this municipal ownership fad before the mischief is done: Once create large municipal staffs, once bring together large bodies of men accustomed to light work, regular employment and good wages, put down plant, create vested interests with subtle ramifications, and it will not be possible, without using heroic measures to rectify a series of mistakes.

"To sum up. We find that municipal ownership means Socialism; that it drives out ambition; that it provides no incentive for business men to use their brains; that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred it is not profitable; that it is practicable only under the most favorable conditions; that it does away with competition; that it creates an enormous debt; that it increases the rate of taxation to a startling extent; that it increases the opportunities for bribery, corruption and graft a hundredfold; that it is not sanctioned by usage to any great extent, and that its introduction into this country would result in a social upheaval positively dangerous.

"What we want is not municipal ownership, but municipal control. The primary object of local government is to govern, not to trade. Elect honest men to office; have them enact laws controlling private companies; make those companies pay liberaily for their franchises, and we are as near the ideal conditions as we can ever hope or expect to get."



Book Review.

--0-

WHEN IT WAS DARK, by Guy Thorne. Briggs, Toronto.

Here is a remarkable book. The mere critics will soon settle the claims of the author as to the first prize in grammar, or is it the publisher's fault that the nominative case is used largely for instance: "Between you and I," "It was her" The author is apparently an Oxford man; but let the grammar go-perhaps some Oxford men have a license. Well-but the book, as a serenely earnest appeal to all who believe in the Divirity of Christ as proved by the resurrection, must be of teeming interest, even if now and then there be some flaws. The plot is boldly conceived and bravely carried out, all with a view to impress one with the wretchedness of man's life if Christ be not risen from the dead; emphasizing Saint Paul's word that if there be no resurrection then is our faith vain. The author seems intent on sharing with his readers what he has experienced in the way of understanding what Christ means to the world, even in temporal things. One feels very keenly how close the shadows of the time of darkness are to the warrant of our own resurrection. Our thoughts involuntarily turn to those we call dead as we become fascinated by the working out of the plot of the unspeakable wretches, who attempt to prove Christ a fraud. The book grieves us also by compelling the admission that some Christians are mere surface and symbol believers. It shows how very surely we may have, in their life, a foretaste of Heaven and of Hell. The exposure of a supposed scheme to show that loseph of Arimathea stole the body of our Lord in the night, and laid it away in another tomb, the discovery of that tomb by a learned archæologist of the British Museum, who was paid by a millionaire Jew of London, the awful effects that followed the publication of this astounding discovery, all this is very thrilling literature. The character and sketches are very thin disguises; one is relieved to recognize the author of Robert Elsmere in "Mrs. Hubert Armstrong," and to feel sure that this book is an answer to the abominable agnostic plea for Rationalism vs. Christianity. "Mathew Arnold and Water," some one in this book calls "Mrs. Hubert Armstrong." One closes the book with a grateful sense that Christ is once more proclaimed as Christus Consolator. It harmonizes with the tendency in the whole Christian world to respond to Pope Pius' appeal to "Restore all things in Christ."—S. N.

Exchanges.

-0-

Of the late exchanges, the St. Jerome Schoolman was the first to reach our table. The articles in this number are, as usual, instructive and interesting. We mention in particular the essays on the Modern Novel, and Thoughts on Democracy, as deserving of praise.

The Abbey Student contains some excellent contributions of prose and poetry. An essay entitled the Benefits of Reading—treating of the influence which the study of good books has upon our characters and our life, and a piece of fiction entitled "Cornered," were about the best.

The dramatic number of the *Xavier* is undoubtedly the best exchange of the month. We wish to commend in particular as worthy of perusal Lady Blanche, Prospect and Retrospect and the Victimizing of Somners. The illustrations to Lady Blanche greatly add to the appearance of this exchange.

There are many fine articles in the William and Mary. Of the stories Black Mammy's "Spirit," and the Last Question are interesting and well written.

The College Spokesman, a rare visitor indeed, reached us this month replete with instructive essays, stories well told, and poetry

worthy of comment. We must not fail to mention the essay on Landscape Art in Poetry, and the story, Rawley's Realism.

Among our other exchanges, The Agnetian Monthly, The Villa Shield, The Laurel, St. John's Record, St. Vincent College Journal, and many others are worthy of praise; but we regret, though lack of space, we are unable to review in this issue, the productions of all our sister Colleges.

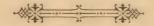
M., '07.

Spokane, Wash., March.—Seventy college men sat down to a most delightful banquet at the Silver Grill in Spokane on the evening of March 20. The dinner was given by the University club of this city, which has 160 members, though only organized a few weeks. Men who have been out of school 40 and 45 years, mingled with the young fellows who graduated last year, joined in college songs and college yells, and did their share in entertaining. Practically all the largest colleges in the country were represented. Frank T. Post, St. Lawrence University, 1883, officiated as toastmaster J. Z. Moore, Miami University, Michigan, 1867, responded to "Auld Lang Syne"; B. B. Adams, Michigan, 1899, to "The Functions of the University Club; Dr. H. B. Kuhn, "College Spirit;" J. A. Tormey, Wisconsin, 1895, "Team Work"; W. S. Gilbert, Michigan, 1899, "Spokane, the City Beautiful"; W. H. Stanley, Williams, 1902, "Auf Wiekersehn." A. M. Murphy, Amherst, 1887, for the board of trustees reported that there were known to be 200 men in the city eligible for membership. With an entrance fee of \$25, the club would have \$5,000 with which to furnish the new club room in he building which is being erected for it, and with dues at \$2 a month, would have \$4,800 a year for the current expenses. The distinction of being the oldest graduate present went to Judge Norman Buck, Lawrence, 1859. Others well to the fore in this particular were Judge J. Z. Moore, and J. J. Brown, Michigan, 1868.

Among the universities which lead in membership, are Harvard, Michigan, Stanford and Chicago. The club has one member from the Dublin University, and the University of Munich. J. D. Sherwood, a Harvard man, is president, and W. H. Stanley of Williams is secretary.

HOW TO DEBATE.

Do not get angry. Be always teachable. Give positive arguments. Do not whine or find fault. Be brief, simple and direct. Keep cheerful and confident. Always go to the foundation. Be ready for every emergency. Learn how to make a contrast. Be confident, but not dogmatic. Do not quibble over trivialities. Illustrate from familiar experience. Keep a cool head but a warm heart. Avoid ornamentation and decoration. Avoid all prolixity or mere ingenuity. Command attention in your first phrase. Find the fundamental principle involved. Never declaim, but speak directly to men. If your opponent gets angry, laugh at him. Be clear, simple, and pointed, not oratoric. Put your first point so as to win attention. Appeal to the teachable spirit of your hearers. Look up thoroughly all aspects of each subject. Show a desire to learn more about the question. Co-operate with others who speak on your side. Find the truth and espouse it with all your heart. Cultivate penetration, and also flexibility of mind. State the question definitely to yourself and to others. Give your arguments clearly, simply, and forcibly.—Success.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance, Single copies, 10 cents, Advertising rates on application, Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT,

EDITORIAL STAFF.

W. F. CAVANAGH, '06,

G. W. O'TOOLE, '06,

T. J. TOBIN, '06,

G. P. Bushey, '06,

T. J. GORMLEY, '06,

T. J. SLOAN, '06,

M. T. O'NEILL, '07,

J. R. McNeil, '07,

C. J. JONES, '07,

A. T. POWER, '07,

P. J. MARSHALL, '07,

J. D. MARSHALL, '07.

Business Managers: - J. N. GEORGE, '06; W. P. DERHAM, '06.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. VIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., March, 1905.

No. VI

EDITORIAL.

A NEW LIBRARY.

The dissemination of literature is, it would appear to Mr. Carnegie, the acme of philantrhopy, for to this the most of his benefaction is directed. Is not the stable pyramid of imperial democracy to be built up on the individual intelligence of the people? But what of the church, not to speak of the slum and hospital? There is the physical and the moral side of man to looked after, and in doing it much of Mr. Carnegie's extra would be well expended. The social pyramid tilted on its corner, that is to say, supported on the intellectual excellence of citizens alone, is no more stable than that autocratic system which the clever laird has pictured to us as a social pyramid poised trembling on its apex.

THE WEATHER.

We have felt all along that the earth's axial inclination is shifting or that something or other has happened to the insides of the earth, else why this unconscionable delay of spring. There is a distinct shortage in poetric contributions to the Review, and most of those received are to the tune of

> The melancholy days are come, The saddest of the year, Of wailing winds and naked woods, And meadows brown and sere.

Surely, however, June and the examination hot spell will not fail us.

Of Local Interest.

H. F. Donahue, ex-'07, and J. J. Lonergan, ex-'06, at present students of McGill and Toronto respectively, gave us a call recently.

Rev. J. R. O'Gorman, '01, of Brudenell, attended the prize debate on the 25th instant.

We note with pleasure the election of W. Kennedy, ex-'09 to captaincy of Queen's Football Team. Congratulations.

That Arthurs, whether they are princes or not, are always given a royal send-off, was attested a few days ago when our own Arthur took his departure for parts unknown. We say unknown because he would give us no definite statement whether his destination was Cote-au Junction, Lindsay or Chicago. At the station he was waited on by a quain-tette of his lady friends, and presented with a handsome jewel. It was not without some qua(1)ms of conscience, however, that he accepted the lovely gift, as he feared that jealousy might arise. Con. was to have accompanied him on the journey, but, as he did not wish to miss Monday, it being a holiday, he postponed his trip to a later date. Mor'an this we are unable to state at present, but we expect to receive a Macormagram from Arthur an'na day now giving us full particulars about his trip.

At the last meeting of the Scientific Society, Dr. McDougall King delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Medical and Surgical Emergencies." Dr. King presented his subject in a clear, simple, and lucid language, yet in a scientific manner. He was very interesting throughout, and the many valuable hints as to treatment in case of emergencies, will be indelibly impressed on the minds of most of those present, and may be the means of relieving much suffering, and perhaps even of saving many lives. To illustrate the the treatment in case of prostration, drowning, injured limbs, wounded blood-vessels, and so on, the doctor went through the process with a young man from the audience. After the lecture, a vote of thanks moved by Mr. Derham and seconded by Mr. O'Toole on behalf of the Society and those present, was tendered Dr. King, who acknowledged it in a few well chosen words. The orchestra, under the direction of Rev. Father Lajeunesse, rendered several selections which were well received. At the last regular meeting of the Society, Mr. Sloan read a paper on "Hydraulics."

A large audience assembled in the Academic Hall of the Sacred Heart Church on the evening of the 27th instant, to assist at the closing exercises of the French Debating Society. The evening was a brilliant and encouraging testimony to the proficiency in the art of public speaking attained by its members. The officers, especially the Director, Rev. Fr. Binet, and the President, L. D. Collin, deserve praise for the excellent showing made by the society. The first medal for declamation was awarded to Mr. E. Boulay, and the second to Mr. H. Legault. The programme was as follows:

I.	Ouverture	atelard		
2.	Discours du Président,			
	D. Collin.			
3.	Concours de Déclamation : D'Iberville	chemin		
H. LEGAULT.				
	La SaisieRaoul de	Navery		
E. BOULAY.				
	Le Pater d'un MourantP De	laporte		
	A. Des Rosiers.			
	Le Pêcheur de Pâques. P. De	laporte		

	L. LAFOND.
	Le Pater d'un Berger
4.	Solo de Cornet avec Piano obligato
5-	Le Misanthrope, Acte I. Sc. I. II. H. St. JACQUES and E. COURTOIS.
6.	Chanson, 'L'Éte" A. DES ROSIERS.
7.	Déclamation
8.	Violoncelle et Harpe "Ave Maria"
9.	Déclamation
11.	"Cavalleria Rusticana"
	G. Lamothe, A. Des Rosiers and I. Des Rosiers.
II.	Résultat du Concours—
	D. Collin.

The Prize Debate.

The annual prize debate was held in St. Patrick's Hall, on Wednesday evening, April 25th. The subject discussed was: "Resolved that public utilities should be owned by the municipalities." The affirmative side of the question was upheld by Messrs. V. G. McFadden, '08, and and E. J. Byrnes, '09; while for the negative, Messrs. T. M. Costello, '09, and G. P. McHugh, '06, presented their case in such an able and convincing manner, that they received the decision of the judges over their opponents. The medal, donated by the Rector for the best individual speech, was awarded to Mr. Byrnes. The debate was, in every way, up to the high standard set in previous years, and the audience was a large and appreciative one. The judges were J. F. White, Esq., L.L.D.; D'Arcy Scott, Esq., Louls J. Kehoe, Esq., B.A.

Mr. J. E. McNeill, '07, President of the Debating Society, occupied the chair, and, in a few brief remarks, set forth the aims of the Society, and its importance as a training for the tongne. Before the debate, Miss M. Babin rendered a beautiful vocal selection, "The Tasselled Time of Spring," Miss Anna McCullough accom-

panying. She was heartily encored and responded most graciously. After the debate, while the judges were preparing their award, Master Arthur Desrosiers sang the "Carmena Waltz Song" responding to an encore also.

Mr. V. G. McFadden opened the debate for the affirmative, and presented his side of the question in a very attractive light. He held that municipal ownership was a reversion of that happy state of things that existed in England hundreds of years ago. He quoted statistics from many municipalities in England and on the continent showing the successes achieved by municipal ownership, and made a strong point for it with regard to the street railway, water service, sewage and electric lighting. Mr. T. M. Costello followed with, one of the best speeches of the evening. He made a very strong case for the negative, arguing that municipal ownership of all utilities meant socialism. He said: "It drives out ambition; in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, it is unprofitable; it does away with competition; it is practicable only under the most favorable conditions; it creates enormous debt; it increases opportunities for bribery and corruption; its introduction into this country would result in social upheaval." For the next three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Byrnes, the second for the affirmative, held forth, with the success above mentioned. He was followed by Mr. McHugh, who made an excellent impression. His closing remarks were especially effective. He asked: "Who are the men that clamor for municicipal ownership? How many prominent legislators of Great Britain, the United States or Canada will you find who advocate it? Practically none. As long as we have public utilities which afford good, up-to-date service in all departments at reasonable rates, the number of those who advocate municipal ownership will be very small indeed."

Before announcing the decision of the judges, Dr. White paid the young men a high compliment for the able manner in which they had conducted the debate, and congratulated the society on the good work it is doing amongst the student body.

J. E. McN.

Every College Man Should Own a Dress Suit.

* * * *

But if you wear a dress suit at all, it should be correct in style and tailoring.

The design of the Semi-ready dress suit is the work of a sartorial artist of the highest rank. The suits are tailored by men who do nothing else—they are specialists in the tailoring of dress clothes.

Semi-ready dress clothes are made of light-weight unfinished worsteds. The coat is delicately designed, as the parts are smaller than in any other style. The balance and lines are such as to show the figure at its best. The shoulders are broad, yet natural form.

The Semi-ready dress suit is made with a longer lapel, rolling to within two and a half inches of the waist, with considerable convex on crease, and a softened point at bottom of lapel instead of the usual harsh point.

On account of the carefully designed lines, the coat adheres closely to the figure, the skirt is shapely and sets smoothly over the hips.

The skirts are longer, tapering towards the bottom with slightly rounded corners.

We would like to show you how sumptuous the Semi-ready dress suit and tuxedo are. Will you call in?

Semi-ready, Tailoring

A. M. Laidlaw

112, Sparks St., Ottawa.

Every College Man Should Own a Dress Suit.

* * * *

But if you wear a dress suit at all, it should be correct in style and tailoring.

The design of the Semi-ready dress suit is the work of a sartorial artist of the highest rank. The suits are tailored by men who do nothing else—they are specialists in the tailoring of dress clothes.

Semi-ready- dress clothes are made of light-weight unfinished worsteds. The coat is delicately designed, as the parts are smaller than in any other style. The balance and lines are such as to show the figure at its best. The shoulders are broad, yet natural form.

The Semi-ready dress suit is made with a longer lapel, rolling to within two and a half inches of the waist, with considerable convex on crease, and a softened point at bottom of lapel instead of the usual harsh point.

On account of the carefully designed lines, the coat adheres closely to the figure, the skirt is shapely and sets smoothly over the hips.

The skirts are longer, tapering towards the bottom with slightly rounded corners.

We would like to show you how sumptuous the Semi-ready dress suit and tuxedo are. Will you call in?

Semi-ready Tailoring

A. M. Laidlaw

112, Sparks St., Ottawa.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A May Evening	353
LITERARY DEPARTMENT:	
The Arthurian Legend	354
Poetry in Ireland	359
A Winter Scene on the Gatineau	362
Thoughts on Music	363
The Man in Lower Twelve	365
Bernard Shaw	367
London at Prayer	369
To St. Cecilia	380
John Boyle O'Reilly	381
David Garrick	385
The Life of the Coming Man	388
Books Worth Reading:	
Book Review	389
Editorials:—	
Hamiltoniana	391
Athletics	392
OF LOCAL INTEREST	397



No. 8

OTTAWA, ONT., May, 1906.

Vol. VIII

A May Evening.

Impossible to feel



HE violet-mists across the hill Come rising-rising-up and up-The lilac trees their sweetness spill Upon the tulips streaked cup, A hush o'er all the earth is spread, The light is fading from the skies, A drooping pansy lifts its head, With purple shadows in its eyes. Now in the west, a cloud-land slips Comes passing through a sullen sea, I watch it float and sail and dip Its royal banners flying free, When, like a golden, flashing sword, The lightning cuts its mast in twain, And every purple cloud is scored With silver lines of falling rain.

H. F. B, d'Youville Circle.

Literary Department.

The Arthurian Legend.

(Read before the Gaelic Society.)

The Arthurian legends, a series of romantic traditions relating to a semi-mythical British hero, whose real position and exploits it is now somewhat difficult to determine, exercised an extraordinary influence on the literature of Mediaeval Europe. "It is certainly not a little remarkable," says a writer on the subject, "that a British prince, whose name was beneath the notice of contemporary history, and the earliest records of whom are meager and indefinite, should have had the fortune in later ages to become more illustrious in romance than Charlemagne himself. Perhaps the true explanation of the phenomenon, may be that the Norman trouveres who first began to make the story famous in the west, took all the more willingly to a hero whom tradition represented as the implacable foe of the English race, and whose victories were grateful to the descendants of the warriors that conquered at Hastings."

The real Arthur appears to have flourished in the sixth century, a leader of the Cambrian or Strathclyde Britons, according to some historians, of those of South Wales, according to others. These differences of opinion as to locality would seem to indicate that the exploits of various chieftains in widely separated quarters of the island became in course of time associated with a single personality, though they also lend color and strength to the fact recorded by Nennius that Arthur was the leader of the British clans in war. chosen as such by their kings and as such by them obeyed. It must be remembered that by the withdrawal of the Roman garrisons Britain was practically isolated from the rest of the world; so that it is quite possible that within the borders of his own island, Arthur really played a part not unlike that assigned him by the imaginations of other times and countries. It is at least certain that he was the mainspring of the South British resistance to the Saxon invasion of Wessex in 493; that he stayed their advance for a time by the victory

of Badon Hill, near Bath, in 520, gained in the year and place of birth of Gildas the historian; and that he perished in an internecine feud provoked by his nephew Medrawd. "And even the renowned King Arthur himself was mortally wounded," says quaint old Geoffrey ot Monmouth, "and being carried thence to the isle of Avallon to be cured of his wounds, he gave up the Crown of Britain to his kinsman Constantine, the son of Cador, Duke of Cornwall, in the five hundred and forty-second year of our Lord's incarnation."

Five centuries had passed and the Celtic prince's name seemed almost forgotten when, in the reign of Henry II, his tomb was discovered, it is said, in Glastonbury Abbey in Somersetshire, the Avallon of the Cymri, and opened in presence of the Angevin monarch and his courtiers. The body of the British warrior was disclosed to the sight of the awe-struck beholders, attired in its royal habiliments, as lifelike and well-preserved in semblance as on the day it had been laid in the tomb. But at a touch it crumbled away into dust before their eyes, a sad reminder of the perishable quality of earthly grandeur. There remained of all these relics but a single golden tress, the hair of Guinevere, which had lain throughout the ages on the dead hero's breast.

A critic thus admirably summarizes the growth of the Arthurian legend and its influence on the romantic literature of all countries:

"These Celtic romances, having their birthplace in Brittany or in Wales, had been growing and changing for some centuries before the fanciful 'Historia Britonum' of Geoffrey of Monmouth flushed them with color and filled them with new life. Through his version they soon became a vehicle for the dissemination of Christian doctrine. By the year 1200 they were the common property of Europe, influencing profoundly the literature of the Middle Ages, and becoming the source of a great stream of poetry that has flowed without interruption down to our own day. Sixty years after the 'Historia Britonum' appeared, and when the English poet Layamon wrote his 'Brut' (A.D. 1205), a translation of Wace, as Wace was a translation of Geoffrey, the theme was engrossing the imagination of Europe. It had absorbed into itself the elements of other cycles of legend, which had grown up independently; some of these, in fact, having been at one time of much greater prominence. Finally, so vast and complicated did the body of Arthurian legend become, that

summaries of the essential features were attempted. Such a summary was made in French about 1270, by the Italian Rustighello of Pisa; in German, about two centuries later, by Ulrich Füterer; and in English, by Sir Thomas Malory in his 'Morte d'Arthur,' finished 'the IX yere of the reygne of kyng Edward the Fourth,' and one of the first books published in England by Caxton, 'emprynted and fynysshed in th' abbey Westmestre the last day of July, the yere of our Lord MCCCCLXXXV.' of interest to note, as an indication of the popularity of the Arthurian legends, that Caxton printed the 'Morte d'Arthur' eight years before he printed any portion of the English Bible, and 53 years before the complete English Bible was in print. It has been said that the original legend absorbed into itself the elements of other cycles of legend. The most important of these was 'The Holy Grail.' At once a new spirit breathes in the old legend. In a few years it is become a mystical, symbolical, anagogical tale, inculcating one of the profoundest dogmas of the Holy Catholic Church, a bearer of a Christian doctrine engrossing the thought of the Christian world. In addition to the mystical and religious character of the transformed legend, the spirit of the chivalry of the Middle Ages embodied in it, furnishes an admirable transcript of the social ideals of the times. which thus moulded the older and ruder materials into a more gracious form. The knightly ideals of loyalty, obedience, the redressing of wrongs and especially the veneration of womanhood are distinctly portrayed. Throughout the Middle Ages it was 'our lady,' the Virgin Mcther, who embodied and represented to all men and women, from prince to peasant, their ideals of womanhood and ladyhood. And it was to the transference of these Christian ethics into the practice of common daily, worldly life in rude times that we owe the institution of chivalry, nowhere better reflected than in the Christianized Arthurian legends, From about 1200, innumerable poets, with diverse tastes, set themselves to produce new versions of the legend, engrafting upon the general theme many diverse stocks. Dante in the 'Divine Comedy' speaks of Arthur, Guinevere, Tristan, and Launcelot by name, and Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso in Italy, Hans Sach in Germany, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden in England, all made use of the same material.

" Of the poets of the present generation, Tennyson has treated

the Arthurian poetic heritage as a whole. Phases of the Arthurian theme have been presented also by his contemporaries and successors at home and abroad,—by William Wordsworth, Lord Lytton, Robert Stephen Hawker, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Algernon Charles Swinburne, in England; Edgar Quinet in France; Wilhelm Hertz, L. Schneegans, F. Roeber, in Germany; Richard Hovey in America. There have been many other approved variations on Arthurian themes, such as James Russell Lowell's 'Vision of Sir Launfal' and Richard Wagner's operas 'Lohengrin,' 'Tristan and Isolde,' and 'Parsifal.' Of still later versions we may mention the 'King Arthur' of J. Comyns Carr, which has been presented on the stage by Sir Henry Irving; and 'Under King Constantine,' by Katrina Trask, whose hero is the king whom tradition names as the successor of the heroic Arthur. Imperator Dux Bellorum."

Among Catholic writers the Arthurian epic has employed the pens of Father Faber and Condé B. Pallen in beautiful poems on the life and death of Sir Launcelot.

The British war leader and his chieftains undergo a remarkable transformation in the Anglo-French romances. Complete suits of armor, such as the chivalry of the period wore, replace the slight bronze breastplates and sweeping saffron robes of the Celtic clansmen, King Arthur and his knights, sheathed in iron, ride through the dim twilight of enchanted forests, slaying dragons and giants, rescuing distressed maidens from the toils of enchanters and other evil-minded characters. The war-chief of the Britons has become a world-famous monarch, who, after quelling rival sovereigns at home, conquers both Scotland and Ireland, overruns Denmark and Norway and crushes the Roman power in a great battle in the heart of Gaul. Arthur enters Rome in triumph at the head of his knights to receive the Papal benediction, like Charlemagne in later centuries. Thence he hastens back to Britain to quell the revolt which, during his absence, has been gathering headway among the tributary princes.

Then one by one King Arthur's knighthood fall away from the noble companionship of the Round Table, some, like Lancelot and Tristram, to follow the guidance of their own wayward passions,

others, like Percival and Galahad, to devote their lives to the quest of the Holy Grail, the mystic symbol of the Eucharist—

The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord Drank at the last sad supper with his own. This, from the blessed land of Aromat— After the day of darkness, when the dead Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint, Arimathæan Joseph, journeying, brought To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord, And there awhile it bode; and if a man Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once, By faith, of all hic ills. But then the times Grew to such extent that the holy cup Was caught to heaven, and disappear'd."

Meanwhile the mournful King awaits the end, deserted as he is by his faithless wife Guinevere, with Modred and the hosts of heathendom swarming in from the west. There, on the sands of Lyonnesse, hard by the dreary Cornish sea, Arthur fights his last great battle; and at the end of the day no man is left living of either host save the King himself, Modred, his treacherous nephew, and Bedivere, the last of the knights of the Round Table.

Then Modred smote his liege
Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.

Fairy hands convey the dying hero to the Isle of Avallon, Sir Bedivere consigning to the bosom of the lake the wondrous brand Excalibur, which, like the sword of Siegfried the German and the Claidheamh Soluis of the Irish Celts, possessed magical power and attributes. And so King Arthur passed; but the Britons of later times, both in Wales and Cornwall, long cherished the hope of his ultimate return after centuries had elapsed, to free the island from the Saxon sway. Similar traditions prevailed in the kindred

Celtic land of Ireland where Hugh O'Neill and Gerald, the great Earl of Desmond, champions of faith and freedom during the Elizabethan wars, were supposed to lie enchanted in underground fastnesses, with their knights around them, ready to do battle for the freedom of Innisfail—a belief that finds its true fulfilment in the success of the Celtic Revival.

HUBERT O'MEARA.

Poetry in Ireland.

Dr. Douglas Hyde.

In treating of this topic, the development of poetic literature in Ireland, we are treating of the only European country outside of Greece in which we can trace with perspicuity and grace the development of a nation's poetry. In the history of the literature of any country, verse is the very earliest development, in its beginnings. When I say literature I mean not only that literature which is put on paper, but also that which is stereotyped in the mind, no matter whether read from parchments or from tablets of memory. It is the vulgarest idea possible that pen and ink are necessary concomitants to the development of literature, designed to further the perpetration of literature. all countries, then, the first verse that appears is perfectly rude, shapeless. Certainly the earliest poems in Ireland were thus rude and shapeless, devoid of all rhyme and alliteration. There is nothing in them to distinguish the verse from prose except in the use of dis-syllabic words. The first poem was written by a son of Milesian to Ireland 1000 B. C. Of course, that is not true. We have no poem as old as that, but it is still the oldest poem in the Celtic language. No word of it is intelligible, except under the heaviest glass. also with the first satires written in Ireland. All verses, too, quoted in corroboration of satires, up to 500 years A. D., are unrhymed verses, differing from prose only in accentuation. St. Patrick wrote poetry that is acknowledged to be genuine. It has no rhyme nor alliteration.

There have been preserved from the cataclysm that followed the Danish invasion four ancient parchment volumes, containing the course of study prescribed for the old Irish poets before that invasion, at about 800 or 900 A. By perusing these parchments we see that with no race or country on the globe, now or at any time in history, was the art of poetry so cultivated so verevered or so remunerated as in Ireland at that time. The elaborate complexity of the rules, the sublets and intricacies of the poetical code, are all calculated to astound us when we look at them.

Ireland, itis alleged, taught Europe the art of rhyming. If that is soand I do not claim it as an Irishman, but quote mose eminent German and Italian scholars—all that Ireland has done in literature pales before that achievement. That achievement revolutionized the poetical systems of Eu-

rope by spreading the art of rhyming.

The earliest recorded rhymes in Europe are those in Latin, written by He composed them while surrounded by a Celtic-speaking people, in the South of Gaul. In the year 750 A. D., we find the Irish people making perfect and elaborate rhymes. It was not done in other countries for two

centuries later. The Irish gave the lead to Europe in that matter.

The bards flourished equally with the Church. When the Danes came there was a change. For nine or ten centuries they were permitted and then the distinction between bards and files died out. They were all poets. There is a parchment containing a poem written then by a poet who saw in battle the passing of the great king, Brian Boru. The parchment has never been edited. We have no university where it could be edited, and no one will give us such a university. Imagine what a great stir there would be if a manuscript poem by King Alfred, who was contemporaneous with this poet, should be discovered. What a stir it would make in universities, and how scholars would work upon it. Nothing is done with this manuscript I speak of, though, because we have no university, as I have said. The only universities we have are colleges of the English language, maintained and controlled by a people to whom the very name of Irish is loathsome and everything pertaining to Irish is distasteful except it be Irish rents.

We may consider how in those early days the Irish poets revealed a love of nature. Humboldt has called attention to the fact that not until Christianity leavened Europe did writers indicate a feeling of sympathy or admiration for nature. This was not so in Ireland. I have extracts from those old Irish poets, written at the time Humboldt speaks of, wherein nature's beau-

ties are written of in most appreciative and sympathetic words.

The early Irish thrilled with emotion. The grandeur of nature thrilled them. They sounded it in their writings. It is a unique distinction of Irish poets of any other nation of Europe. Well, what became of the poets? It is a myth, we know, that King Edward I. slew the Welsh poets. It is no myth, but a stern reality, that the Irish bards were slain by an alien people. The English killed them, authorized to do so by a law which described the bards as inciting, by their writing, rape and other dreadful violence. I know that the law which thus described the writing of those poets was written by the lying Ministers of Queen Elizabeth, than whom there were no greater liars in Europe. I have read the works of those bards at that time and there is nothing of the sort advocated by them. Spenser let the cat out of the bag when he wrote that the contemned Irish bards were "desirous of their own lewd liberty." That they were, and I think them the better for it.

People now sometimes think of these bards as pipers. That is a ridiculous notion. They were poets and knew their business. They did nothing else but write poetry, just as much so as Tennyson or any other poet we know.

The Irish had their own peculiar framework for their poetry. The Irish divided the consonant into seven groups. Any one of these groups was allowed to rhyme with any other group. It was based upon a system of acoustics.

The complexities of the meters used by the ancient Irish poets were discarded, however, in the seventeenth century and the Irish poetry was then revolutionized. It was no longer swathed or swaddled. It suddenly stepped forward like a maiden clad in all the colors of the rainbow. Then the populace burst into passionate song. There was a sensuous attempt to convey music into poetry. They attained the perfection of harmony, using collocations of vowels in amazing combinations.

When the Irish began to make English verses a century ago they worked on these models. The secret of that kind of versification which was in danger of dying out ten years ago ils in no such danger now, thank God. It is here to stay. I may also say that no poet in Ireland now who uses the English models may expect recognition. I speak feelingly, for I once tried it with unpleasant and unprofitable results.

At the conclusion of Dr. Hyde's address Dr. J. Maher, of Oakland, a

prominent member of the committee which has welcomed Dr. Hyde, spoke in thanks, representing the audience, and assuring Dr. Hyde of its appreciation of his work ,and also thanking President Wheeler, of the University, for his services and kindness in the matter. Professor Charles Mills Gayley, conclusion, paid a tribute to Dr. Hyde, and said he hoped that before the departure of the distinguished guest there might be formulated a plan which for sixteen years had been in his own mind, the establishment of a chair of Irish literature in the University of California.

Now, in Ireland there were two classes of poets, the "file" and the bard. There were two classes of bards, too, the free and the unfree, and eight ranks of each of these classes. The meters that each rank might use was regulated by law. It was as though Yeats could now be prosecuted for using the meters of another poet, or as though he should be constrained by to use only the one or the two sorts of meters.

The file was paid three milch cows for one poem, and the bard but one The file were seated by law at the side of the prince or bishop. There were seven grades of the file, and the top grade was only to be reached after Then he could make verse in three hundred different twelve years of study. meters and know three hundred and fifty prime tales of Ireland, and about one hundred and fifty secondary stories. Imagine what you were in for if you were seated at dinner by one of those files.

Those books of olden time I spoke of gave the names of each meter and In the Danish and Norman invasions, then wiped out, you specimen of each. will see a civilization as complete and intricate and perhaps as interesting as It is by pure good luck that these books I mention exist that of Babylon.

The poets then in those days were entitled to be judges. They lost that right when a certain king, hearing two poets dispute for the right to wear a coat of feathers, intended for the chieftest of the poets, found he could not understand what they said. He decided that if they were of that sort they were not fitted to be judges, and ordered that the distinction thereafter be de-

nied to all poets unless qualified.

In the first century after Christ there were one thousand poets in Ireland. Each poet had a retinue; the head poet of thirty persons; and then on down. They were all a heavy burden on the soil of Ireland. The producers finally arose, and with perhaps a touch of Americanism surveyed these poets and per-"Are they doing any business, or doing any good? We should not support them," and they got rid of the poets, who fled away to the north, where the king sheltered them. In the sixth century it was found that onethird of the well-born people were poets, and again the poets were driven out, the people wearying of them. Again they were protected by the king of the north.

And here I think I find the first clear indication in history that a nation's mental characteristics of a race, cling to it and cannot be go rid of. I find the first clear indication of the tendency, in history, that drives the Irish into honorable rather than into lucrative professions; a tendency that drives them now into the press, the bar, the bench or medicine, rather than into-well ,you

know what lines are lucrative in America.

Well, when Charlemagne was trying to recover the rude ballads of his Norse ancestry thousands of Irish poets were studying in universities more than three hundred meters and reciting a multitude of epic poems. In the next century the poets became incredibly audacious. In bands they roved over the land, levying a species of blackmail. They carried a silver pot, hung with bronze chains, and their spears were held in the links of this chain and thus carried to the house of some man whom they proposed to meet. was called the Pot of Avrice. The chief poet, upon arrival at the selected

house, composed a panegyric, and the other poets composed verses. Each poet then chanted or recited the verse he had written, while musicians chanted an accompaniment to the panegyric. Then the man who was thus eulogized came forth and put a guerdon of silver or gold into the pot. If he neglected thus to do the nimble poets promptly satirized him, and then he was likely to give, for no Irishman can bear to be satarized. Rather he would give all he possessed. Imagine sending poets from Berkeley to thus deal with the Mayor of San Francisco. It has never been tried, but it might be.

know you can satirize, for all college boys can.

Well, the king of the north was about to get rid of these poets when it was decided to give them fixed lands and colleges for them were established. These resident colleges continued in operation until the break of the Gaelic polity, till Cromwell came in 1648. The bards were especially good at satire. There are many stories of the effectual satires they wrought, and the Irish dread of the satirical form of attack is almost proverbial. There was a belief prevalent that the bards could kill with their satires. The belief lasted nuntil about 1414. Sir Philip Sidney writes: "I would not have you hanged or rhymed to death, as in Ireland." You will recall that Shakespeare makes Roslind says: "I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time when I was an Irish rat."

A Winter Scene on the Gatineau.

Eastward, the azure mountains, curving, run,
Shading from blue to gray until they merge
Into the pale sky at their farthest verge,
Faint ghosts of mountains 'neath the rising sun.
Westward, a wood, all strewn with gold its dun,
Its fairy trees arrayed in silver serge,
Sparkling with gems — ah! who would chant a dirge
For nature, here, tho' winter's crown be won:
A king, he wears his royal robe with grace,
And scatters beauty with a bounteous hand;
A sunny smile betimes is on his face,
His genial skies, as now, are blue and bland;
And hark! far in the fairy woods I hear
A happy bird song carolled, sweet and clear.

CAMEO.

Thoughts on Music.

The human mind has ever exhibited peculiar interest in that which is extraordinary or marvellous. It matters not through what medium the faculties may be addressed the impression is received with equal appreciation, whenever the theme partakes of the eventful and heroic. Literature, perhaps, with its many advantages furnishes this pecularity to a greater extent than any other branch, yet it may be truly said, that in the realms of music sufficent material can be found to satisfy the wonder-seeking demands of reason and intelligence. Oratory with its silvery flow of rhetorical beauty; sculpture and painting with their wonderful imitations of the real, may offer play to the imagination for a time, but music alone stands out foremost amongst the finer arts and attracts the attention of all classes.

The history of music is older than that of civilization. The most savage races are found to have had some rude musical instruments sufficently at least to mark certain rhythmical intervals of time, and to serve as accompaniment to the dances, while in all recorded instances where nations have advanced from barbarism to civilization music has followed the national growth.

The Chinese, whose music is so unpleasant to refined ears, have some sweet-toned instruments, and a notation for the melodies played upon them which is sufficently clear.

We know that the Greeks had musical ability, and that to be a musician-poet required years of practice. The Greek lyre was too poor an instrument to afford much melody, nevertheless their use of it was skilful indeed.

We look to the early music of the Christian church, to whose fostering influence through several centuries the preservation and progress of the arts is due, for the foundation upon which our modern system of music is built

Pope Gregory I, who was the writer of many hymns, established the Gregorian chant which is so beautifully sung in the Catholic churches of the world to-day. During the 8th, 9th and 10th centuries the French, Germans, Celts and Italians made wonderful progress. The French also had their chansons, the Italians their canzonetti whilst the Germans had their volkslieder.

The Celts made great progress in this art, their bards were

famous for their skill in poetry and song. They possessed an instrument known as the harp, which had several strings of different pitch and many writers on music have stated that their believe that secrets of harmony were known to them before they were to the Italians. The harp is one of the oldest of musical instruments. It is mentioned in Holy Writ as being played by the gallant David to soothe the melancholy hours of Saul, the first king of Israel.

Of the men born within the present century who have distinguished themselves in this art are Adam, Balfe, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Gounod and Beethoven. Of these the last named without doubt occupies the highest position, and with him instrumental music reached its high point of development.

His style is noble and vigorous, his orchestral treatment admirable and his dramatic instincts correct. Then came Mendelssohn, Wagner and Liszt who also rank as virtuosi of the first order. The pianists who are named above have seemingly thoroughly explored the capacities of the pianoforte as it at present exists. Every technical difficulty has been overcome and every form of sentiment expressed so that in this department of the art at least, there would seem to be slight room for further progress.

Who as he sits in church and hears the music as it rolls down the sacred aisles does not feel his spirits rise and a calm thrill his soul. What makes a man feel more light-hearted, than on Easter Sunday morning when the heavenly strains of the Resurrexit, strikes his ear, or what is able to fill a man with greater sadness or place him in a more meditative mood than the organ's solemn dirge of the Requiem, it places him in the very presence of death, it plays more on his sympathies than the eloquent sermons of the most learned.

Still though music stands foremost in the fine arts the power of mastering it has not been given to many, even the power of attaining ordinary perfection in it is a gift but parsimoniously distributed. What the great American Statesman Daniel Webster said of oratory is more applicable to music. "Labor and learning may toil for it but they toil in vain. Although this talent is given to a chosen few nevertheless everyone is capable of appreciating it. The person who has the talent for music infused into his soul is especially blessed. He possesses one of the choicest gifts of nature.

The Man in Lower Twelve.

The train was whirling along through the blackness of the night and nothing outside could be seen save now and then the twinkling light of some farmhouse or the red and green glare of the the signals. Nothing inviting certainly; and inside naught but a heavy air reeking with the mixed odor of cigars—good, bad and indifferent cigars—, and naught in the line of art except the feeble colored flowers painted in any but natural colors on the walls of the smoker. Having just finished a smoke, I tossed away the stub and made my way to the sleeper, resolved to enjoy things as best I could. I had barely reached my berth—lower 10—when the porter entered the car and pausing at lower 12, drew aside the curtains and began shaking the occupant who, with many rolls and turns and much eye-rubbing at last sat up.

"What's the matter now, porter; are we at Ottawa already?"

"No, sah, haven't reached Smith's Falls yet."

"Well, why did you waken me?"

"Well, sah, you see sah, deres a man in de smokah an' he done got a ticket fo' dis heah berth, sah."

"He's got a ticket for this birth?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well what about it? What does he want?"

"He wants de berth, sah."

"Now, look here, porter; didn't I give you a ticket for this berth?

"You did, suah 'nuff, sah."

"And didn't I shake hands with you quite friendly like?"

"You did sah."

"And wasn't there something in that hand?"

"You bet, sah; you'se a gemman sah."

"That's all right; now you go back and tell that chap that there's some mistake; that I have a ticket for this berth; see?"

"Yes, sah;" and with that the darky started back to the smoker. I was interested and followed him to hear the other side of the story. He passed into the smoker and addressed a man sitting there:—

"De man in the berth has a ticket for it, sah."

"And here is mine; I got it at the agency. Where did he get his?"

"When he came on de car, sah."

"Now, porter you just tell him that I got my ticket at the agency and had the berth engaged before him.

"But, sah-"

"You go and tell him that."

So back went the porter and I followed at his heels.

"What's the trouble now," demanded the man in the berth.

"Why, sah, de man in de smokah says he got his ticket at de agents and has de first right to de berth."

See here, then, can't you give him an upper berth?

"He won't take one, sah."

"Then, put him in a stateroom."

"Oh! golly, sah, I can't do that: that'd cost me eight dollars."

"Then, let him go," and with that expression of his sentiments, he rolled over and prepared to go to sleep. The porter looked at him in a puzzled way and there slowly departed to the smoker. Once more I followed him.

"De man says to put you in an uppah berth, sah."

"I won't take one; I've got a ticket for lower 12 and lower 12 I'm going to have."

"Well, what can I do, sah?"

"You'll have to get him out, or there'll be trouble."

"But he won't get out, sah."

"You'll have to make him, that's all; hurry now."

Away went the perplexed porter and I after him to the sleeper.

"De other man says as you've got to get out sah or dere'll be trouble."

"Now, look here porter, go and tell him that he can sleep on the floor for all I care. I've got the berth and I'm going to keep it. Don't come back near me again."

Away went the darky to the smoker.

"It's no use sah; he says he's got de berth and he's again' to

keep it. I cain't put him out."

"You can't, eh! well you just come with me and I'll put him out;" and the angered man strode swiftly towards the sleeper. I followed to see the fun and by this time every body was awake and peeping from their places. In came the irate man followed by the now thoroughly frightened porter. He peeled off his coat, strode up to lower 12 and drawing aside the curtains reached in with both

hands and pulled out a man by the shoulders. We all expected a regular set to: but instead of that the man in the berth with a look of surprise and gladness cried out "Hello! George, where did you spring from?"

"Eh, what! why is that you Jack? exclaimed the other" and they both fell to shaking hands. "It's alright, porter," said George, "put me up stairs."

We were all relieved by this peaceable denouement, but if you could have seen the huge grin of surprise and delight on the burnished face of the porter, you would know there was at least one, whose joy was immeasurably greater than ours.

J. F., '05.

Bernard Shaw.

The sensation of the moment in New York is the Celtic Shaw-a type of the supercivilized Celt, without principles; and the slave of the conditions of his time. The Celt is clear-sighted, and, when he reasons, is the most logical of men. Bernard Shaw, the author of "Candida" and the cynical play against which Mr. McAdoo, of New York is protesting, is one of the cleverest and most brilliant writers of the day.

He is as much of a mocker as Voltaire was, without the bitterness of Voltaire. He has all the clear-sightedness of the Celt, all his love of form and symmetry, and all that audacity and recklessness which make the Celt a terror in war and the most dangerous of rebels, whether against religion or society, when faith fails him in either one or the other, or in both. Faith has failed Shaw, as it has failed George Moore, as it is failing many cultivated young Irishmen in Ireland today, under the influence of a baleful supercivilization.

The difference in the Saxon point of view as evidenced in the epic of Beowulf and in the saga of Chuchulain is in the main, the dimness which clouds the outlines of things in the first and the luminousness of all outlines in the second. There is, too, an analyzing determination on the part of the Chuchulain and Queen Meave and the rest to go to the bitter end in everything they undertake. This is a Celtic trait. The Irish are accused of possessing every defect under the sun, but they have never been accused of being "quitters."

This Shaw is not a "quitter." He sees that a greater part of Society—the supercivilized part—has determined to do without religion. He sees, too, that, while assuming that a system of ethics is necessary for the preservation of society, it will not accept the very source of ethics, the Supreme Ruler, or the only source of the power that binds society together todday, Christianity. He takes conditions as he sees them—the woman of the upper middle class, who declares that she does not want her husband to live with her after the moment he ceases to love her, the man who declares that there is no sensation which a normal human being ought not accept as part of his development. To bid good-bye to one's husband when he sees another woman more attractive is a duty,—Ibsen thinks so. To wreath one's self with roses and lose one's self in wine or lust—is also a duty; that gentle rebel, Maeterlink, comes very near it.

And there are hundreds of men and women whom we meet every day among the intensely respectable classes who think and say these things in the language of Ibsen and Maeterlink. "In my time we had God," says an old-fashioned French woman, in a comedy, as she reflects on a condition of society in which there is no high court of appeal. Supercivilization means the substitution of culture for faith, of anarchy, in theory, at least, for the conservatism of real civilization.

The ballet at the opera in St. Petersburg, which is amusing the great nobles in Russia while the people clamor, is called "Civilization." Its centre—its pivot—its point of light—is a body of the character of the scarlet woman mentioned in the Bible. She is the sun, and she dances as the sun is supposed to dance on an Easter day. And she hops. And she turns a hundred times after the manner of Herodias, and she is the very soul of "civilization, which translated, means "supercivilization," whose father is Unfaith and whose mother's name is unmentionable.

Shaw, in "Candida," in "You Never Can Tell," follows premises to their conclusion, laughing, or, rather, grinning, all the time. If marriage does not bind, how absurd it is, he says. If it does bind and it inconveniences you, how absurd it is still, if the Christian belief is a myth! He shocks people by making objective the abstractions which their inclinations nurse and which they do not dare to put into action.

The play which is interesting New York and horrifying Mr. McAdoo is a story which any school girl may read at the breakfast

table if her father will let her have the morning paper. Only,—the paper makes it brutal, and that—if she understands—may repell her; -Mr. Shaw laughs at the horrors so that they do not seem so The profession of the female in Mr. Shaw's fashionable play is the most nefarious known to the human race. But, he seems to say, grinning, why should you think that right and wrong are matters of desire or expediency, object to anything? in the play is nefarious, her circle is nefarious,—there is an Anglican clergyman, too, who has sinned who is unrepentant. better at heart than the creatures who go on being openly unrepentant and nefarious? If there no God-no court of rule, no court of appeal, no system of ethics—nothing makes any difference? You go as you please!—and Shaw laughs, and makes epigrams, as only a Celt or a Frenchman can make them, and is mercilessly logical. Then he dives deep into the mud, and very gracefully spatters it over the gilded idols which supercivilized society is pretending adore!

The real evil is not with Mr. Shaw. In a society in which a woman can be divorced at twelve o'clock and be "married" at two, and then appear everywhere, jewelled and acknowledged, received and uncensured, Mr. Shaw ought not to be stoned. In a social condition in which the youngest boy or girl is permitted to read every day details of horrors that deserve to be unspeakable, the mockery of Mr. Shaw is virtue itself, to the complaisance of the cowardly who condone adultery because it is opulent and shrink from vice when it happens to be poor.—Maurice Francis Egan in the Catholic Citizen.

London at Prayer.

How They Renewed Their Baptismal Vows in the Old Chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador.

(This chapel, long a 'shrine' for the Catholics of England, is about to be desiroyed, to make room for a street.)—Ed.

One dark Sunday night, about six o'clock, knocked at the door of one of those stately old mansions on the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and waiting on the step, looked out upon the great square, thinking of the changes which the had wrought upon its

Except for a few lamps dotted about amongst the bare trees, and the shivering reflections of their light on the pools of water which lay on the road, all was a hazy blue gloom; and the dank vapours rose from the reeking earth. I could hear no sound but the melancholy stroke of the La wCourts clock, the howl of some stray dog, and the slipshod foot of poverty, stealing furtively across the square to the Strand. Yet the house before whose door I stood was once the town residence of an Ambassador; Dukes and Lord Chancellors were his neighbours; not one of those shabby mansions but has housed famous men and women from Restoration days to a time within the memory of those now living; and from the windows the great ones of the land have looked upon revels and rabbles, upon rout and pageant and progresses. The smoke of the martyr's bonfire has drifted into them, the last dying words of the condemned standing on the scaffold, the cries and groans of the sightseers. Here gathered all the rascaldom of the hoary, brutal old London; the high road to Tyburn ran close by; the fashionable teatres were not a stone's-throw away. All are gone and forgotten, and these old mansions alone remain to remind us faintly of the past. walls bulging and decayed, their paint peeling off, rat-haunted, their courtyards green with grass, their guardian rails red with rust, bent, twisted, distorted, loose in their sockets, by broad day they look woefully disreputable. Kindly night invests them with a pathos which clings to age, even though it be but an oak riven by the lightning, or an old house: I look, and cannot think of the awful Sunday loneliness of their deserted chambers without a shudder.

I had knocked thrice during these musings when the sound of footsteps fell on my ear; the door was opened by a servant, and I asked if I could see Father Dunford. I was led down a gloomy lobby of venerable age, and ushered into a dark little chamber lined with the blackest oak panels, its one window hidden by shutters of formidable thickness, and its form but dimly revealed by one pale lamp which hung from the ceiling. I rubbed my eyes with wonder, for I was no longer in modern London, but surely in London of the second James. It was, indeed, a chamber for whispered council; it would not have surprised me if one of the panels had slid smoothly back, and I had encountered the head of some spy or fugitive peering out; nor if the floor set in motion by a secret spring, had suddenly yawned upon me.

These were but night thoughts; the door opened, and there

entered noiselessly a priest clad in a cassock, shortish, pale, with curly grey hair pushing itself out from unded his biretta.

"Father Dunford?" I asked.

He bowed gravely, and regarded me shrewdly, with the eyes of one long accustomed to gauge the human countenance, and to read the thoughts that are hidden behind its mask.

I had written to ask his permission to be present at the especial service concluding a Mission, which was to be held this evening, and had received a most polite reply bidding me come. A word of explanation sufficed, and a rather weary smile flitted over the Father's face. "I think you will say it is a remarkable service," he said; "but I confess I cannot understand why you have chosen this poor, tumbledown old chapel for a visit."

I detected a note of quiet irony in this speech, which was also accompanied by an almost imperceptible elevation of the shoulders and eyebrows.

"It was pure chance. The other day I was viewing the ruins of Clare Market, and for the first time became aware, though I thought I knew London well, that there existed such a place as Sardinia Chapel."

This time he shrugged his shoulders perceptibly, and gave a little laugh. "Those who built it were not desirous of attracting attention to it. It was wiser for a Catholic to avoid notice."

"Well, well, Father, today your Campanile towers proudly over every church spire in London."

He smiled, and for a moment the face lighted up.

I was still possessed by the spirit of the old room, and I suppose my face showed my curiosity and interest.

"It is very old, eh? This was part of the hall of the Sardinian ambassador's house — it has survived many perils. We often wish that walls could speak. Could these do so, you would hear many a story which would turn you cold. In the early days of this house priests were hunted like vermin, mass was celebrated in secret cellars and garrets, and the mobs beat against the very door you entered by like a raging sea."

Yet he spoke in calm accents, as in a few words he recalled the past.

"See," he said, and walking to what seemed to be a large cupboard by the shuttered window, high up in the wall, stood upon a chair and pulled open a door.

He then descended, lit a candle, and placing it in my hand

invited me to take his place. I did so, and before me I saw a long low gallery, black as night, so ugly and ominous that it has since haunted my dreams. The flame of the candle flickered as I thrust it in, and then expired, but I had seen enough: I stepped down to the floor.

"That was no doubt a spy-hole. It runs over the curious archway leading from Lincoln's Inn Fields into Sardinia Street, which was once named Duke Street, after James II."

"How little we know of London!" I exclaimed. "Who would believe that such places were left in these days;"

He sighed. "The house is old and ugly, and so, too is the chapel, as you will see presently but to us Catholics it is endeared by its associations with so many bitter trials. After all, perhaps you did well to come and see us before it was too late, for both house and chapel are doomed; the mark of the red cross will soon be daubed on the poor old walls. Dear, dear, dear!—but come, and I will find you a place, for we shall be very crowded."

I followed him along a ghostly corridor, the faint gleam of candles and the robes of altar servants catching my eye down in some distant ghamber, for the house is full of devious byways, and in a moment we were ascending a wide staircase with a fine oak I have a dim impression of echoeing, shadowy passages, when we stopped before a door which the priest opened with a key as old as the building, and passing in I found myself in the gallery of a quaint chapel, a rich mellow brown in hue, transfigured into soft beauty by the poetic emblems of the Catholic Faith. I stood in the lower of the two curving galleries, and looking down surpliced figures flitting about the Sanctuary, which glowed with lights, the sheen of holy instruments and rich vestments; many candles were burning, too, at the feet of various Saints, which shone out of the shadowy aisles, so quick to touch the pious imagination and to excite devotion. Above me from out the gloom I discerned a rounded dome, the upper gallery which almost reached the ceiling. space broken by many pillars, and at the end facing the altar an old-world organ, over whose brow hung a rich coat-of-arms, carved in oak and embellished with rich colors. These impressions were but misty, and they had just begun to clear when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and the Father, directing one look at an ancient clock in the organ gallery, and another down below at the crowded seats, bade me follow him. We made our way to the opposite side, and pointing to a small pew of rich mahogany wood he said:

"The Ambassador's pew—this was called the Quality Gallery." I smiled at the quaint phraseology, but begged that I might be allowed to take a lower place amongst the people. My humility not displease the Father, for he nodded his head, and retracing our footsteps we were soon descending the old staircase again, passing through what seemed to me a maze of corridors, more entered the chapel by a door at the side of the Sanctuary. was given a chair by the altar of Saint Anthony, the patron saint of the poor, whose beneficent features were illuminated this evening with more than usual brightness, and at whose feet kindly spirits had laid their offerings of such modest flowers as happened to be One glance at my neighbors, indeed, assured me that many in the gathering had need to bow before Saint Anthony and to hold communion with him, for poverty had set its indelible mark on many a face, betokening lifelong battles with the world. ears told me, too, that I was amongst the emotional Irish, to whom the consolations of religion are so real and living; I knew it by whispered accents, by impulsive gestures by the humorous twinkle of rolling eyes, by a certain grim fanatical gaze, by the hard defiant stare, by a strange devil-me-care combativeness which I seemed to detect even in this holy place.

Yet these were but fleeting revelations; the service began, and the swelling organ, the voices of the choir, the words of the priest, softened these hard visages, and as they gazed dreamily upon altar and Cross, upon Holy Virgin and saint all steeped in the glow of many lights, I fancied that they saw shadowy visions of angels hovering over them—mysterious ministers of grace from the heavens above. It is a sweet and soothing atmosphere, fitting for dreams and ecstasies.

For myself, as my eyes fell on a face of Christ close by mesterming with ineffable pity and benevolence, upon statues of saints, emblems and shining altar, my mind was slowly carried to the dimpast, and I thought of the tremendous changes which the Catholic faith had wrought upon the universe since that awful day of the Ascension, when Peter received his heritage and became first Bishop of Rome. I knew that the sign of the Cross, which the child beside me was just making on her little face and bosom, was the same act of reverence to the Saviour that the early Christians made in those dark catacombs that run beneath old Rome; I knew the homely portrait of the latest Pope which is hanging on the wall represented the successor, in a direct line, of St. Peter, and that be-

fore the ancient dynasty all others paled into insignificance. Strangely blended in my mind with a shadowy procession of martyrs and miracles, of Crusaders and Saracens, of saints and missionaries, of kings and prelates of dungeons and racks, of battles and murders, of executions by axe and flame, were memories of a pious pilgrimage which I had paid not many days before to St. Albans. I was standing by the side of that martyr's shrine when another pilgrim, who was evidently a Catholic priest, after gazing for some time on the memorial, made some remark to me on the reverent ingenuity which had pieced together the many scattered fragments into so harmonious a whole.

"I suppose the image-makers thought they had done their worst," I said laughingly.

"I suppose so," he said, with an accent of bitterness which I could readily excuse in one who felt deeply; "but see"—at that moment a golden beam of sun touched the battered side of the shrine, and it shone as though the jewels which once studded it, and the pigments which once made it aflame with the colors of the rainbow were still there. The happy omen seemed to chase away his melancholy, and together we inspected screens, Lady Chapel, and exquisite chantries, hung over tombs of Lord Abbots, and gazed aloft until we were dizzy into the misty tower built by Paul de Caen nearly a thousand years ago.

"Ah!" sighed the priest, as at last we came out into the sun and life, "and to think that we have lost all this, which was once ours!" and he stood on the path and gazed in silence over the vivid green meadows sloping down to the Ver, once covered with the buildings of the famous monastery, over the site of ancient Verulamium, over the lovely wooded heights beyond, and at last fixed his eyes on the stern old gatehouse, all that remains of the grandeur of St. Albans, throught which kings and queens have often passed, and many a stately procession, which has often heard the roar of mobs, the clash of arms, and the frightful cries of "Sanctuary, sanctuary."

A mysterious dignity clothes a priest even in these days, and I did not care to disturb his reverie, but in a moment he was peopling for his Protestant-bred fellow-pilgrim the vanished cloisters, the King's House, the Scriptorium, and talking eloquently of the days when only the priest stood between the tyranny and ferocity of the mediaeval lord and his bondsmen. "You owe us much," he said, pointing to the tower now fired by the setting sun, which stands

like a beacon in the landscape, and then stalked away, leaving me to conjure up alone the glories of art and craft which the Catholic faith has inspired. The old tower faded away from my sight; the sawing of the rooks as they wheeled round it, the sound of bells wafted over the peaceful meadows merged into realities.

Once more I was in Sardinia Chapel, and before me, at a small reading-desk within the altar rails, stood a tall, grizzled priest in cassock and biretta, a solitary dramatic figure in black silhouetted With uplifted hand he was inveighing in quiet against the altar. earnest tones, which yet penetrated to the darkest corners of the shadowy chapel, against the world, the flesh and the devil, as priests have inveighed since the pagan days when Nero was Emperor. Tonight the people were called together to renew the solemn promises made for them at their baptism, and to which, alas! they being but mortal, had been faithless. "When you were babes," I heard him say, "the Devil was driven out of your souls on that day: the devil having then possession of your souls, inasmuch as you were conceived and born in original sin, the priest placed the end of his stole upon you and invited you to become members of the Catholic Church and the Church of Jesus Christ. Your sponsors undertook on your behalf that you should renounce Satan and all his works. You were then taken to the font, and holy water was poured upon your head, whereby you were admitted into the fold of the only true Shepherd of your souls. Then the priest placed a lighted candle in the hands of your sponsors and said: "Receive this burning light and keep thy baptism so as to be without blame, and thou shalt have eternal life, and live for ever and ever, Amen.'"

So were minds prepared for the final act; and whilst they were says the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin and contemplating the mysteries upon which Catholics dwell when they tell their beads,—glorious or dolorious, they are equally beautiful—I looked round. I saw on most of the faces, whether of youth or age, traces of the severest toil; I saw men very old, grim, and iron-hard, with blunted horny fingers, and marvelled that they had survived the struggle; I saw withered dames, roughened by exposure to the weather, their backs bowed by heavy burdens; it was easy, indeed, to see that poverty was well represented, gay colors, glistening beads, velvets and Sunday-best notwithstanding, though here and there amongst them sat the more prosperous—that is, if one may judge by externals.

I now saw by various signs and movements that some important

ceremany was about to take place, and if by some act of magic every member of the congregation produced a candle, some large and tall, others of very humble dimensions, and gazed intently on the black figure by the altar. "Now," he cried, "you will renew those baptismal vows of which I have been speaking, and as a token you will light the candles. Do you strike matches—the altar boys will pass round with tapers."

Then the surpliced servers began to move hither and thither, and in a few mcments the whole of the old chapel was aglow with the soft light of hundreds of candles, which at a sign were held high up in the air, casting the weirdest shadows upon oak and time-stained fabric, and producing an effect from my memory. Cold indeed would be the soul which was not moved to emotion by the beautiful rite; callous the most austere whose eyes did not moisten as he contemplated the rapt looks which flitted over many a face, graven deep by sin and sordow and hardships.

"Do you renounce Satan?" cried the priest, holding up a cross.

"We do renounce him," came the muttered responses, the sound of many voices rolling through the chapel.

"Do you renounce all the works of Satan?"

"We do."

"Do you renounce all the pomps of the world?"

"We do."

"Do you renounce bad company?"

"We do."

"Do you renounce every occasion of sin?"

"We do."

"Will you give up impurity and drunkenness?"

"We will."

So came ringing questions and the murmurous vows; and at last the candles were put out.

The time had come to give Benediction. The missionary preacher retired from his desk. The priest of the parish was robed in his rich vestments, and, tended by servers and censer-bearer, advanced to the altar, which now seemed aflame with light and color, perhaps seeming brighter by contrast with the age and gloom of its surroundings. In silence he rose and moved back the veil which had hidden the Tabernacle, withdrew from it the Blessed Sacrament,

placed it in a silver monstrance, and exposed it on the throne to the sound of music and many voices singing, "Oh! Salutaris Hostia":

O Saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to men below!
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

The incense was poured into the thurible, and the priest, profoundly adoring, swung it to and fro before the Host, and a great volume of sweet-smelling clouds rose in the air, and floated over the people and curled round the columns of that old chapel. Then comes the Tantum ergo Sacramentum:

Down in adoration falling,
Lo! the sacred Host we hail;
Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying
When the feeble senses fail.

All kneeling, there was an awful silence, broken by the faint note of a bell, for God was present. The priest rose, and, a silken veil covering his hand, took from the altar the portion of the monstrance in which rested the Blessed Sacrament, came forward, turned his face towards us, and making the sign of the Cross, blessed the people.

After the service was over many lingered, as though little disposed to face the realities of the world, some praying before their patron saints, others entering the confessionals, some buying books As moved to and fro of devotion and pictures of their Chapel. I heard many an expression of deep regret at its doom, which plainly came from warm hearts; but I confess, as I looked at the bulging walls, the peeling plaster, the sunken floors, the gaps and rents, and the general crookedness of decrepitude, I felt that its day was It was pleasant to hear these poor people bewailing the advent of the wrecker, and it was easy to understand that this was no gathering of strangers. I fell into conversation with the verger, who stood at the door, where one of his duties was to collect the pence which each put in the shallow wooden platters- a payment representing, he told me, in many cases real denial of the gnawing wants of the body.

"Surely," I said "many of your people are Irish?"

"Yes; many of them descendants of those who came over in the great famine. I know one old woman who remembers eating boiled seaweed."

I breathed hard to think of it, and asked where they had found new homes since the laying waste of Clare Market.

"They are scattered over London."

"But the Chapel is full?"

He smiled with a face full of woe.

"They would walk miles with hard peas in their shoes to hear Mass in the old Chapel. I was married here, my children were baptised here——"

"And so were mine," interrupted a good-natured fellow who was standing by us. "I was baptised here, married here, and would be buried here if they'd let me." He laughed, but I could see he was in deadly earnest.

"I can remember King Victor Emmanuel coming to Mass here," interjected another.

I can remember when the old chapel was so full that people knelt in the street and heard Mass through the open door."

"And I can remember seeing gold in the plate," chuckled an old lady who was selling little medals of the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Conception—a touching tribute to the glories that had long since departed.

At that moment Father Dunford came up, and showed me various points of interest which would have escaped a stranger. I saw a place at the end of the chapel called the Black Hole, of course because it is so dark, even on sunny days, which is given up to those who, alas! have not a penny to spare for a seat, and yet would be greatly troubled in their conscience if they did not come to Mass; I saw the quaint old pulpit, which the preacher enters from the lower gallery; I saw the two wooden lamps glimmering over the altar, which were made to replace those that were burnt by the Gordon Rioters.

Those days in 1780 were like an episode in the French Terror, for London was in the hands of the mob, who sacked and burnt at will, and filled the air with their cries of "No Popery." How vivid history is when you learn it, not from books, but from such living tokens as those two red lamps, or from the holy vessels whose exquisite workmanship I was admiring in the Sacristy!

The mob was thundering at the door when some devoted woman flew into this dim, uneven little chamber behind the altar, swiftly flung open safes, gathered up monstrance, thurible, and reliquary, withdrew the Blessed Sacrament from the Tabernacle, and at the risk of her life, with the hoarse cries of the besiegers in her ears, escaped by some private way, and placed them in the arms of a priest then hiding in some hole in Great Turnstile. The good man was fasting, and there and then said Mass in thanksgiving for their preservation.

Eloquent of times past, too, of old landmarks, are the rich vestments of sumptuous brocade, of damask, of satin, white and red, crimson and black, heavy with gold and silver, which see in another chamber chamber. Upon some there is a coat of arms: they are those of the old Sardinian kingdom—a red cross on white ground, with the Saracen heads in memory of the victories of the Pisans over the hosts of Mahomet. The very names of these vestments—stole and maniple, amice and girdle, alb and chasuble—fire the imagination; but to see them so close, to touch them with one's fingers, lends strange and potent vitality to the thoughts they recall of the story of Christendom.

"But," said the Father, "should like to show you some other relics of our former grandeur."

He smiled, and there was a touch of irony in his accents; but I thought it pleased him to dwell upon the past, and I certainly was nothing noth. So we clambered up the old oak staircase, and I found myself in another panelled chamber, dim and sombre enough in the one light which hung from the ceiling. I took a seat by a small table, to which he presently brought from some other room a monstrance so heavy that he bent beneath its weight. Tarnished with age though it was, I saw that it was exquisitely wrought, and that it bore the arms with which I was now familiar. When I had sufficiently admired it he wrapped it round with a cloth, and, having taken it away brought other vessels equally beautiful.

"You see," he said, "even in this poor parish we still have treasure."

He then sank down, as though weary, in his own chair, and talked of his people with a quiet practicality which much impressed me, being more accustomed to discuss such matters with followers of colder creeds than that he preached. From our conversation I gathered that human nature differs little whether it accepts the faith of Rome or Geneva.

The clock struck eleven, and reproaching myself for having remained so long, I rose to go. My eye fell upon a picture of some cathedral which lay on the table.

"Ah," said the Father, "what wonderful builders they were in the old days!"

I mentioned my pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Alban.

Then he murmured, "And to think that once all this was ours!" I started, for here was the same sigh of regret, expressed in the very words, which I had heard from priestly lips only a few days before.

My parting was hurried. A knock sounded on the door, which the priest opened. Some poor mortal was expiring not a stone's throw away. "I must go," said the priest: "wait and I will take you to the door," and I saw him take a small bag of embroidered silk from his writing table and hang it round his neck. He then withdrew from it a small silver box, and holding it in his hand he lighted me to the ghostly corridor which led to the front door. I knew the little box was the pyx; I knew that in it would be placed the consecrated particles which lie in the Tabernacle; I knew that in a few minutes the filmy eyes of the dying would look upon the Blessed Sacrament with ecstasy. Such are the consolations of religion; such are the sad duties of the priest.—Charles Morley, in London Magazine.

To St. Cecilia.

By Archbishop O'Brien.

A shell lies silent on a lonely shore;
High rocks and barren stand with frowning brow.
Hither no freighted ships e'er turn their prow.
Their treasures on the fated sand to pour;
Afar the white-robed sea gull loves to soar:
But, pure as victim for a nation's vow,
A lovely maiden strikes the shell, and how
Its music charms, and sadness reigns no more;
Thus Christian poesy, thus on Pagan coasts,
For ages mute had lain thy sacred lyre,
Untouched since from the Prophet's hand it fell,
Till fair Cecilia, taught by angel hosts,
Attuned its music to the heavenly choir,
And gave a Christian's voice to Clio's shell.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

IS Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in the preface to the life of the lamented John Boyle O'Reilly, says: "Few men have felt so powerfully the divinus afflatus of poesy; few natures have been so fitted to give it worthy response, as strong as it was delicate and tender, as sympathetic and tearful as it was bold, his soul was a harp of truest tone, which feel the touch of the ideal everywhere and spontaneously breathed responsive music, joyous or mournful, vehement or soft." Yes, he was a poet and the collected works may, in time, help us fell less rebellious at his early departure, but our hearts are still too sore to get all the joy and and cheer and strength-the exquisite joys-the pathetic stories and the noble addresses which his "collected works" can give us. It were idle to doubt his Right of Way among the noblest bards-read one of his single effusions entitled At School and see where he learned the best things he knew. How hard it is to realize that this gentle soul, so divinely fitted to sweetest themes, should have had his lot cast in such hard lines that the author of Statues in the Block and the Dreamer should be a convict in a penal colony, after having paced the narrow cell of various prisons; read his story of Moondyne, to enter into his soul's darkest experience—one stanza in the poem: "My Native Land" help us to share the loneliness of the brave spirit :-

"I learned from this there is no southern land
Can fill with love the hearts of northern men.
Sick minds need change; but when in health they stand
'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home again.
And thus with me it was: the yearing turned
From laden airs of cinnamon away
And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned
With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay.

My first dear love, all dearer for thy grie! My land that has no peer in all the sea -

For verdure, vale or river, flower or leaf—
If first to no one else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
Is deepest yet—the mother's breath and smiles:
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed—
My poor land, the Niobe of isles."

The hopelessness was never such as to allow, for a single moment, the thought of a dead soul. No. So in stripes and in prisons, in good report and evil report, John Boyle O'Reilly stood up a living soul; he was equal to all the trials of heart and soul and bodyalways a sweet, a gentle singer, because he was a gentle man. This brave soldier, this unshamed traitor, this stricken convict, this man man who dared his all for the land of his love—who dared to escape from the degrading penal fetters, who succeeded in reaching the shores of a new world, who as journalist, led not only the Irish in America, but all noble-thinking men in the whole English-speaking world through his journalistic utterances, never was a demagogue, never for a moment, in written or spoken word, was he aught but a gentleman and an ideal Catholic. His self-control is, perhaps, the most wonderful feature of his moral make-up. Look at his face, as his portraits show him, then give the man your full trust, he commands it all unconsciously, he never posed, never appealed for sympathy, he says:

"I wrote down my troubles every day;
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heart aches passed away,
I read them in smiles, not tears."

Those whose privilege it was to know the editor of the *Pilot*, the author of Bohemia, the honored member of Boston's proudest literary clubs, are all one in assuring us of the loveliness of the man, of his noble simplicity, his calm chivalry, his genuine charity, and his religiousness—and we too, though most of us know him only through his works and portraits, love him and cannot be comforted for his loss.

Moondyne, perhaps, apart from his letters, is the one of all his works that brings us into closest range with the man in his noblest

aspect. How true he is to his sincere, brotherly feeling for all who are wronged, is seen in the dedication: "To all who are in Prison." The harsh criticism that greeted this book is hard to account for, narrowness seems to be the only explanation. Jeffrey Roche, in his life of his beloved ideal, says: "O'Reilly revealed his inner self as do dreamers of an ideal social condition, in which kindness was to be the only rule," like in More's Utopia and Sidney's Arcadia. But this air castle of reform was built by one who had gone through such horrors as would justify some exaggerations of a happy standard by which man was to begin his heaven here below; describing his hero—Moondyne Joe—is he not giving us some of his own outlines? "In strength and proportions of body the man was magnificent, a model for a gladiator. He was of middle height, young, but so stern and massively featured, and so browned and beaten by exposure, it was hard to determine his age. A large, finely shaped head, with crisp black hair and beard, a broad square forehead, and an air of power and self-command—this was the prisoner—Moondyne Joe." In other words, with clever disguises, this was John Boyle O'Reilly, whose p ison number was also 406. He observed it was the number of the first hotel room he occupied in Boston, America; ten years later, in New York, he was shown to a room numbered 406. He was impressed by the coincidence, as shown in the lines in which he says:

"I do not know the meaning of the sign
But bend before its power, as a reed bends
When the black tornardo fills the valley to the lips,
Three times in twenty years its shape has come
In lines of fire on the black veil of mystery;
At first tho' strange it seemed familiar,
And lingered on the mind as if at rest;
The second time it flashed a thrill came too
For supernature spoke or tried to speak;
The third time, like a blow upon the eyes,
It stood before me, as a page might say:

'Read—read—and do not call for other warning.'"

How could one close a talk on this regretted man and not speak of his interpretation of the beautiful word Fraternity? His speeches n America, his poems on various national occasions, besides his editorials, show how he felt toward the Hebrews—the Indians—the negroes—towards all men, and especially towards young writers. The poem, "City Streets," shows his good heart, perhaps, as it was never shown before—"God pity them all! God pity the worst! for the worst are lawless and need it most!" It is very difficult to attempt an estimate of this large-souled lover of his fellows. It is worthy of him that his last poem should have been in defence of someone or something. It was "The Useless Ones," meaning the poets:

"Useless? Ay for measure:

Roses die,

But their breath gives pleasure,

God knows why—"

Such a fenian, such a dreamer, such a runaway, can be-thank God, not only rescued and sheltered but honored and heeded and loved for ever, He was in very truth a hero—and as someone said at the time when all the world was trying to find comfort at his loss by saying something of praise—"he was a man's man and a woman's man; men knew him, admired him for his splendid courage, his generosity, his invincible sense of honor, women loved him for his great personal beauty, his daring and his tenderness." God bless jailor's daughter off there in Australia, who helped him to escape! God bless her for her share in his putting to sea in that open boat! Verily a great light went out when that fine Irishman closed his eyes, Let this inscription from a portrait of his close this perforce hasty sketch:

"Races and sects were to him a profanity,
Hindoo and Negro and Kelt were as one;
Large as mankind was his splendid humanity—
Large in his record the work he has done."

Yea-yea-all the world must love this mighty Kelt.

David Garrick.

"The Stage in the time of David Garrick" was the subject of a very entertaining as well as instructive lecture delivered to d'Youville Society by Mr. John Thompson on Monday 12th, before an appreciative March many of whom remembered with pleasure his a year ago on Dr. Samuel Johnson, another of that intensely interesting group of 18th century celebrities. As the lecturer remarked, one unfamiliar with the literature of that age is apt to find its writers rather old fogish and boresome, and without study it is often puzzling to know just what they are driving at, owing to the strangeness of their expressions, which itself was due to the peculiarities of language and manners prevalent at the time. It is, therefore, a great pleasure to listen to one of Mr. Thompson's literary taste and ability interpret for us the character and work of those ermarkable but not too well understood worthies of a past age.

Perhaps no institution has had such a chekered and eventful career as the stage, today so immensely popular and reflecting the brilliance of so many stars. Mr. Thompson traced the history of the drama from its beginning, through its many changes and vicissitudes, down to the day when the English stage became transformed at the coming of David Garrick, the greatest actor that ever lived. In the early centuries of our era the stage was used by the Church as a means of imparting Biblical knowledge to the people. They had then what were called "Miracle Plays" which were acted on the great religious festivals of the year, especially Corpus Christi. Among the many changes that took place in the reign of Henry VIII. was the secularization of the Drama. After its transfer to lay hands the playwrights began to ridicule not only religion but the government as well which conduct resulted in a very rigorous law being passed against playwrights and players, at least all those who were not protected by the wealthy nobles. In the statute they were classed as "sturdy beggars" and the severest penalties imposed on them if they were caught performing. It thus followed that two distinct classes of players sprang into existence, the first consisting of those who were protected by the barons and travelled from town to town giving performances, and the second composed of unlicensed players who were discarded by the nobility and played at the risk of life and liberty. The reign of Queen Elizabeth saw

the rise and popularity of the Masque, a form of entertainment on which enormous sums of money were expended in that and succeeding reigns. But with the advent of the Puritans came bad days for plays and players of every description. No exceptions were made, all alike were abolished. "Poets, pipers and players" were the "caterpillars of the Commonwealth," and had to hide themselves accordingly. The stage reached a most deplorable state at this period, the lowest ebb in its existence, and, considering the persecution dealt out to the unfortunate players, its a miracle any survived.

Better times came with the Restoration, and many wonderful improvements were made in stage get-up. Moveable scenery was invented, also thunder and lightning, but many people d'd not like such departures, probably because they left too little to the imagina-Other much needed reforms took place under Queen Anne. Up to that time the poor actors had to put up with many more inconveniences than those offered by the governments. The theatres were not as they are today but were open to the sky. The people came in without paying their way and sat around, ladies (?) and galants alike, smoking their pipes and indulging in loud conversation. Often they sat on the stage and tried in every way to disconcert the actors. This was a favorite afternoon amusement for the gallants of those days, for it was the custom to start the performance at 3 o'clock, although they did not really have matinees as we have. Queen Anne made a law ordering all to pay their way in to the theatres and not to disconcert the players; ladies were forbidden to go to plays or to wear masks.

The plays themselves were very amusing things during those hard times, being a wonderful jumble of tragedy, comedy and vaudeville. The actors being very scarce, one would be called upon to undertake many different roles, thus unconsciously illustrating the saying of Shakespeare, "And one man in his time plays many parts." It was not unusual for an acrobat or juggler to take the role of Hamlet or Macbeth and turn a hand-spring when leaving the stage after delivering some immortal speech. Their stage costumes, too, were of the scantiest, an actor being able to carry his in a large sized handkerchief when travelling from one place to another. During these travels they were often hard put to find a stage on which to perform. Sometimes they were lucky enough to find an inn-yard at their disposal; a barn was a real boon. We even hear of their using bed-rooms, and on one occasion, a large four-

poster bed was utilized as a stage, the curtains being drawn as a signal that the show was at an end.

David Garrick, the man who transformed the stage, was born at Lichfield and was the son of an English officer. When a boy he left home and trudged up to London with Samuel Johnson to seek When he came on the stage in 1743 it was in a very low state of existence, a most vicious style of acting prevailing at Tragedies in rhyme were in vogue, and players were used to get off their parts in a sing-song fashion that was anything but David Garrick introduced an entirely new state of things. His idea was to impersonate nature and his success was immediate and unrivalled. He fairly took the world by storm. Although restrictions were still placed on theatres and theatre-goers, the string of coaches outside where the performed was often a mile and a half in length, and he soon numbered among his most intimate friends the highest in the land who were proud to honor this member of the despised class of actors. The brightest spirits of the time were his associates, Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith and many others; Dr. Johnson was his dearest friend.

It was not only in England that he was courted. The fame of his wonderful acting spread far and near and he was welcomed in Ireland and France and Italy. It is said that his impersonation of Richard III. was so unlike anything ever witnessed before that the play could not be recognized. His versatility was marvellous and he counted in his repertoire an extraordinary number of Shakespear-Being of French extraction he possessed a very keen wit, in illustration of which many amusing anecdotes are told. But this great prototype of Henry Irving was more than versatile and quick-witted, he was extremely generous and one contemporary says of him that he was never tired of doing good actions. The Plavhouse Fund, which is still in a flourishing condition after 150 years and which has done so much to aid the widows and orphans of actors and the indigent and distressed among the profession, owes to David Garrick its existence and success. He founded it and during the last years of his life labored for its maintenance and thus has won the lasting gratitude of all the members of the profession to which he was and is sugh a glory. There is no actor of ancient or modern times to be compared with him, not only because of his marvellous genius as an actor, but because too of his wonderful power of inspiring love in the hearts of all who knew him.

Thompson closed his very enjoyable lecture with a few kind words in favor of actors whose faults, however trifling, appear so magnified beneath the glare of the footlights, but whose many sterling qualities amid the trials of an unusually hard vocation, are too often overlooked, and the Rev. Father Sherry, in offering a vote of thanks, dwelt for a few moments on the high mission of the stage and the great good it might do if it remained true to that mission.

M. D.

The Life of the Coming Man.

At 1 year old—Changed from drug store to kitchen food.

At 3 years old-Entered polytechnic kindergarten.

At 5 years old—Entered in primary department of public schools.

At 7 years old—Sent to college preparatory school.

At 9 years old--A freshman.

At 11 years old- Received his degrees.

At 15 years old—Made superintendent of the Whoopemalong Manufacturing Company.

At 18 years old-Made president of the Rushemtodeth Trust.

At 21 years old—Elected to a dozen directorates.

At 25 years old—Given control of the Hot Air and Water Railway Company in addition to his other interests.

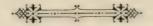
At 35 years old—Forcibly retired from work, having reached the age limit.

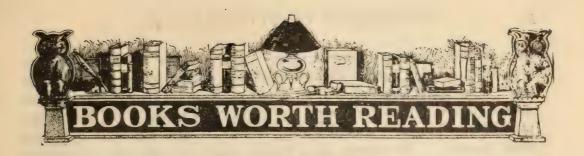
At 38 years old—Made chairman emeritus of some more directorates.

At 40 years old—Officially notified to quit thinking.

At 50 years old—Ordered to cease indulging in reminiscences.

At 60 years old—Chloroformed.—Life.





Book Review.

-0-

SILAS STRONG, by Irving Bacheller. American Book Co., N. Y.

In the story of Silas Strong the author returns to the scenes of Eben Holden, the forests of the Adirondacks. Uncle Sile, the Emperor of the Woods, is one of the last of those possessed of the pioneer spirit, the dauntless courage and the undying hope of "Better Times."

The beginning of the story is in lighter vein, it tells us the life of Silas Strong's little niece and nephew, how they pictured the Emperor of the Woods wearing a purple cloak and a gold crown, their disappointment is beyond words when they meet him and find that Aunt Cinth, the Emperor's sister, has a hole in her shoe.

The heroine, Edith Dunmore, is a beautiful daughter of the woodlands, who although eighteen years of age, has never been outside the woods where her father lives, she had never seen a child till the little boy and girl came to live with Uncle Sile. Her romance breathes of the mountain air and is in harmony with the peaceful woods where she lives.

The author makes Silas show the injury the owners of forests do the country by cutting down too much timber at once, not giving the younger trees time to grow. He understands the need of the land, but as he said, the power of the woods was in him, he could not see why that King "Business" should be allowed to damage the forest. The story ends showing Silas dethroned and the new Emperor of the Woods, only a common millionaire.

Silas says a man should not eat more than he has earned. The Emperor often has struggles against temptations; then he will go into the woods where the heart of its Master seemed to speak to him with a fatherly tenderness and judging by extracts from his diary, "Strong was ahead" of the powers of evil, many times. Had Silas not died from injuries received in the burning forest, we would have had the story of a new Silas; taken from his old haunts,

his usefulness as a guide was over. His love for the little children was leading him out of the brotherhood of the forest into that of men; since their coming he had thought more of Lady Anne (whom he had loved for thirty years) and that "some day" of his pledge of "Better Times," was drawing nearer. His old character had been turned. He leaves us a brave man, and we may remember with thoughts of our own standing that "Strong was ahead" to the end.

The author gives us a pathetic description of his death.

"He leaned forward and put up his hands as if to relieve the pressure of his pack-straps, and in a moment he had gone out of hearing on a trail that leads to the "Better Times" he had hoped for, let us try to believe."

C. D.

d'Youville Circle.



University of Ottawa Review

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance, Single copies, 10 cents. Advertising rates on application. Address all communications to the "University of Ottawa Review," Ottawa, Ont,

EDITORIAL STAFF.

W. F. CAVANAGH, '06, G. W. O'TOOLE, 'o6,

T. J. TOBIN, '06, G. P. Bushey, '06, T. J. GORMLEY, '06, C. J. JONES, '07, T. J. SLOAN, '06,

M. T. O'NEILL, '07,

J. E. MCNEILT, '07,

A. T. POWER, '07,

P. J. MARSHALL, '07, J. D. MARSHALL, '07.

Business Managers: - J. N. GEORGE, 'c6; W. P. DERHAM, 'o6.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. VIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., May, 1905.

No. VII

EDITORIAL.

HAMILTONIANA.

The 50th anniversary of the foundation of the diocese of Hamilton so enthusiastically celebrated on the 20th May, recalls to us the saying that Canada compared with the main body of the Catholic organisation, is but yet a mission. Yet 'tis a very promising mission if we are to judge from the showing made in this corner of Ontario. Results achieved speak volumes for the self-sacrifice of those in charge of the Church's welfare The lessons on religious teaching and citizensnip conveyed by the addresses of the Apostolic Delegate and others, open up new vistas of progress, and no doubt the "ambitious" Hamiltonians will follow the lead.

It is gratifying to our growing national pride that an Ontario boy left the dust to all comers at the greatest race of the Olympic games. Speed coupled with endurance has ever been accepted as the test of physical superiority. The fact that Sherring used his in running away from the enemy does not argue deficiency in that moral fibre we call pluck. His unaided venture so far for athletic laurels afield places him on a pedestal for something more than brawn. St. Patrick's Society of Hamilton may well be proud of their world beater who as several of our dailies have noted, is an Irish-Canadian Catholic. The University of Ottawa Athletic Association was among the first to recognize the meaning of Sherring's victory by subscribing to the fund for a welcome home.

Athletics.

Owing to a misunderstanding the Athletic Department was conspicuous by its absence in the April number of the Review. However, interesting events have happened which deserve publication although they have now been almost forgotten in the ever increasing novelties of our daily life.

The first and by far the most important news item is the election of officers of the U.O.A.A. Executive for the year 1906-07

The official year of 1905-06 ended Wednesday, April 18, and on that day the Annual General Meeting was held. The Recording Secretary's report was listened to with interest, for it gave in well-chosen and concise language a resumé of the year's work on and off the field of sport. The Treasurer's report came next in order. A surprise was here in store for many, for it was expected that our first year in the Inter-collegiate Football Union would not be a financial success. The contrary was the case and, although the city newspapers rather ridiculously congratulated the U.O.A.A. on its large surplus of \$10.25; the real balance on hand at the end of the year was \$1,025.95, which sum equals the surplus of any four previous years together since the foundation of the Athletic Association.

Next in order came the election of officers for the ensuing year. There were two candidates for every office except that of First Vice-President and Second Vice-President. After a rather warmly-contested election, which would remind one of a Liberal-Conservative struggle, the following officers were declared elected;—

President - C. J. Jones, '07.

1st Vice-Pres.-M. O'Neill, '07.

2nd Vice-Pres. -G. Lamothe, 'oo.

Treasurer-F. A. Johnson, '08.

Corresponding Secretary-N. Bawlf, '09.

Recording Secretary-J. E. McNeill, '07.

Counsellors-L. Joron, '08; E. McCarthy, '09.

After a few words from the retiring members, Messrs. Sloan and Filiatreault, and the Rev. Director, Rev. Fr. Lambert, O.M.I., the meeting adjourned with the usual V-A-R-S-I-T-Y cheer.

After the general meeting a meeting of the old and new Executives was called at which the old members officially retired and the newly-elected Executive started out on its year's work.

THE C. I. R. F. U. MEETING.

On April 13th, the general semi-annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Football union took place at Kingston. Our representative, Mr. C. J. Jones, was present and the following motions were dealt with:

That the Intercollegiate Union adopt the revision in the rules of the game made by the C. R. U. last winter. The motion was lost.

That the Intercollegiate Football Union withdraw from the Canadian Rugby Union. This motion was also lost, our representative voting against it.

That the Football season of the Intercollegiate Rugby Union be given at least one week earlier than last year. This motion was introduced by our representative but was also voted down, the reason being that courses at the other Universities do not open until late in September.

The schedule for 1906 was then drawn up as follows:

Oct. 13 —Queen's at Ottawa.

McGill at Toronto.

Oct. 20.—Ottawa at McGill.

Toronto at Queen's.

Oct. 27.—McGill at Queen's.
Ottawa at Toronto.

Nov. 3.—Queen's at McGill.

Toronto at Ottawa.

Nov. 10.—Ottawa at Queen's.

Toronto at McGill.

Nov. 17.—Queen's at Toronto.

McGill at Ottawa.

BASEBALL.

The baseball season is now pretty well advanced and since its opening it has been the determination of our team to uphold the reputation gained by that of last season.

Mr. Filiatrault, through whose energy the team was entered in the City Baseball League and under whose management it made such a brilliant showing last year, was again appointed manager by the Athletic Association Executive with Mr. T. Costello as captain.

The committee has more difficulty in picking the team this year than in former years, owing to the fact that there is so much good material and so many contestants for places.

Although there was such promising prospects we have also found out in our first league game that the teams of the league this year are not to be classed with those of last season. Four teams that played in the league last year have dropped out, leaving only College, Nationals and Pastimes to compete for the championship.

The following men constitute our squad, G, Lamothe. J. Costello, L. Rock, T. Costello (capt.), E. McCarthy, N. Bawlf, M. O'Neill, T. Jorow, H. Lambert, F. Johnson, G. McHugh, F. Smith, J. Gallagher, W. Golden, M. Deahy, J. Corkery, V. Guilfoile. They have already won two exhibition matches and lost their first league match.

They opened the season's work by an exhibition match with the Royals of Hull on May 5th. The batting and fielding of the students were far superior to that of the Hullites, these aided by the excellent work done by our battery, Costello and Lamothe secured for us an easy victory. The score stood 12 to 2. The college players

were Lamothe, C., J. Costello, P., T. Costello, 1st B., L. Rock 2nd B., N. Bawlf, S S., E. McCarthy, 5rd B., L. Joron, L.F., H. Lambert, C.F., M. O'Neill, R.F.

The next game was with the Soutanes on May 12th. In former years it was a very rare thing for the students to have even a chance at winning a game from their professors, but this year the score at the end of the match stood 16 to 6 in favor of the boys. H. Lambert did good work in the box for the students, while the hits off the professors' pitchers were rather numerous.

CITY LEAGUE -- SCHEDULE.

May 19-Nationals at College.

June 2—Pastimes at College.

Sept. 17—College at Nationals.

Sept. 24—College at Pastimes.

According to the Schedule, on May 19th, the Nationals and College came together on the College grounds before an attendance of about five hundred spectators. Both pitchers delivered the goods with great efficiency, but the support tendered them was of the lowest order. The College team making eleven errors. The score at the end of the ninth stood 12 to 10 in favor of Nationals. There is no excuse whatever, that the writer knows of; for such poor exhibition of baseball on the part of the students. Some changes will certainly have to be made in the team if we are to have a chance against St. Lawrence College, or if the championship of the City League is to be won this year.

Of Local Interest.

Dr. D. A. Kearns, College's famous quarter-back of a couple of years ago, paid Ottawa a visit recently. He is at present surgeon on one of the Atlantic liners.

Rev. J A. Meehan, 'oo, of Gananoque, gave us a call last month

Archie-"I went down street with a cane to-day".

T. M-C .- "Which one"?

On Sunday, May 20th, Rev. J. J. Macdonell, '02, was elevated to the holy priesthood, by His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel. The ordination services were attended by a large number of his friends and relatives, as well as by many of the Fathers and the students of the University. After his ordination, the students assembled in the lecture hall where Mr. T. J. Sloan read him the following address, while Messrs. C. J. Jones and J. E. McNeill presented him with an address on behalf of Second Form, where he took charge of Rev. Bro. Stanton's classes during the latter's illness. He responded in a brief but happy speech.

The address was as follows.

Reverend and dear Father,-

On this, the greatest day of your life, we, the students of the institution to which you too have belonged, desire to express to you our grateful appreciation for the past and to associate ourselves with your joy. We have ever known you as the enthusiastic supporter of every student interest—among other things may be mentioned the fact that it was owing largely to your efficient management that the last Canadian football championship was won for College. Your persevering career in the realization of a sacredotal vocation, in the face of difficulties succeeding the fire, we take as a guage of your future success. Your choice of seminary life in Ottawa, we take as a proof of your attachment to Alma Mater—if proof were needed. It has been an edifying example for us all.

Now that God has called you to His special service and to another field, we know that you will not forget us, that you will use your power of priestly intercession with the Shaper of our destinies, that we too may successfully crown our college career in the choice of the calling that God has ordained. We, the students of the University of Ottawa, ask you to accept this slight souvenir as a token of our esteem and friendship, and, at the same time, dear Father, permit us to express the hope that the clock of time may mark many happy and fruitful hours in the discharge of the duties of your sacred calling.

Signed: The Students of the University of Ottawa.

